



"Moon Knight *fans rejoice: Your favorite lunatic is in good hands.*"

— Newsarama.com

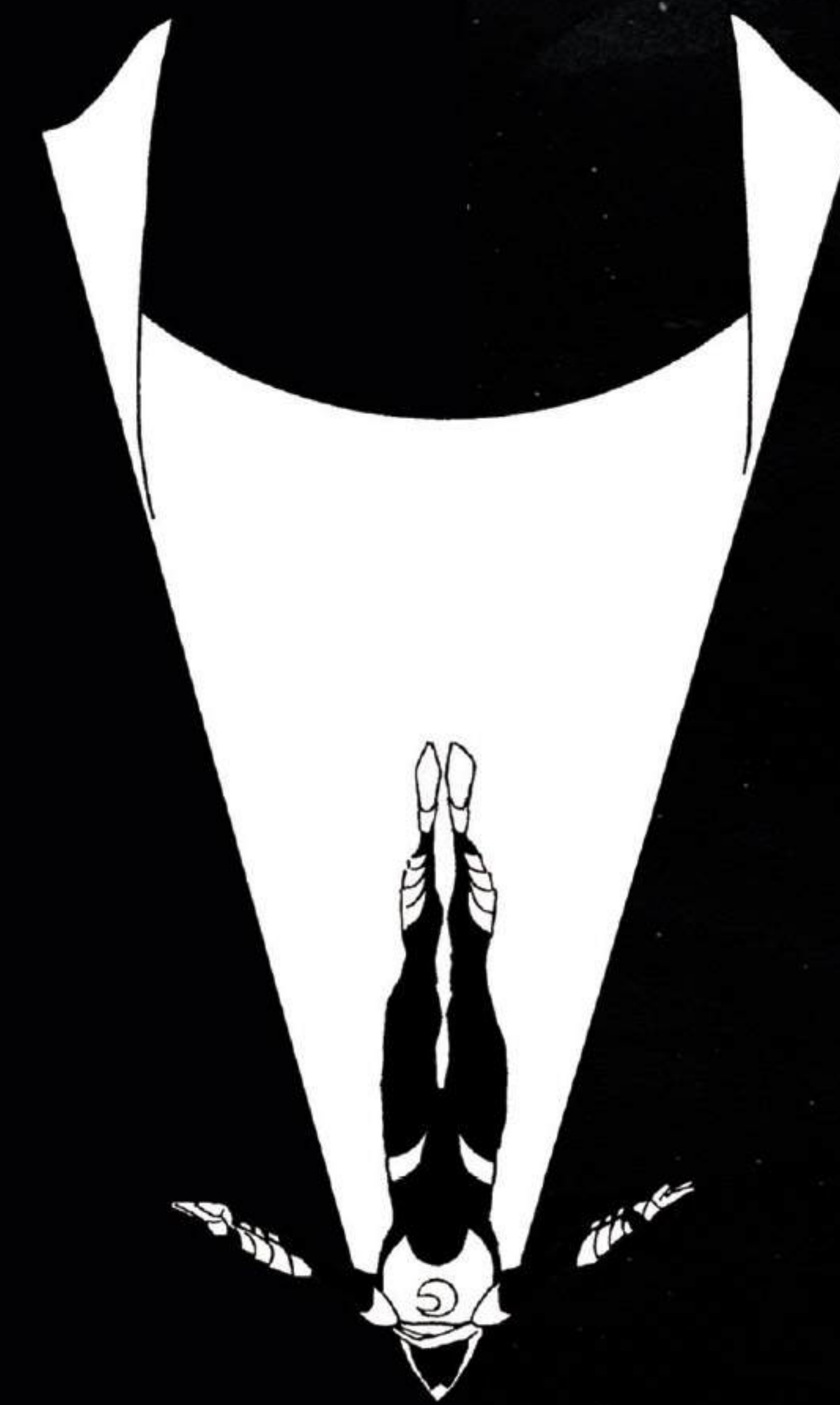
MOON KNIGHT™

DEAD WILL RISE

WOOD
SMALLWOOD

MARVEL
NOW!

CAMUNCOLI
BELLAIRE



MOON KNIGHT

DEAD WILL RISE

WRITER

BRIAN WOOD

ARTIST

GREG SMALLWOOD

WITH GIUSEPPE CAMUNCOLI (#10)

COLOR ARTIST

JORDIE BELLAIRE

LETTERER

VC'S CHRIS ELIOPOULOS

COVER ART

DECLAN SHALVEY & JORDIE BELLAIRE

ASSISTANT EDITOR CHARLES BEACHAM EDITOR NICK LOWE

COLLECTION EDITOR: JENNIFER GRÜN WALD

ASSISTANT EDITOR: CAITLIN O'CONNELL

ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR: KATERI WOODY

EDITOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS: MARK D. BEAZLEY

VP PRODUCTION & SPECIAL PROJECTS: JEFF YOUNGQUIST

SVP PRINT, SALES & MARKETING: DAVID GABRIEL

BOOK DESIGN: JEFF POWELL

DIGITAL MANAGER/PRODUCTION: TIM SMITH 3

DIGITAL PRODUCTION: JACKELINE TEJADA

EDITOR IN CHIEF: C.B. CEBULSKI

CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER: JOE QUESADA

PRESIDENT: DAN BUCKLEY

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: ALAN FINE

© 2019 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.



Mercenary Marc Spector died in Egypt, under a statue of the ancient deity Khonshu. He returned to life in the shadow of the moon god, and wore his aspect to fight crime for his own redemption. He went completely insane, and disappeared.

This is what happened next.



MOON KNIGHT

NYC

Starting now. See you on the other side.

Suit: camo preset--

--nighttime. Rainfall--

--traffic. Urban. North America--

...heavy rainfall in the forecast throughout the evening and overnight hours, with some relief by morning. On to other news...

--cycle through matching presets at or below seventy lumens--

...major demonstrations expected tomorrow as the controversial rebel leader General Aliman Lor is set to address the United Nations...



...wartorn central African nation of Akima, having just recently held free elections for the first time in history. General Lor...

...suspected of war crimes during Akima's war of independence...



...the U.S. having sent troops as part of a peacekeeping mission some years back...



...General Lor to bring much needed stability to the impoverished nation...



...or simply more bloodshed...?



Suit: Cancel auto cycle, give me something static.

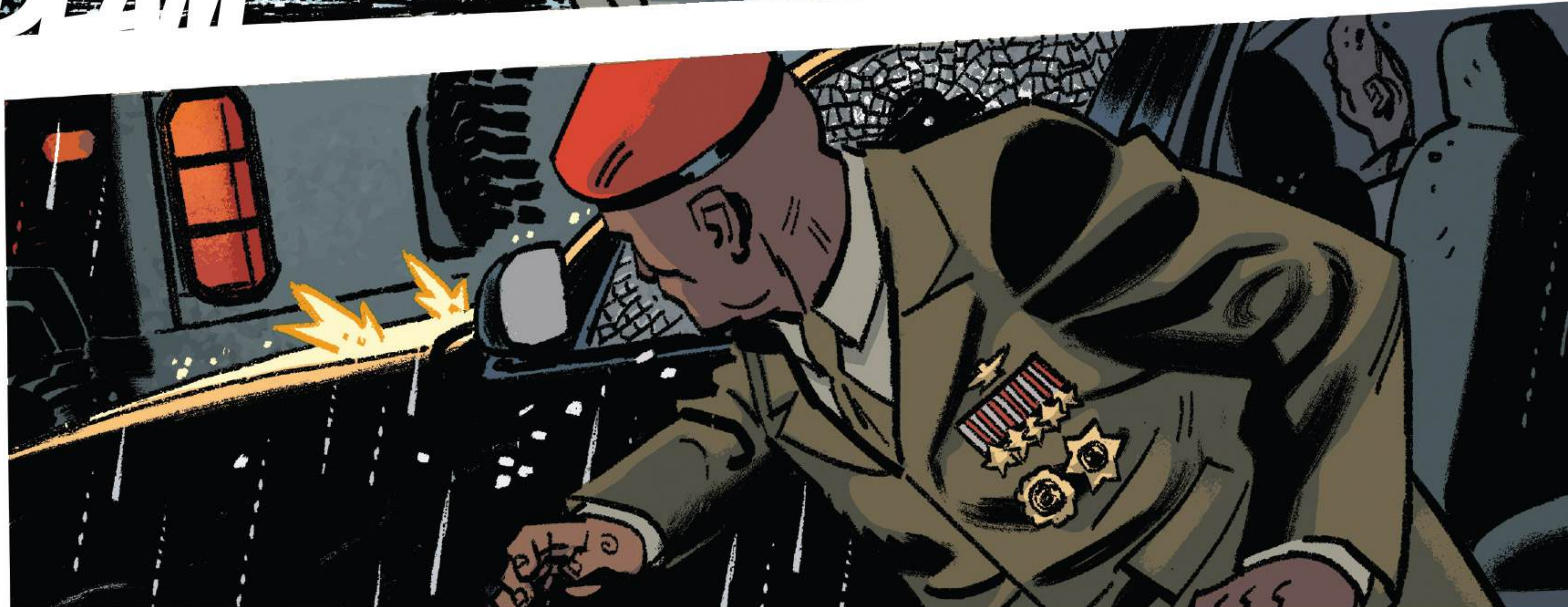


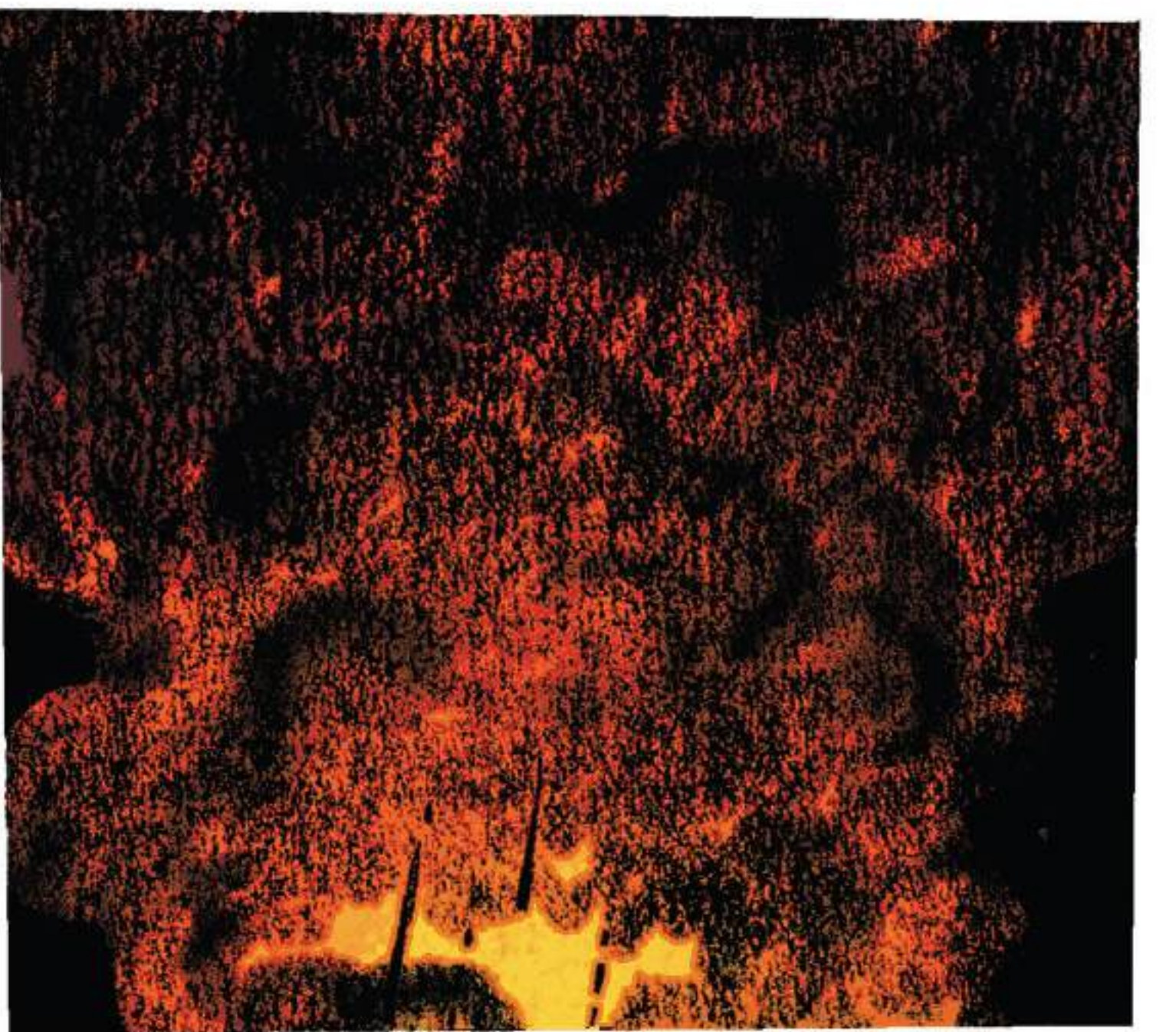
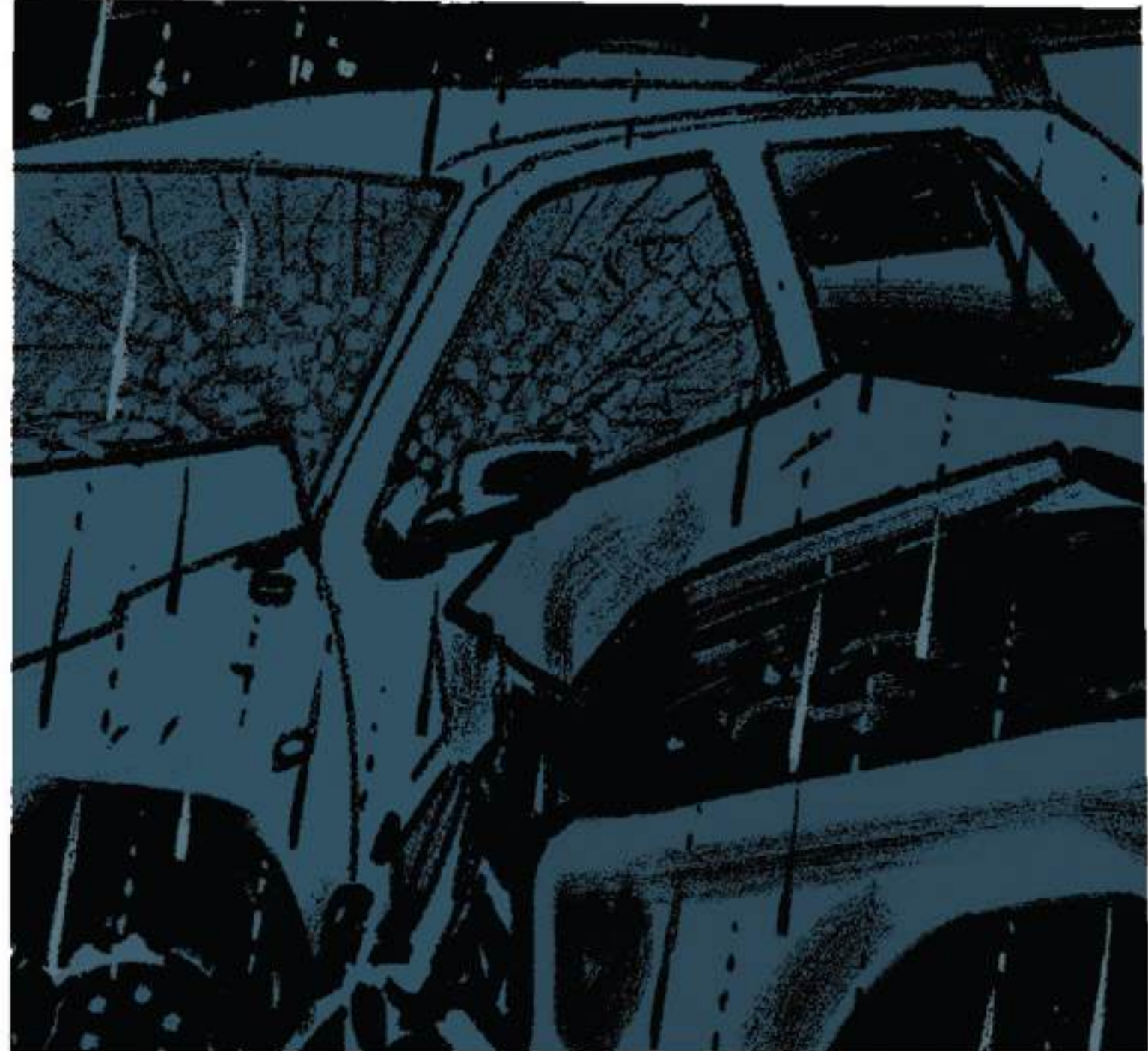
Bring up targeting. Liaise with drone telemetry and triangulate.





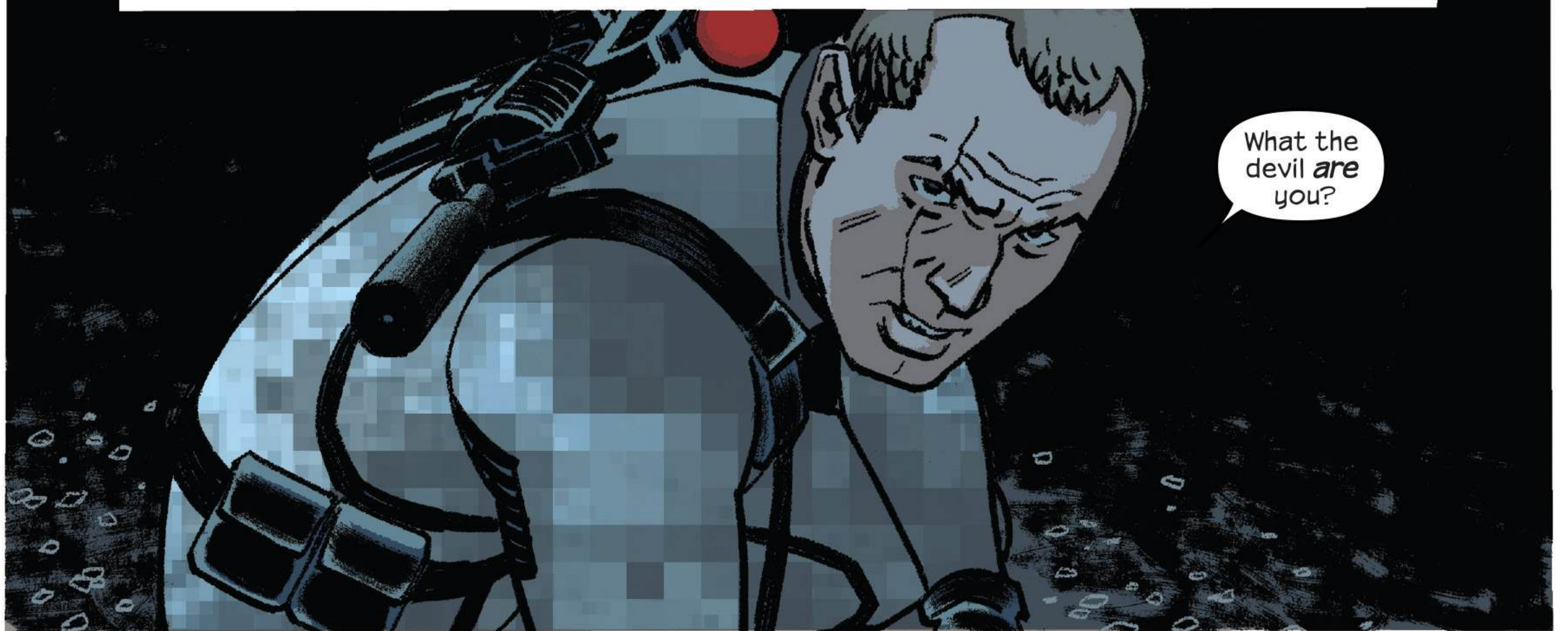
GAAHR!



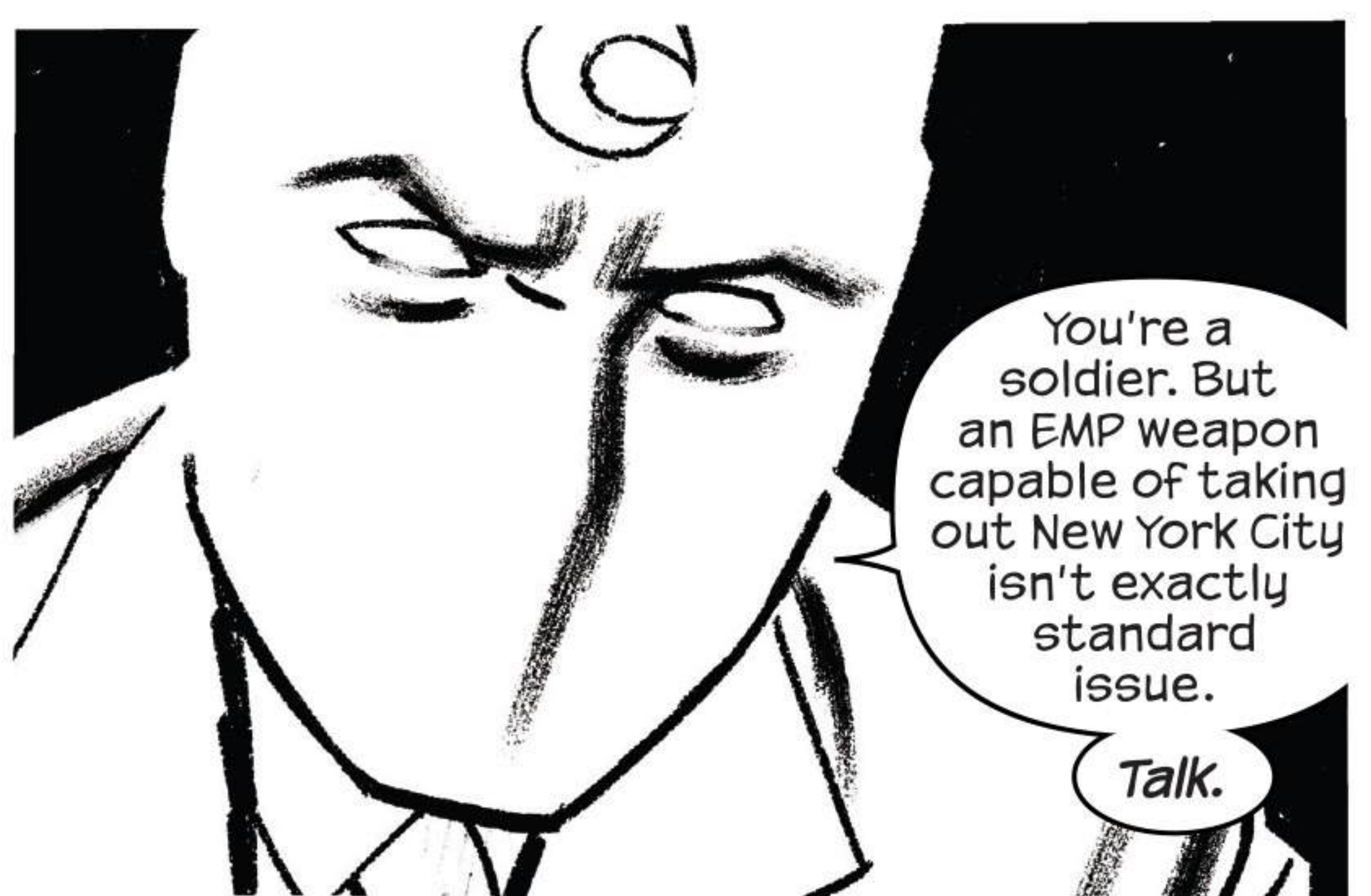


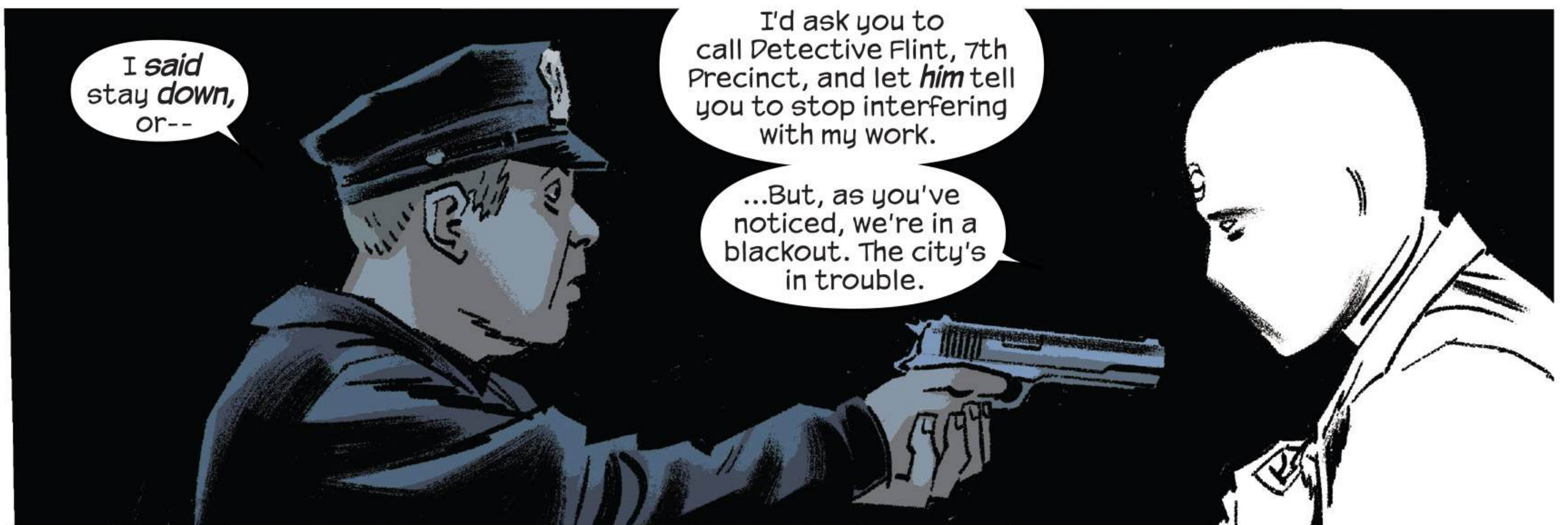


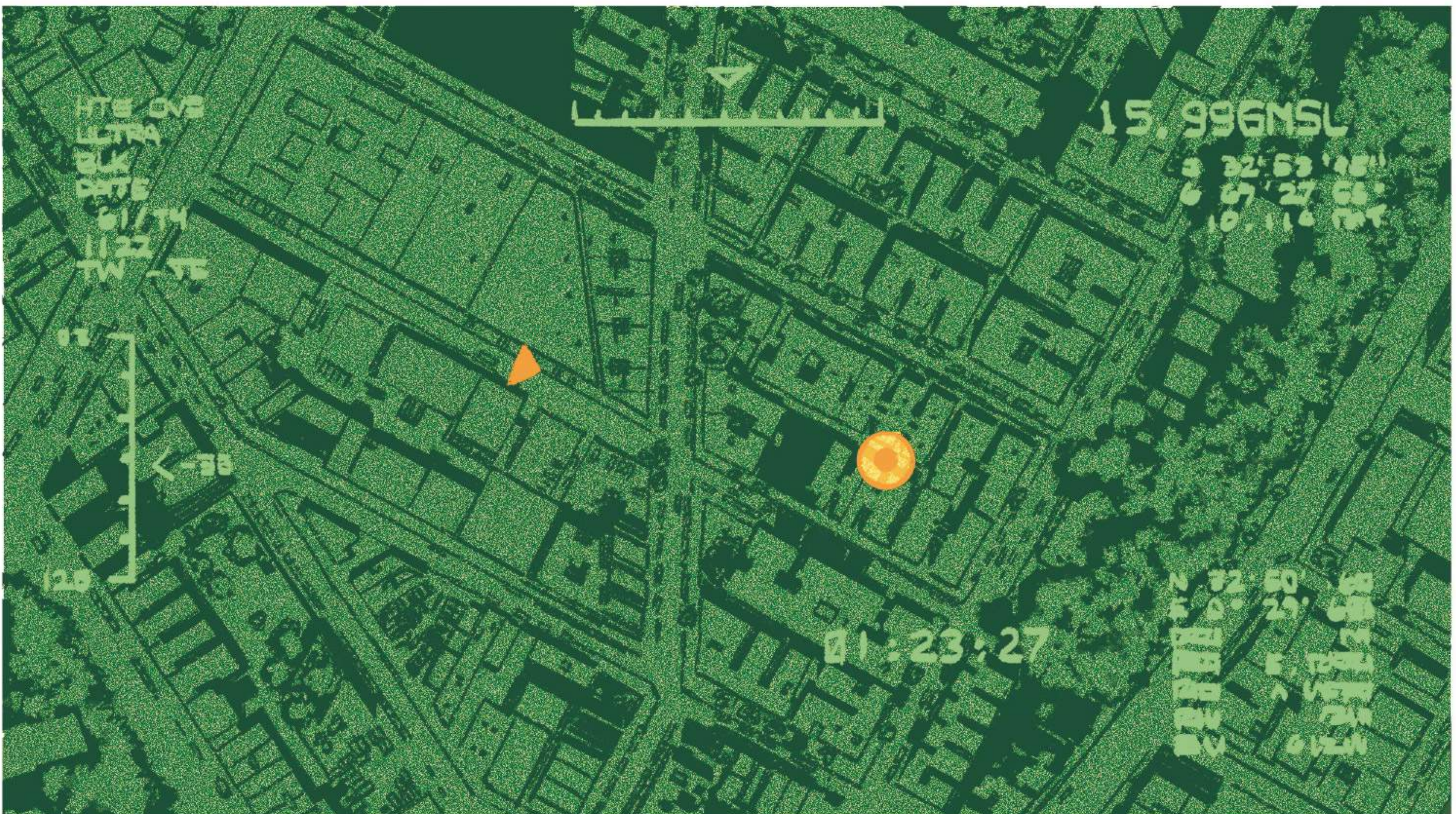


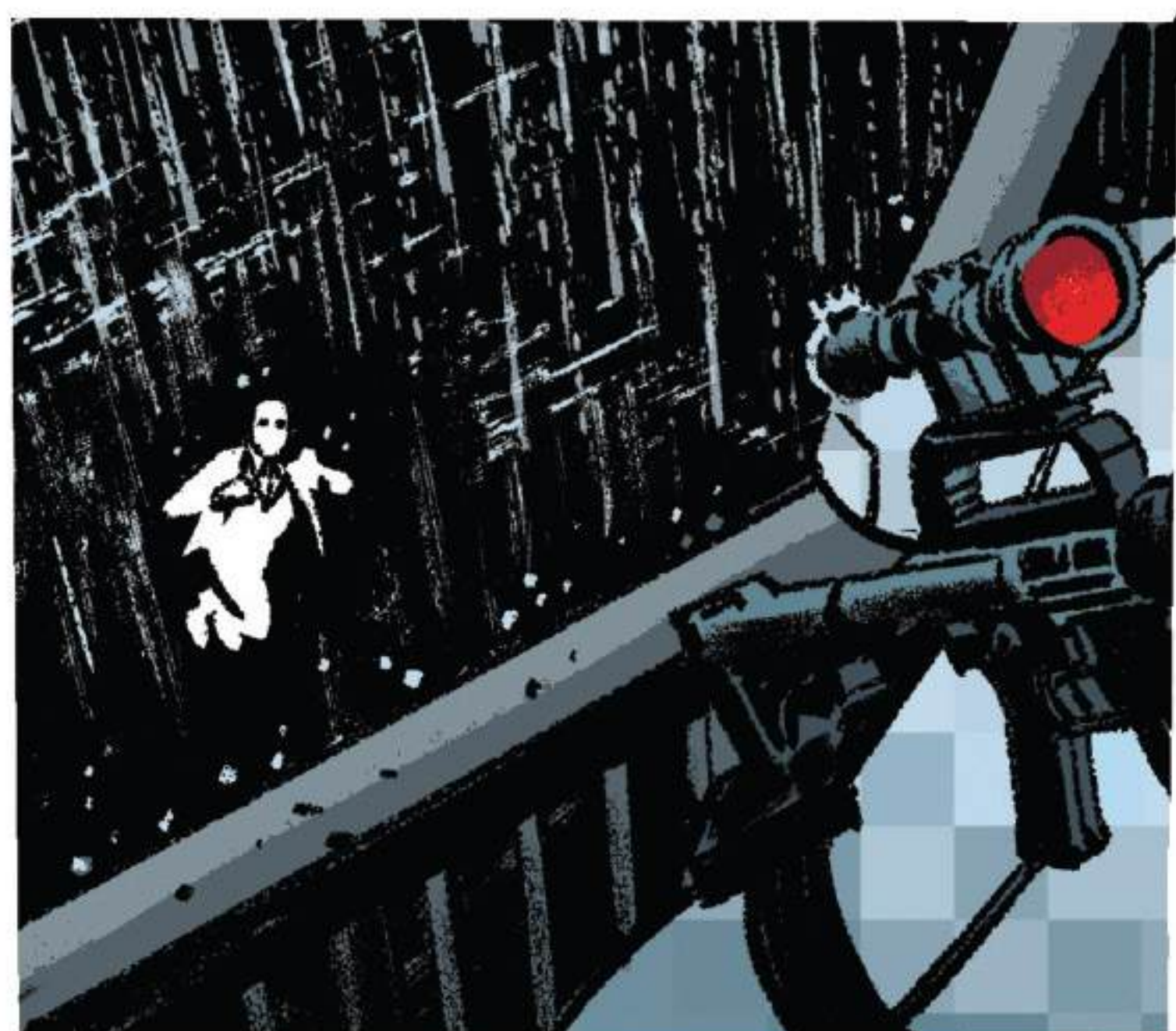


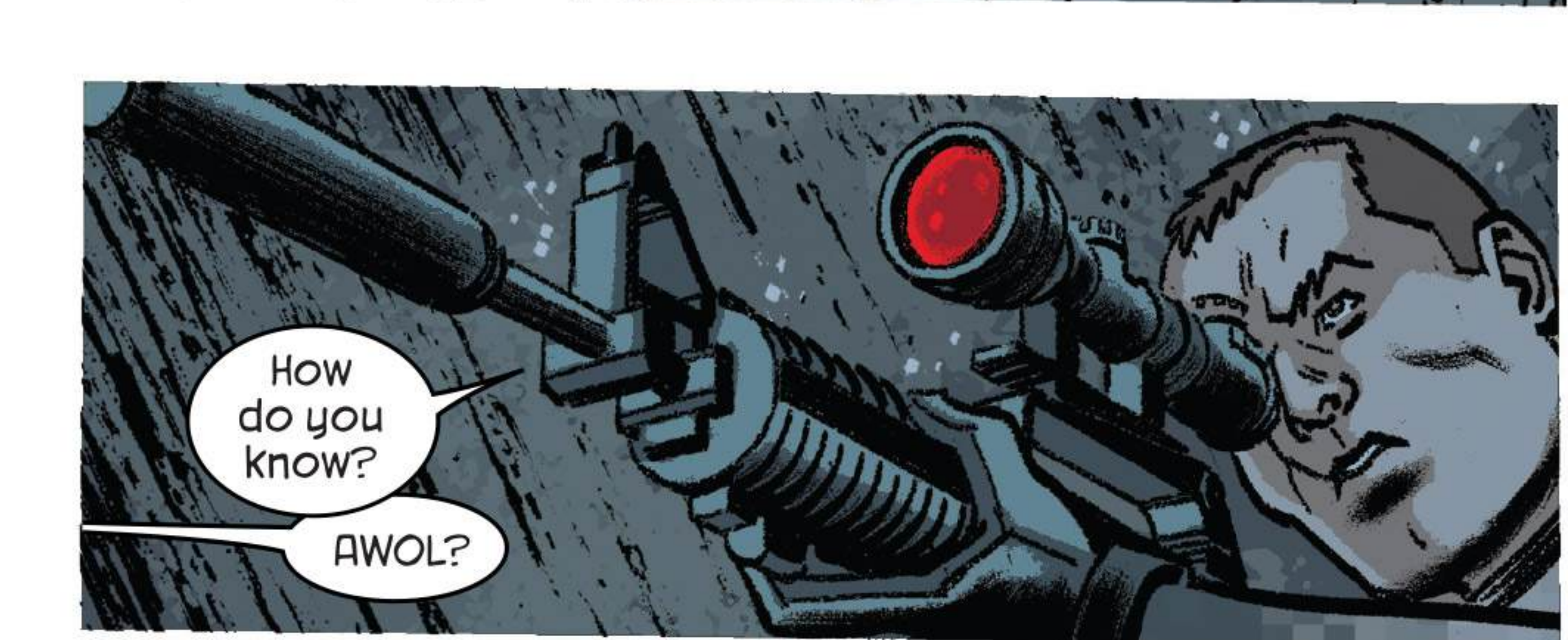














I protect night travelers.

Like the General Aliman Lor, a guest of the city. He *is* your target, yes?



Drone. Targeting. Plot me a firing position.



Don't do that.



I was part of an advance recon team, deployed to the Akima Badlands to support U.N. peacekeepers.

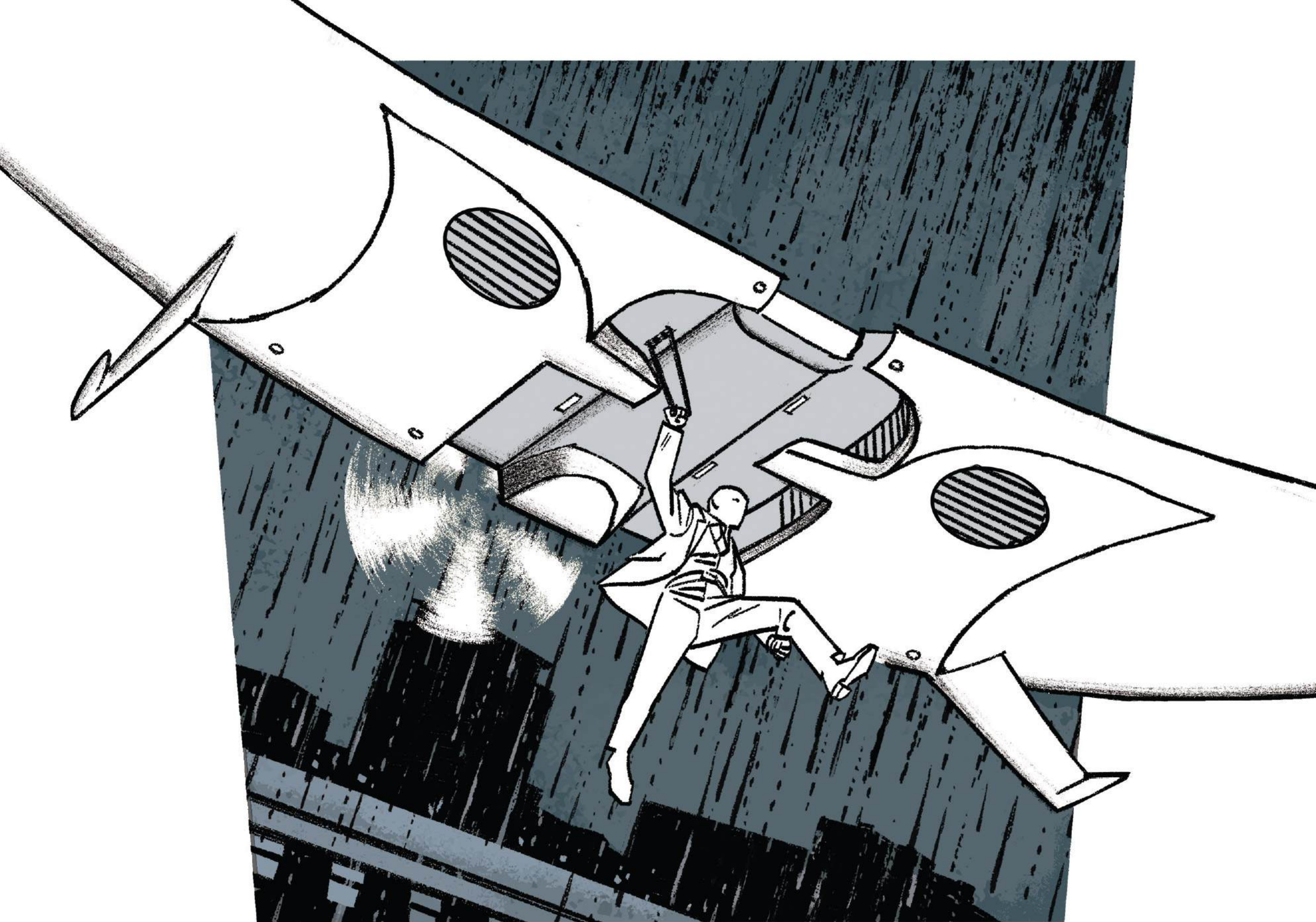
I saw firsthand, through the scope of this very rifle, just what sort of man Aliman Lor is.



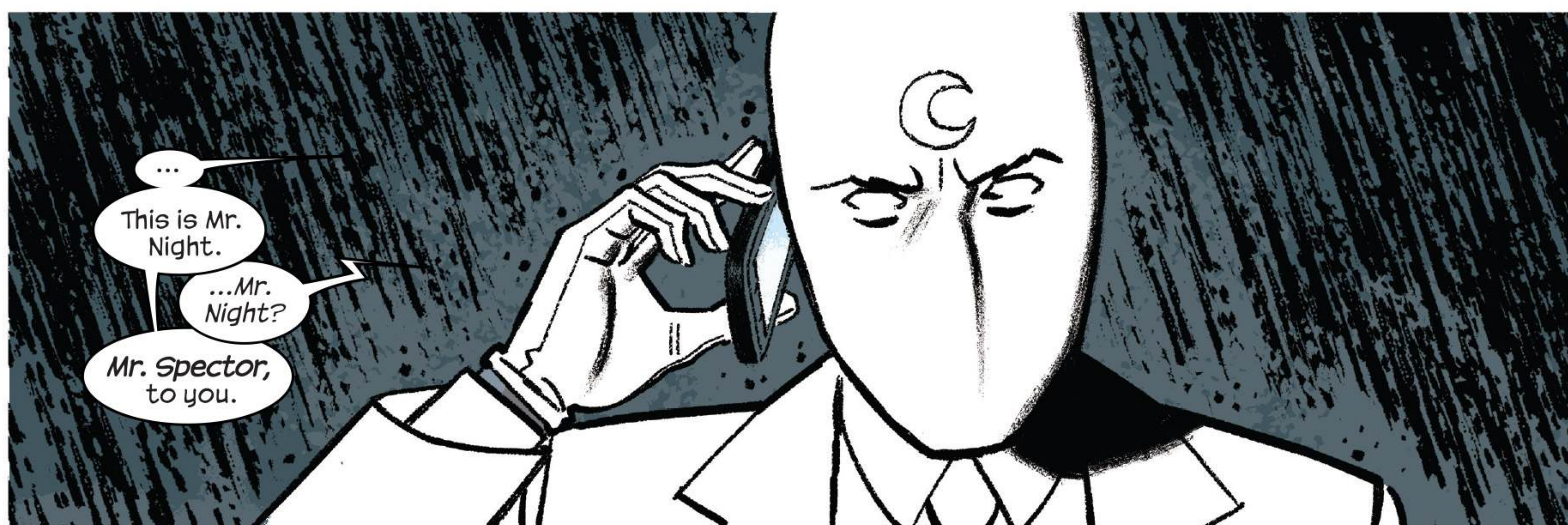
I made a promise to his victims: no matter how much legitimacy Lor bestows upon himself, no matter what sort of sheep's clothing that wolf puts on...

He would pay for his crimes. Crimes against his own people! Women and children! Refugees!











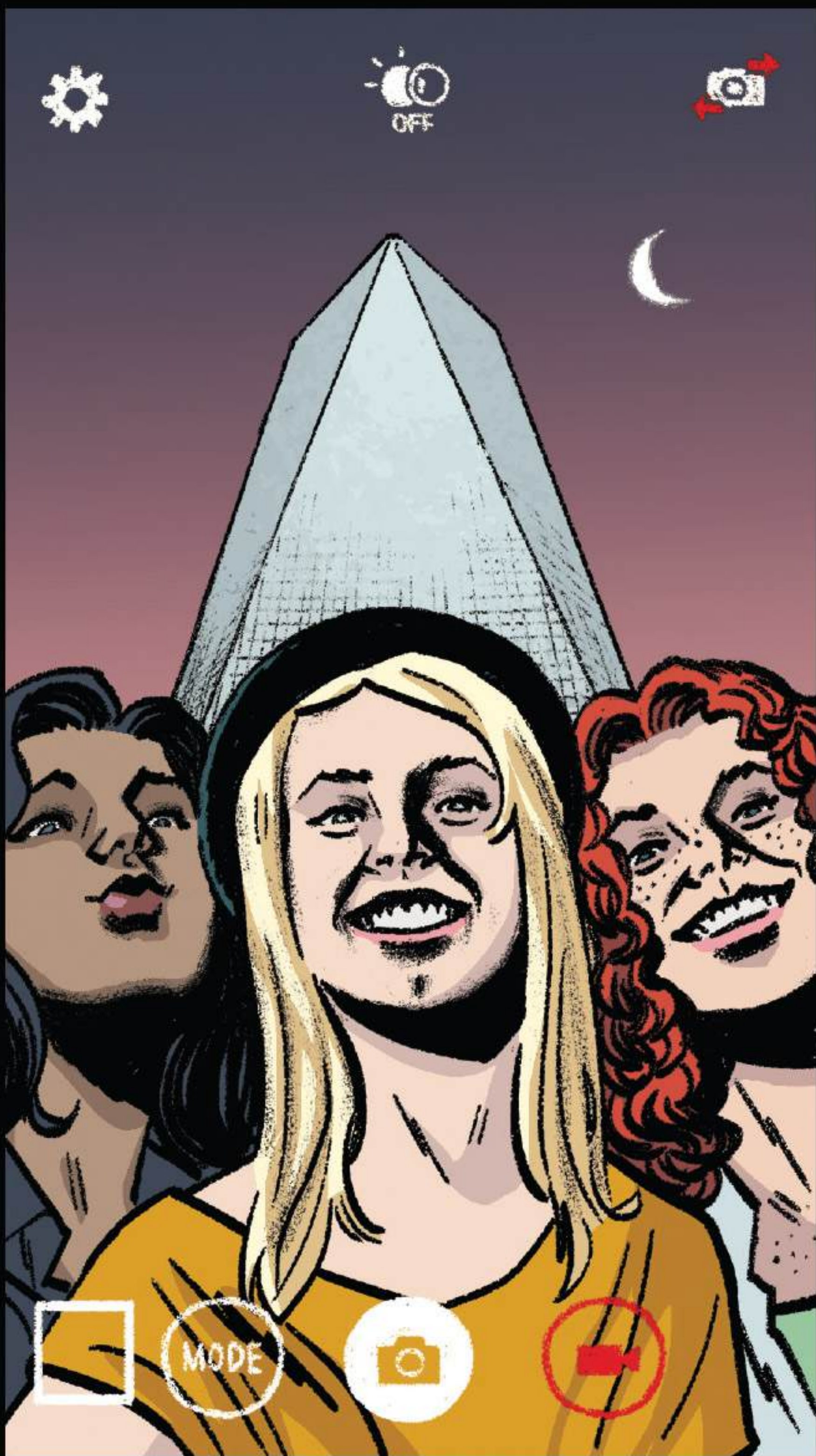
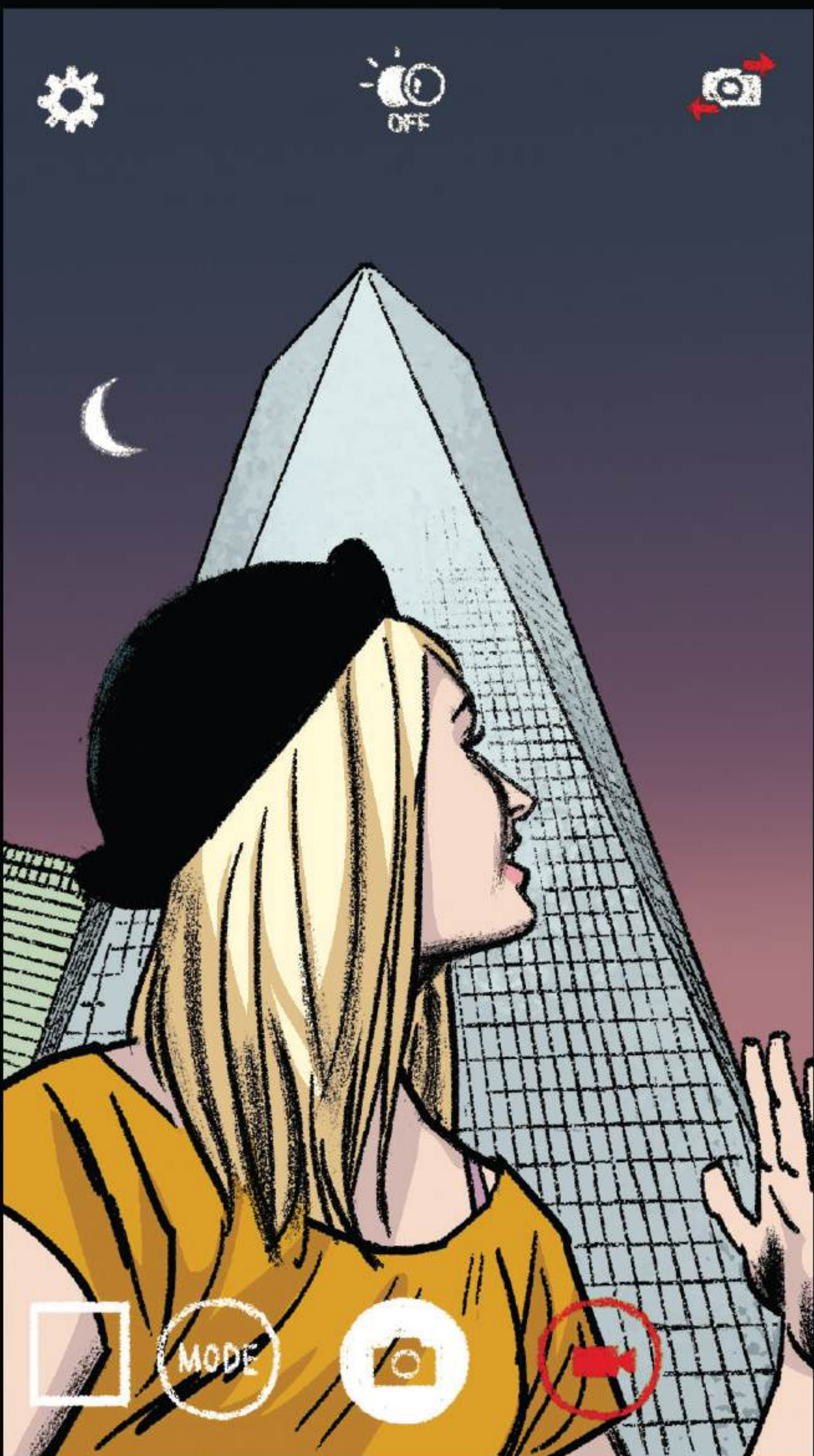
MOON KNIGHT

NEW YORK CITY

Come on, come on!



Line up, let's get the freedom tower in this shot!

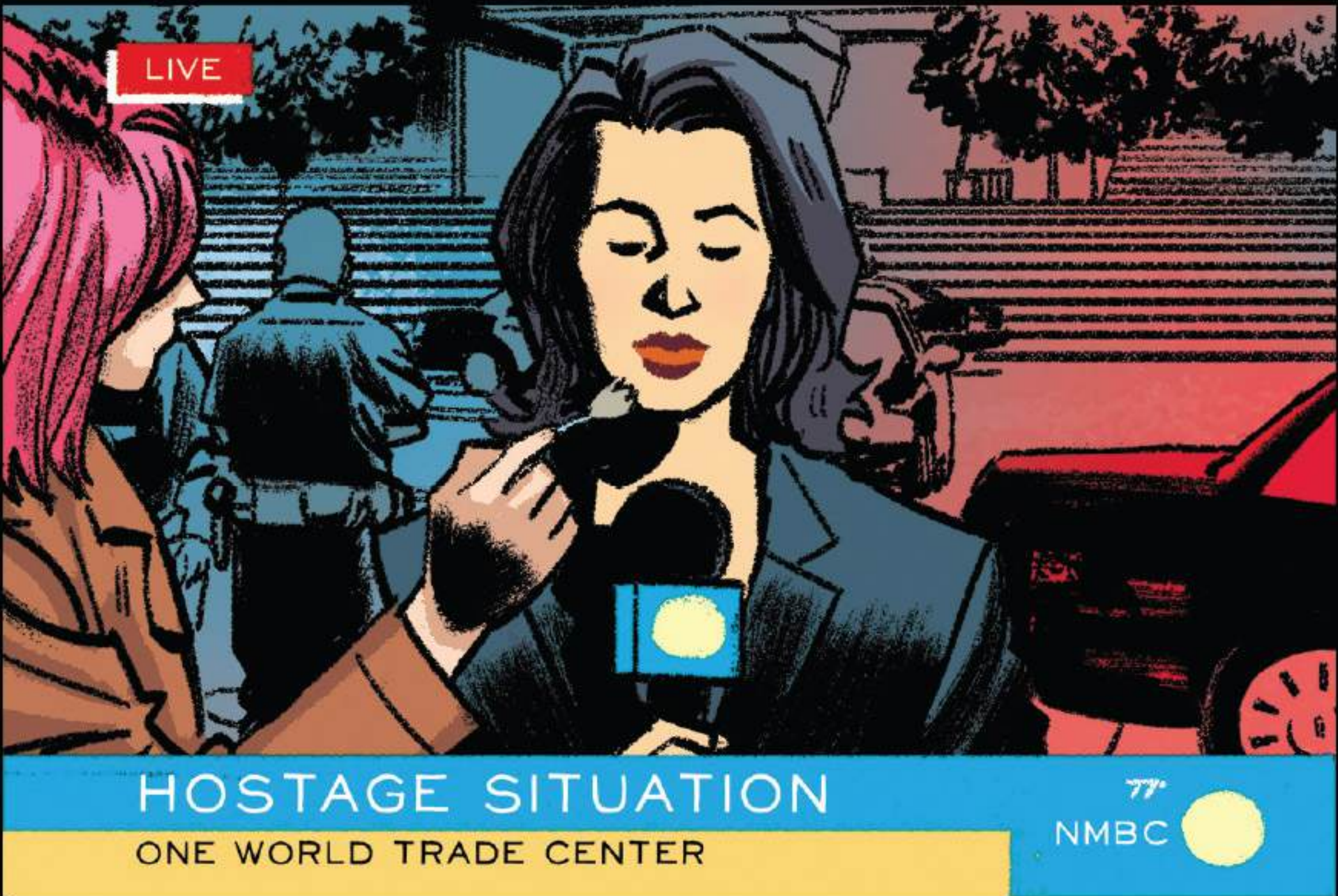
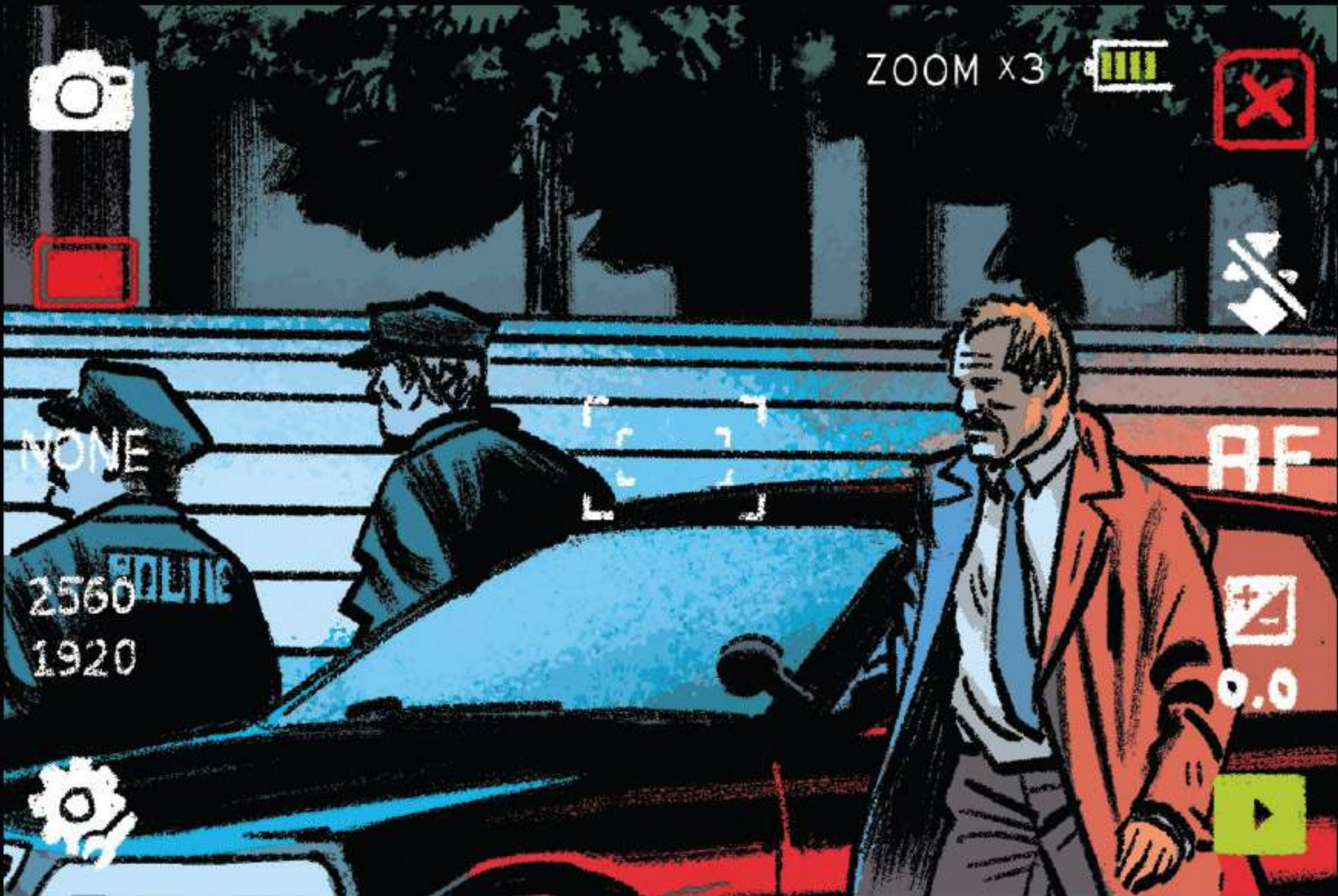
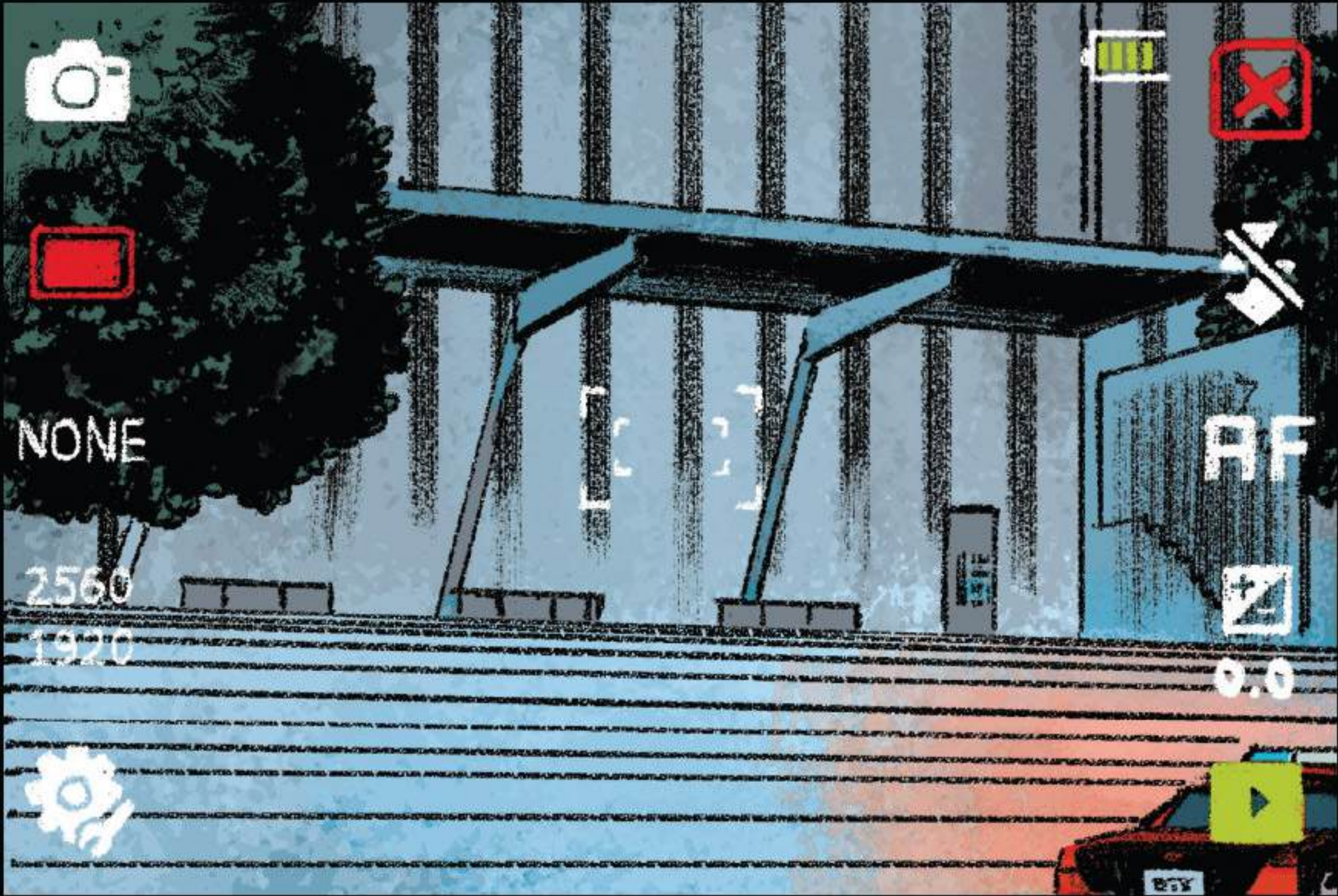


Ok, everyone smile!
I love New York!

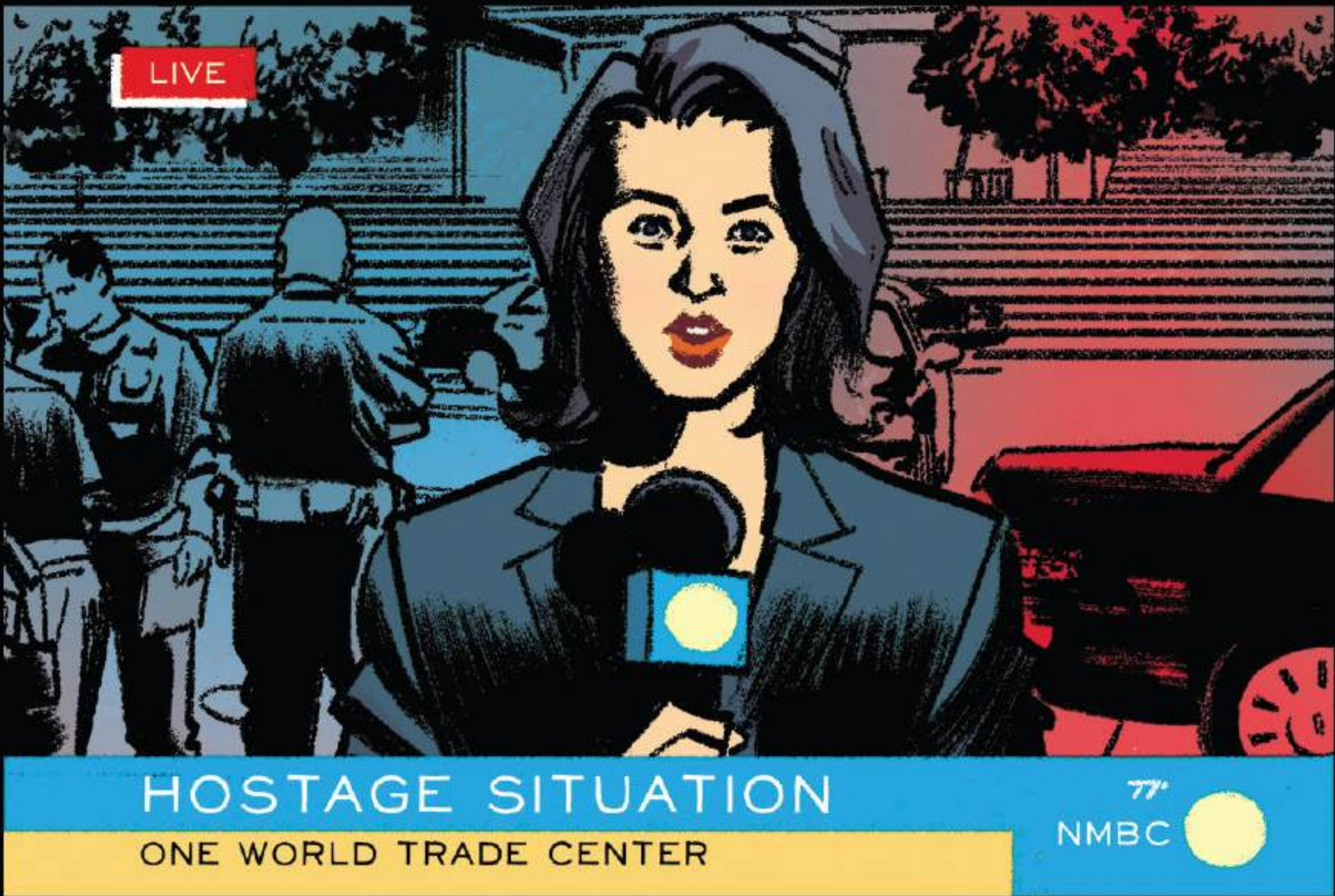
...clear the sidewalks!
Let's go, police business!



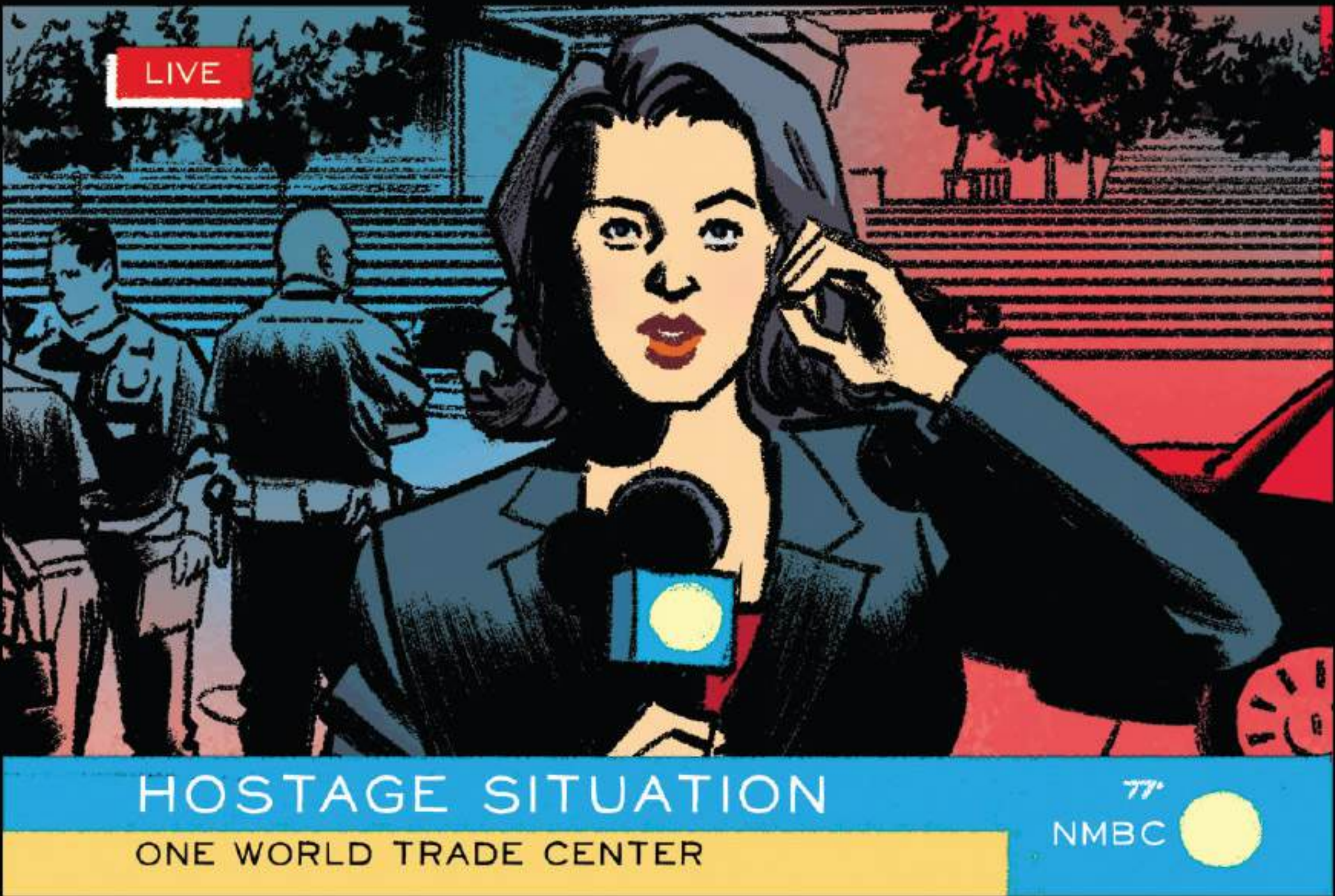
Get back five hundred feet!
This whole area's closed to traffic!
Move, people, now!



...going live in three...two...



On scene at **One World Trade Center**, where a hostage situation is underway somewhere up in the iconic tower.



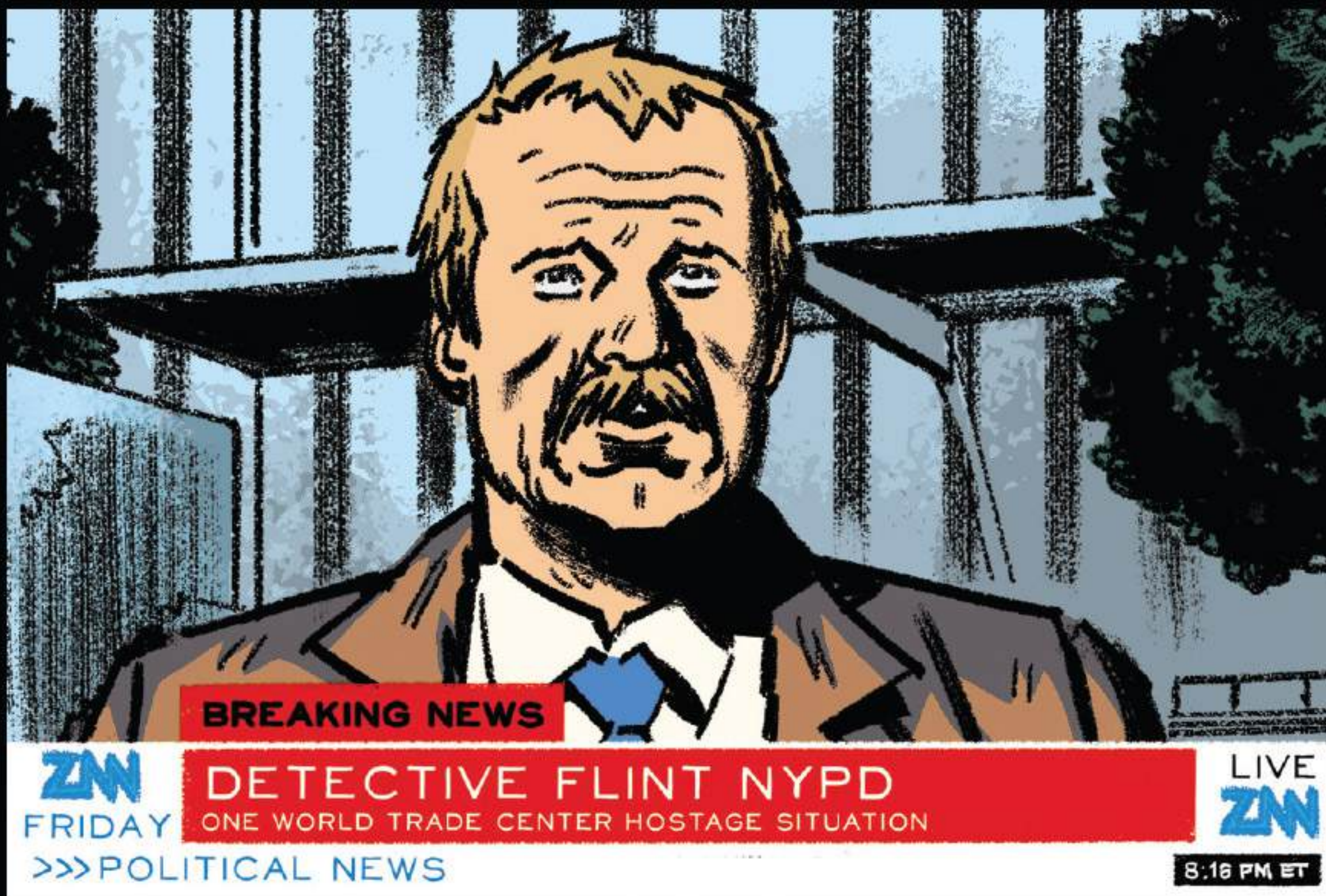
--hold on--Getting word that--okay, we're taking you live now to a briefing by the NYPD--



Settle down, settle down...



I have a brief statement to make, and then I'll take a few questions.



At about 5:00 PM today, we received a call from an office on the 88th floor of One World Trade Center, reporting a physical assault between two coworkers. A couple uniforms were dispatched, but once arriving, were denied access to the office.



Security feeds are still running, however, and we've been able to confirm, provisionally, that we have a hostage situation occurring in that office at this time.

We are attempting to establish contact with someone within--

Detective! Is this a terrorist act?



We don't have information to support or discount terror, but as is usual these days, precautionary measures are in place. The commercial air corridor over Manhattan has been closed...

...and first responders have been mobilized and are on-site. In addition, the appropriate state and federal agencies have been notified.

Has anyone been sent inside?



We have deployed a team to monitor the situation.

Detective --

I can't comment further on operational matters, I'm sorry --

Has this turned into a **military** operation?

We have our **best men** in place.

I'm afraid that's all I can say at the moment.

“Best man.” Come on.



I don’t even know who--
or what--the hell he is.

Detective Flint’s man.
Great.



Cut that spotlight.



Now.

You’re on your own, Mr. Moon Knight.



Thank you.

MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS:

MOON KNIGHT

Scarab drones working beautifully.
A work of art. Possibly my best
invention to date.

Let’s open an outside line.



klik
klikkk

Flint? I’m nearly there.

The office in question takes up
nearly a fifth of the floor,
Mr. Night, directly opposite you
in the southwest corner.

Mr. Knight has the
night off. Call me
“Grant.”



...ah, fine, **Mr. Grant** it is.
But keep in mind there’s a
clock on it-I can hold off the
feds for only so long.

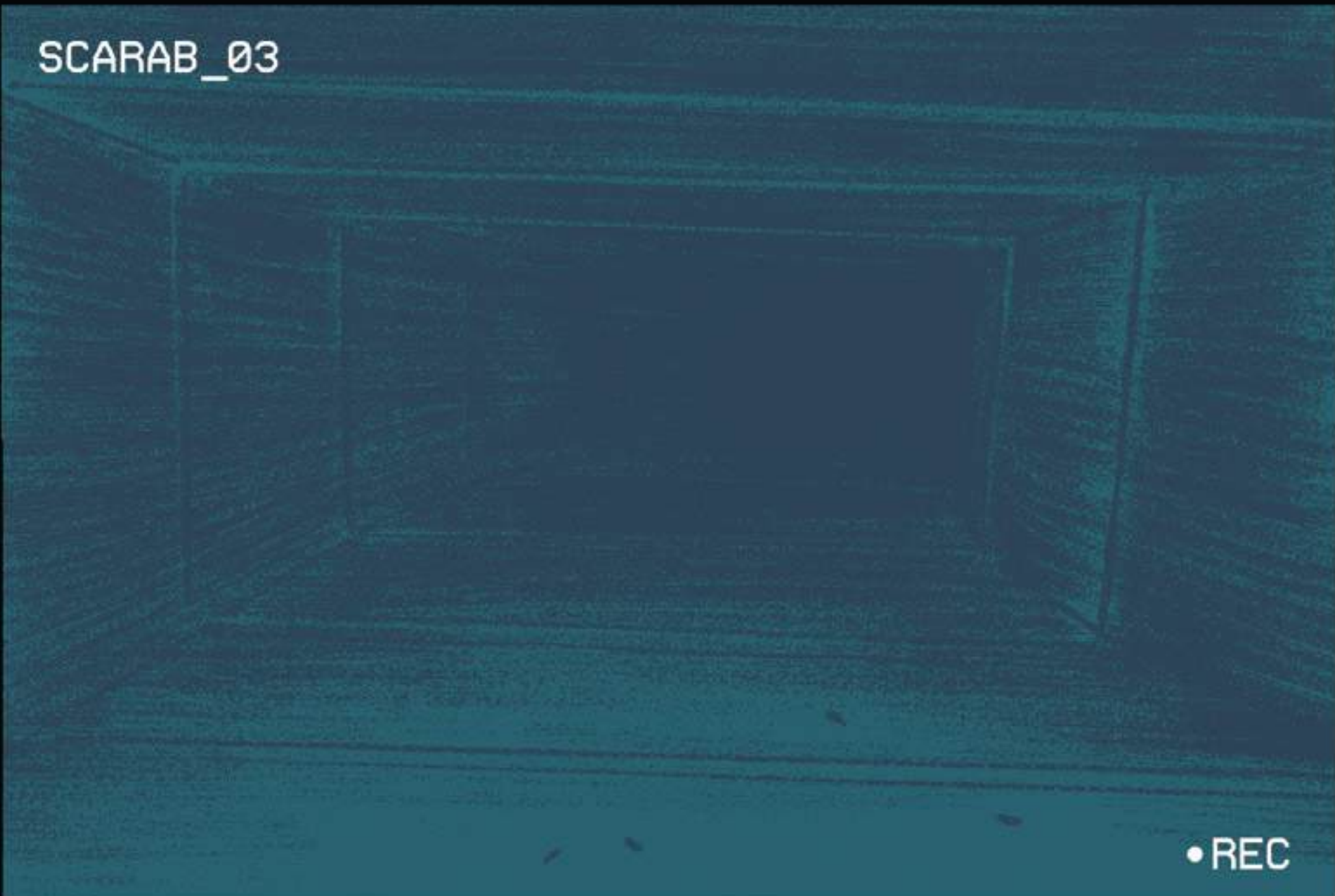
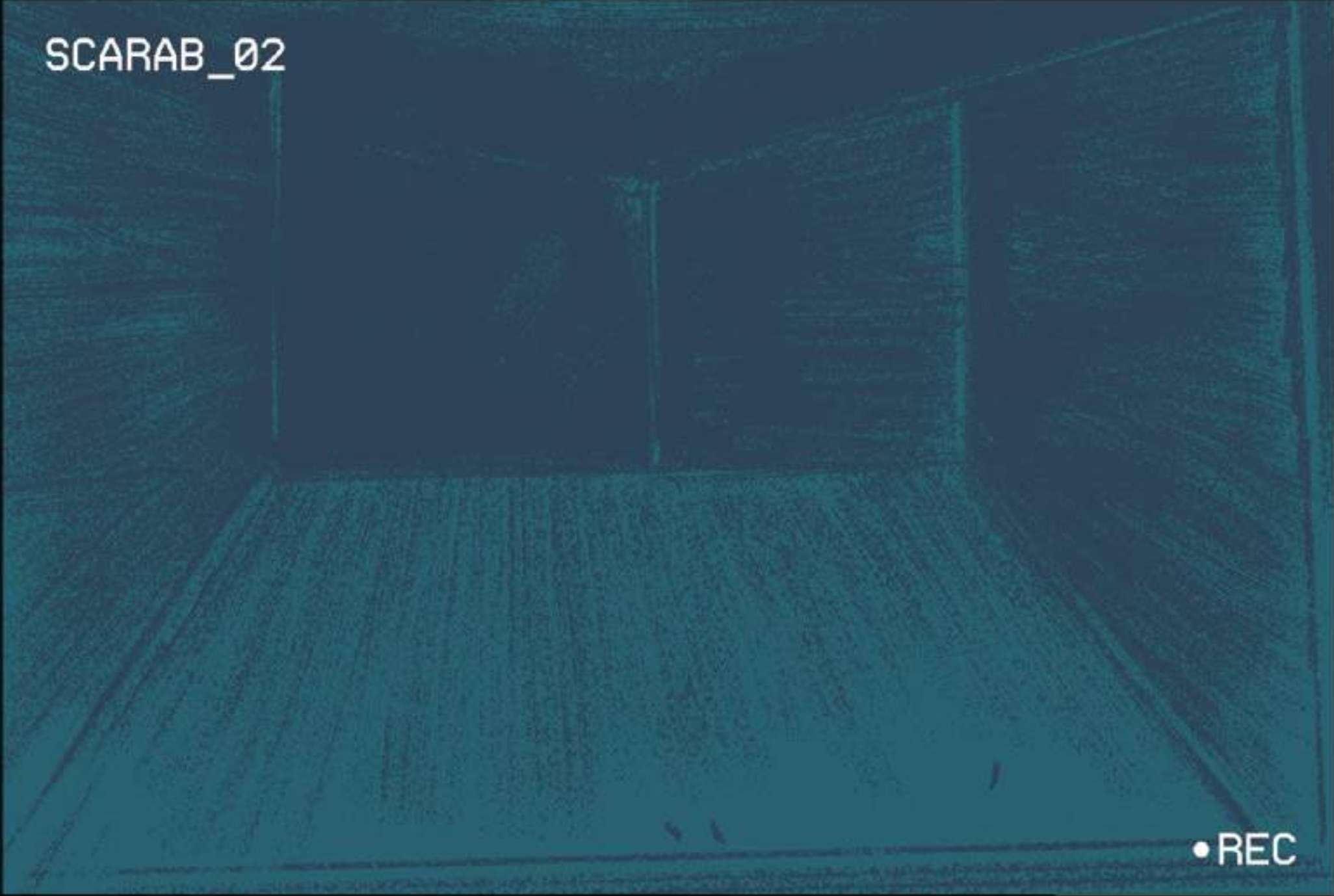
I don’t need to remind you that
this is the **Freedom
Tower**, and we have no idea who
these bad guys are or what they
want. People are jumpy.



So get me some answers,
Mr. Grant. The whole world
is watching.



“LIVE”



Still there. Don't move.
Shut up until I tell you.

Please, sir, I have a fam--

Just say what I told you and
maybe you'll see them
again, understood? Three,
two, one.



Um, this is a message for the, um,
paymasters and puppet-string
holders of our immoral and corrupt
global industrial complex. Um,
please listen carefully to the
following.

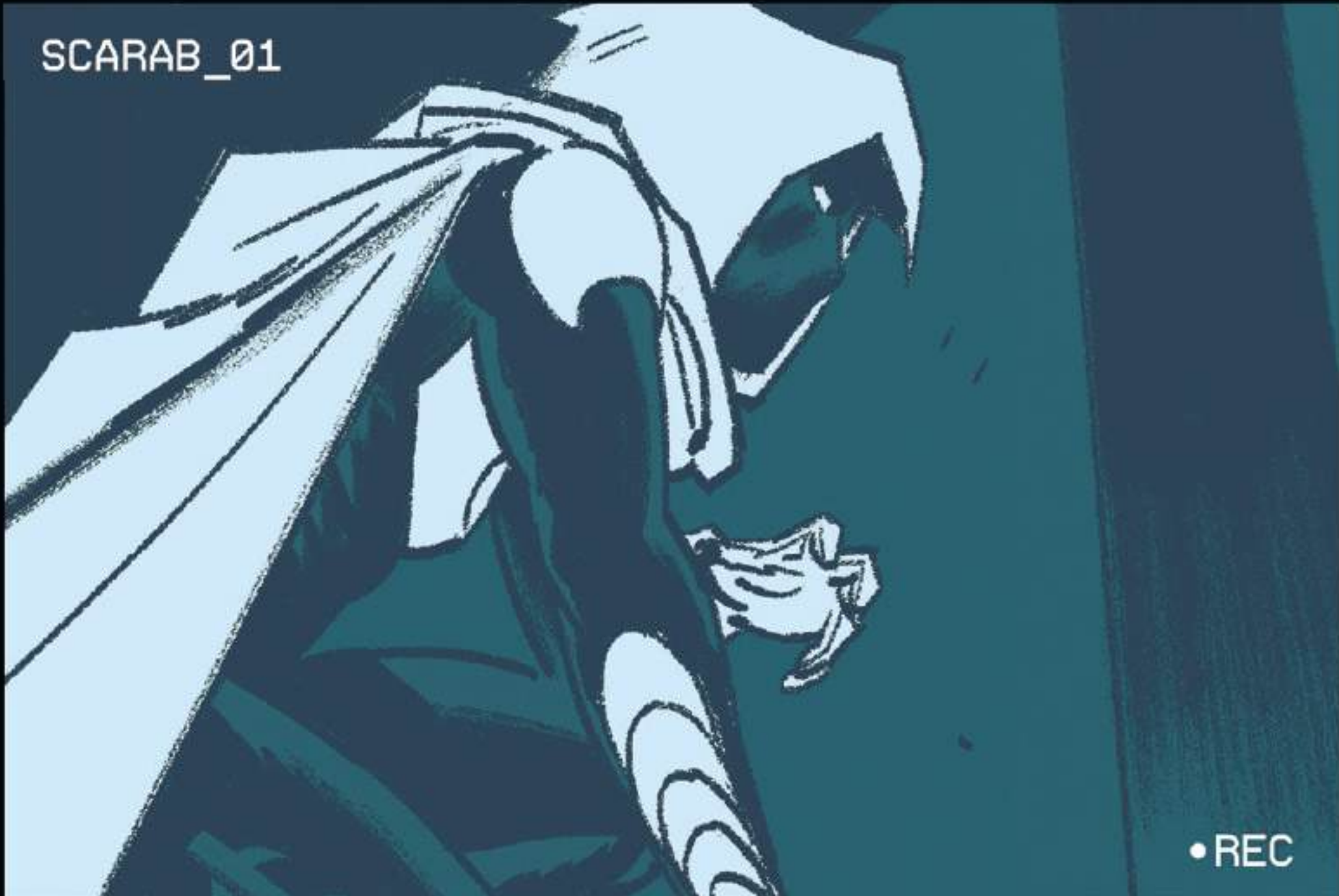
X-ray--Beta Kilo--
Juliett--Five--Five...



...Two-Four-Four-Uniform-Victor-Victor.
Batch number Six Tango.

Flint?

I'll get someone on that ASAP.



We're also seeing the accompanying video feed, Mr. Grant. It's coming in anonymous to one of those video share sites. We're working to suppress it...



...but your time is rapidly running out.

Find out what those numbers mean.



Any idea on the rest of it?
The military puppet-string nonsense?

No idea.

Getting a visual on the target now.

And it's not good.



Pending confirmation
of the information I've
just relayed...

...you will receive further instructions. In the meantime, any moves to, um, bring a premature end to this situation will result in um um **complete destruction** of both this bulding...



...and much of Lower Manhattan...

Describe what I'm wearing.

...wait, what?

What do you see me wearing? Tell them.



Um, it's a bomb vest, like a suicide bomber. Lots of wires, blocks of explosive material. Um, maybe ten blocks? And a **tank**, like a scuba tank.



It's not a--look, here--



This is not a scuba tank. Look at it. Confirm the numbers, and then you'll realize. In the meantime...



...you come for me, I'll salt this earth.

Mr. Grant?

This is getting out of control. We have hundreds or thousands of eyewitnesses here, and once that video stream hits social media, this'll go global.

This won't be an NYPD jurisdiction for much longer. The FBI is en route. I'd say we have **minutes** remaining.



What about those serial numbers?

Still waiting. But understand that information may not be shared with me.



We've confirmed there are two dozen hostages, and while the tower is still being evacuated, if he sets off that bomb? Any sort of bomb?

Do I need to talk about that?



No.

Which is why I need **you** to make a call for me, before all of this escalates out of all restraint and reason.

I need you to call my doctor.



Flint?



If you can't respond for whatever reason, just keep listening.
My scarab network is archiving this audio.



I can hear voices.

Correction: one voice.
The target's voice.



Detective Flint?



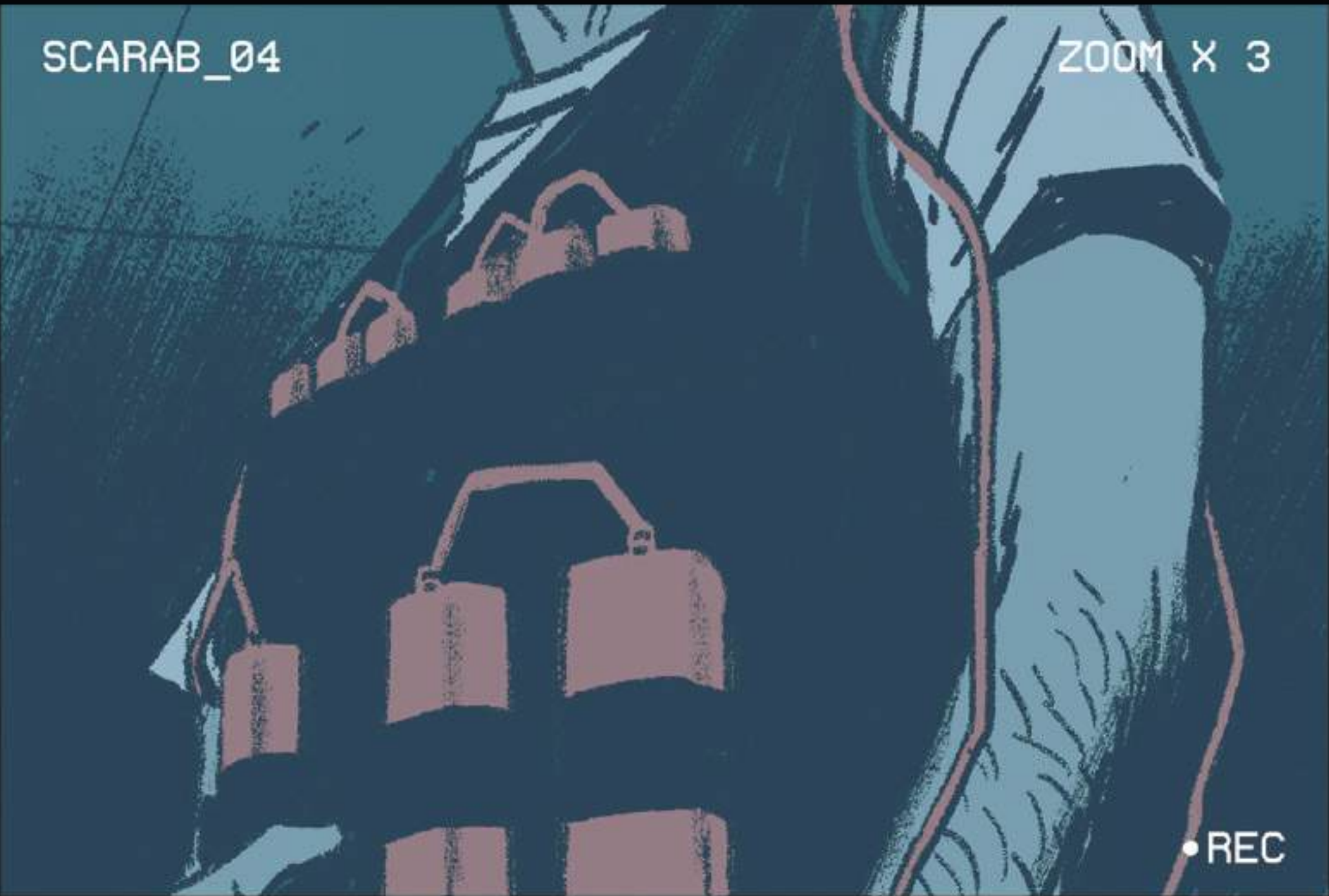
Be with you guys in a second.



I have the hostages in sight.



Sixteen hostages. One target.



Sending you shots of the bomb.



Thank you, Mr. Grant,
you've been extremely
helpful.

Lockley, you are good
to go. Complete your
recon, find your
angles, pick your plan
of attack.



Yeah, yeah. I'm on it. I see the trigger.



...like sheep, so stupid, all of you!

Do you not know who you work for? Don't you read the news? The real news, not the co-opted bullcrap they shovel at you...



...wake up, and realize you've been complicit in one of the greatest crimes...

Simple wiring, left arm, possible neural switch. No signs of a secondary trigger.



Nothin' to it.

POK

oooooooooooo

That's your jaw.



That's your
meta-carpals
and wrist...



...breaking
Should keep
you from
hittin' that
trigger.



AAAAARRRRRRRRRRGGGGGG!

KRAK

GAAAAAAH!

And that's your
shoulder
dislocated.



Not so fast.

One dead
arm wasn't
enough?

SNAP



You never had
a chance.

You think I'd let
this go down, in
this city? In this
building?

You were dead the minute you came up with the idea to do this.

Give me your hand...no, the **trigger hand**.

Here's something to remember me by.



RRRRRIIIIIIP



Oh my God!

Stop! What are you doing??



Give me his assault rifle. Now.

And you're welcome. All of you.



beedle deedle dee! Beedle deedle dee!



Mr. Grant?

Lockley. For the time being, anyway.



*Right. Mr. Knight. Or Grant or Lockley
Or whoever you are.
What's happening?*



The target is down. All the hostages are alive. Turn the elevators back on, I'm coming down.



The bomb?

Deactivated and secured.
Who am I surrendering it to?



The FBI, the CIA, spec ops,
who knows. You'll know 'em
when you see them.

Lockley?

Mr. Knight, now.

*...Mr. Knight. I
called your doctor.*

Was she helpful?

She was, yes. She put a lot in perspective.



She said you were diagnosed with dissociative identity disorder, and you were a violent danger both to yourself and to others.

She said you've been avoiding her professional care, and perhaps police intervention was necessary at this point.

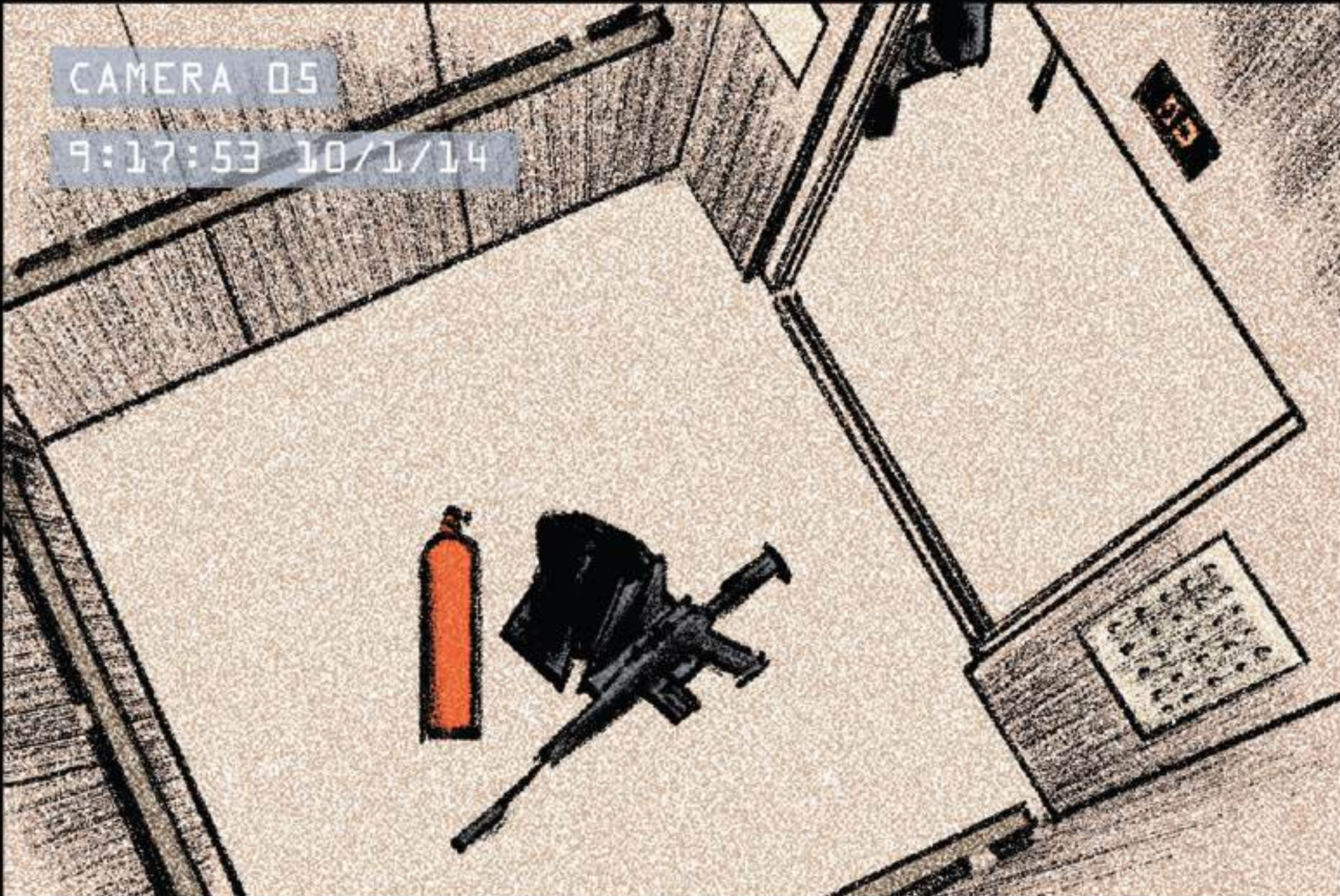
I'm sorry, Mr. Knight...



...but you'll be surrendering as well.



BING!



"...remarkable footage from the One World Trade Center tower of the terrorist takedown, shot in secret on one of the hostages cellphones. The images you are about to see are graphic in nature..."

"The terrorist's demands remain unclear, but sources in law enforcement have confirmed the explosive device was not radiological nor did it contain a nerve agent. It appears to have been an agricultural growth accelerant.



"Headquartered in the WTC, this company's product is sold strictly to developing nations and is suspected of causing hundreds of birth defects.

"The bomber was a disgruntled employee...

"...who seemed willing to unleash a heavy dose of the accelerant on his fellow employees.

"So not the radical, fundamentalist terrorist so many of us feared...



"The question remains, and it's what we're all wondering now...

"Who was the assailant in white? With no ties to any law enforcement office, does he pose a danger..."



With his frightening and sadistic method of apprehending this disgruntled employee, the man in white is, in this reporter's opinion, the terrorist we need to be looking for.



"If you have any information, please call this hotline..."



"The NYPD promises a full investigation..."





"...stating that the vigilante's capture is now our highest priority."

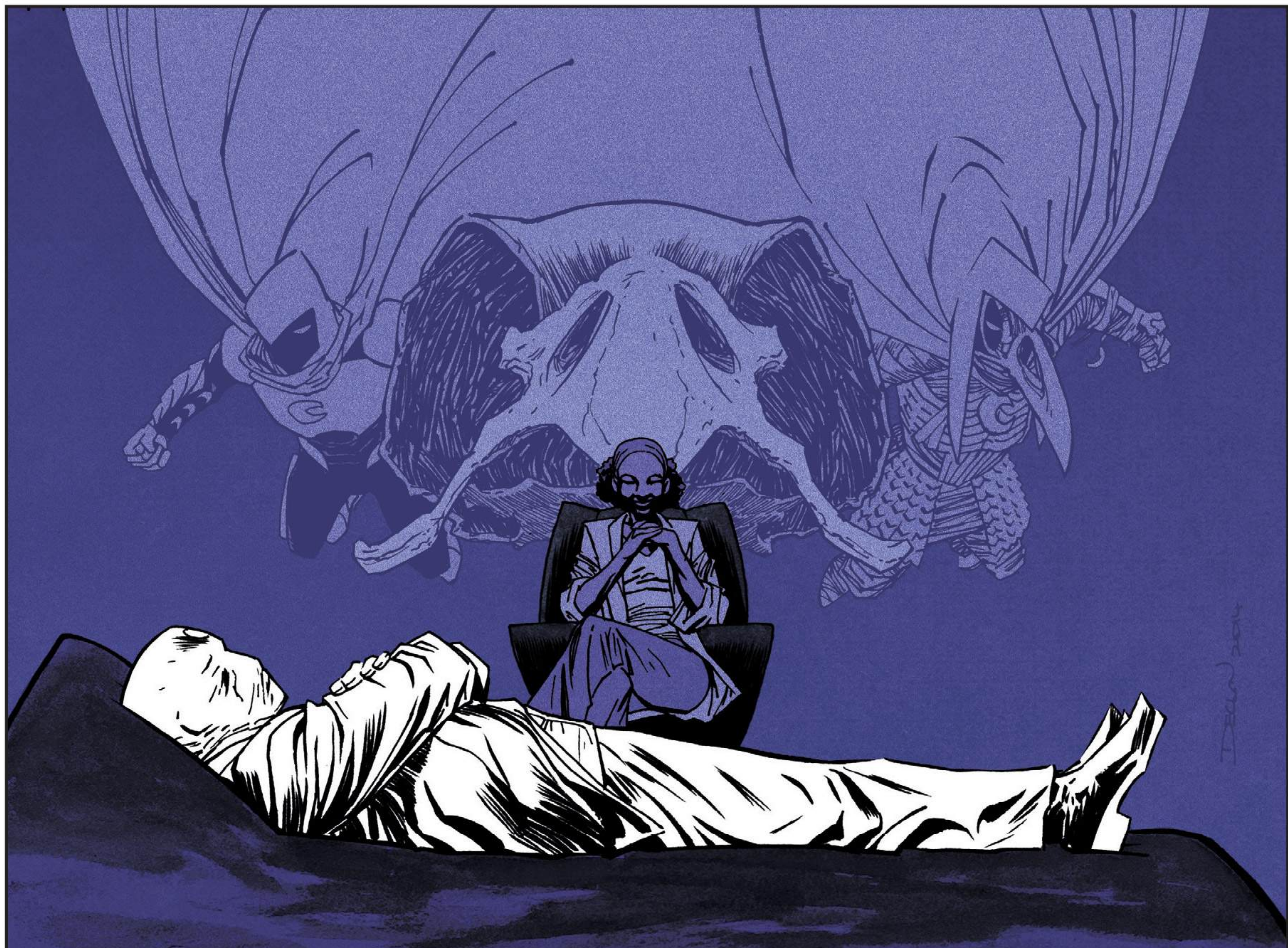
YOU STEPPED IN IT THIS TIME, SON.



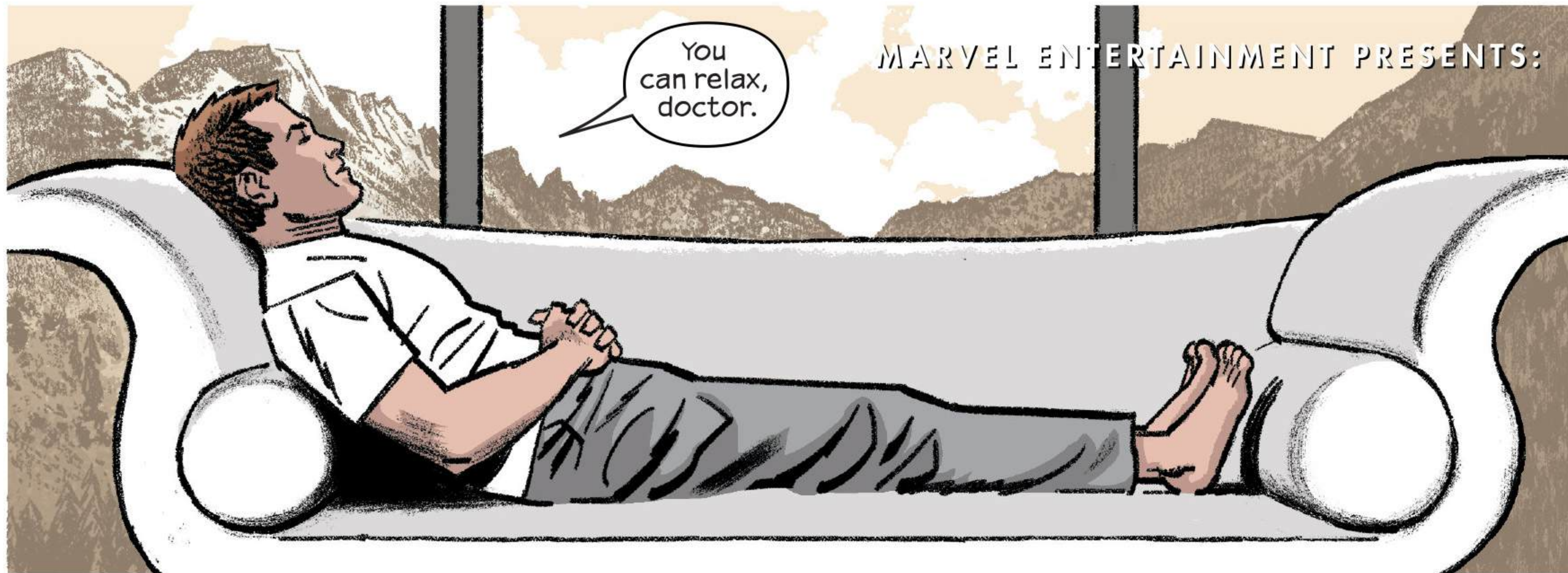
I was set up. I was betrayed.



I FEAR WHAT YOU PERCEIVE AS DAMAGE ALREADY DONE, IS JUST THE START OF IT.



MOON KNIGHT

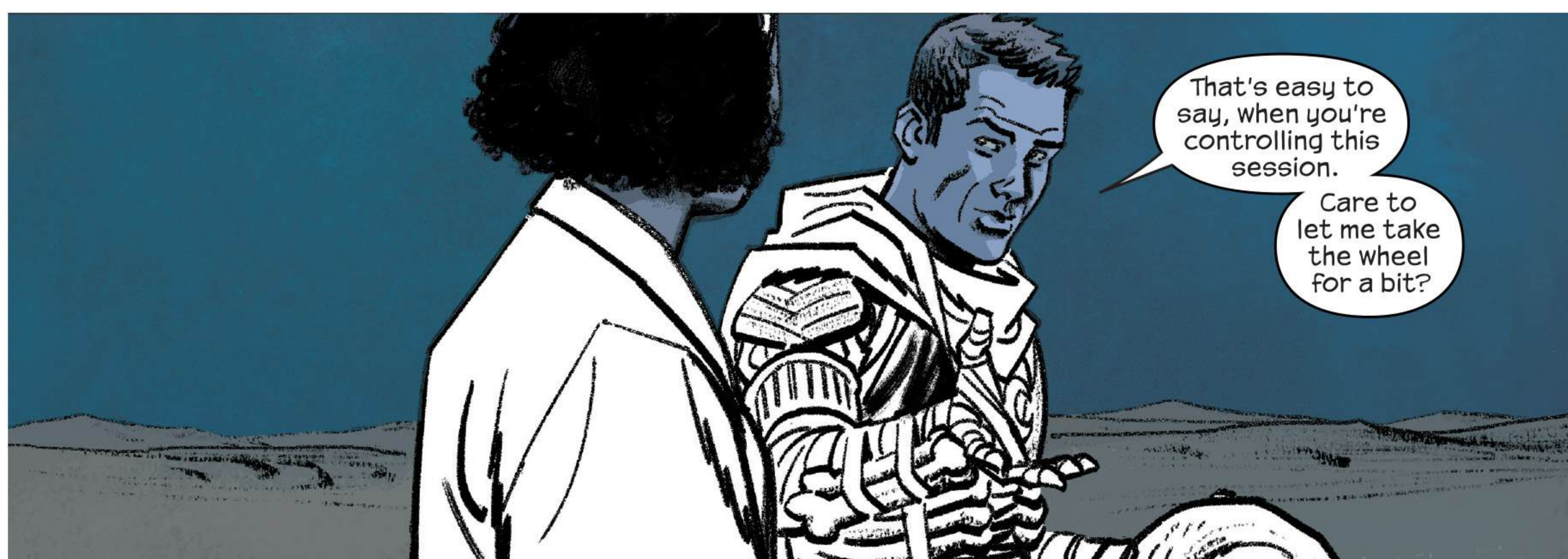


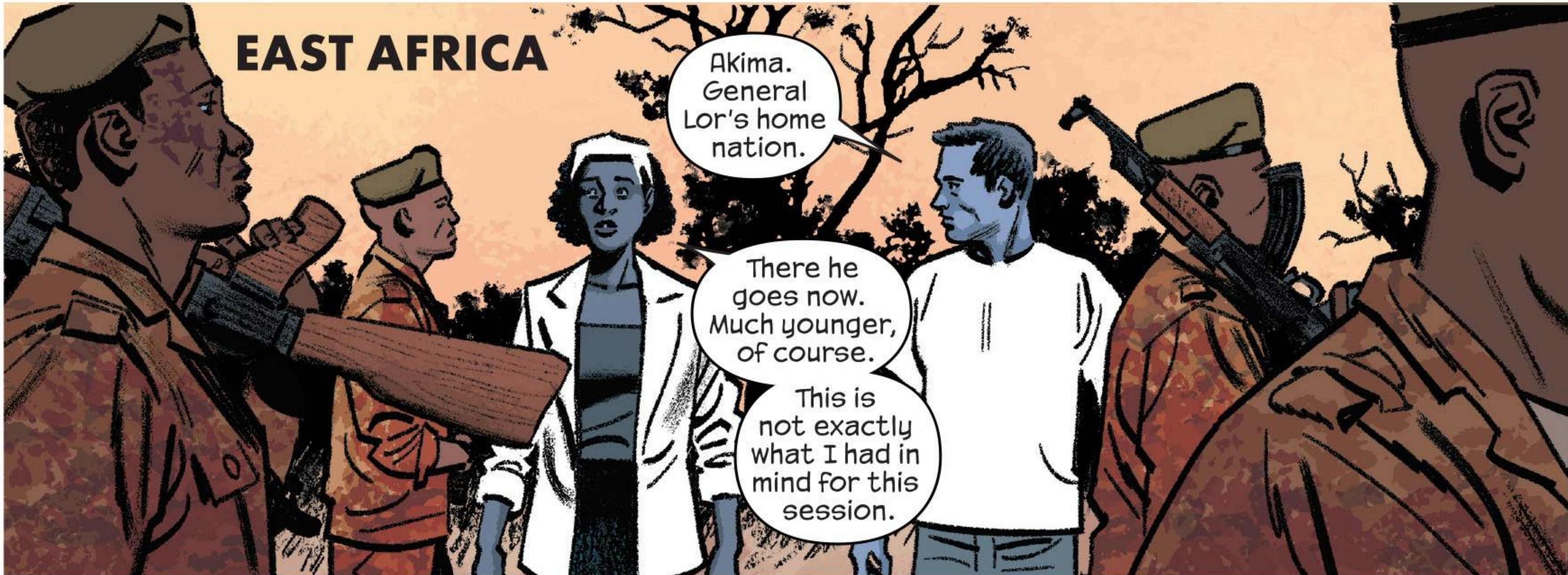
GIZA, EGYPT

Interesting.









"Akima is what was once called a micronation.
And then along came General Lor.

"Although he wasn't a general then.
He was militia, a wild boy. In time, he
was considered a freedom fighter.

"Akima was changed
from a lawless frontier
to a functioning society.

"Not that I knew any of this.
Here I am, age 10, fetching
water for my family. This
was my job, as I was still
young and my older sister
was too beautiful to be out.

"I had to
be careful,
though.

"My mama said,
'Wahalla, be home
before dark, always!'

"'At night is when bad
things can happen.'

"She was right. But I was young and silly and could lose myself in daydreams."



"But, as the shadows grew long, I could imagine my mother worrying, so I hurried along."

"Then, the sound of engines."



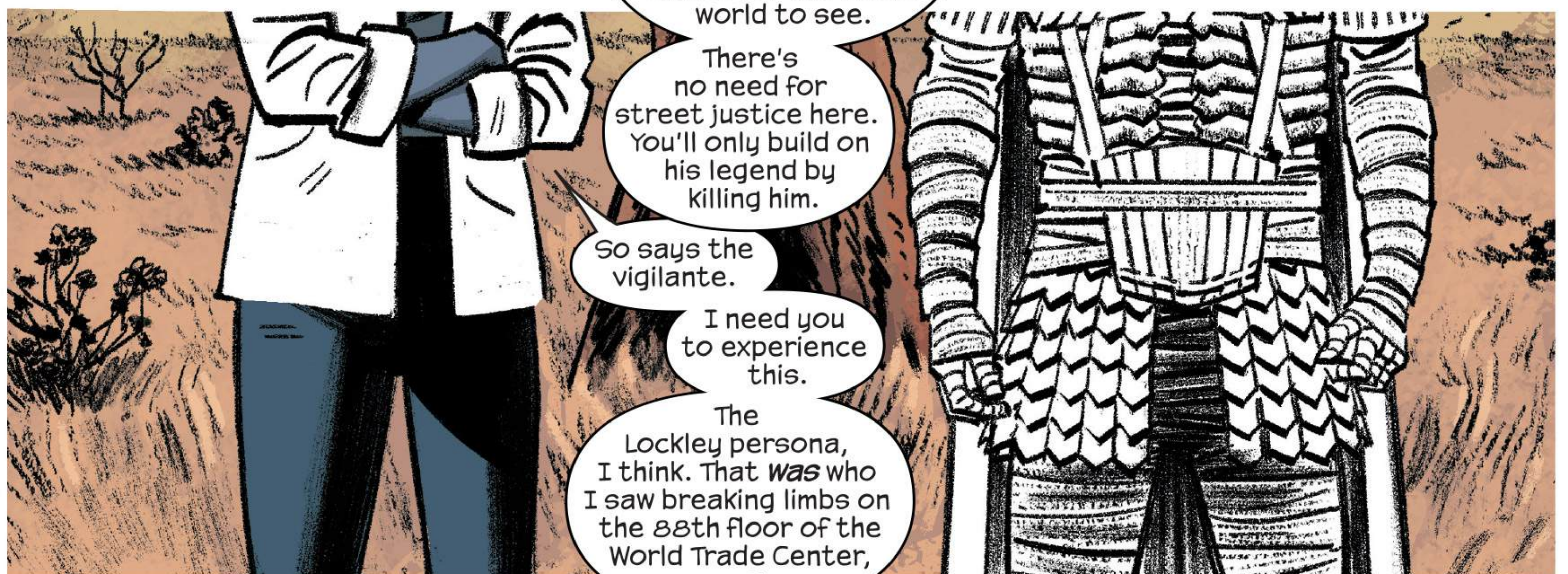
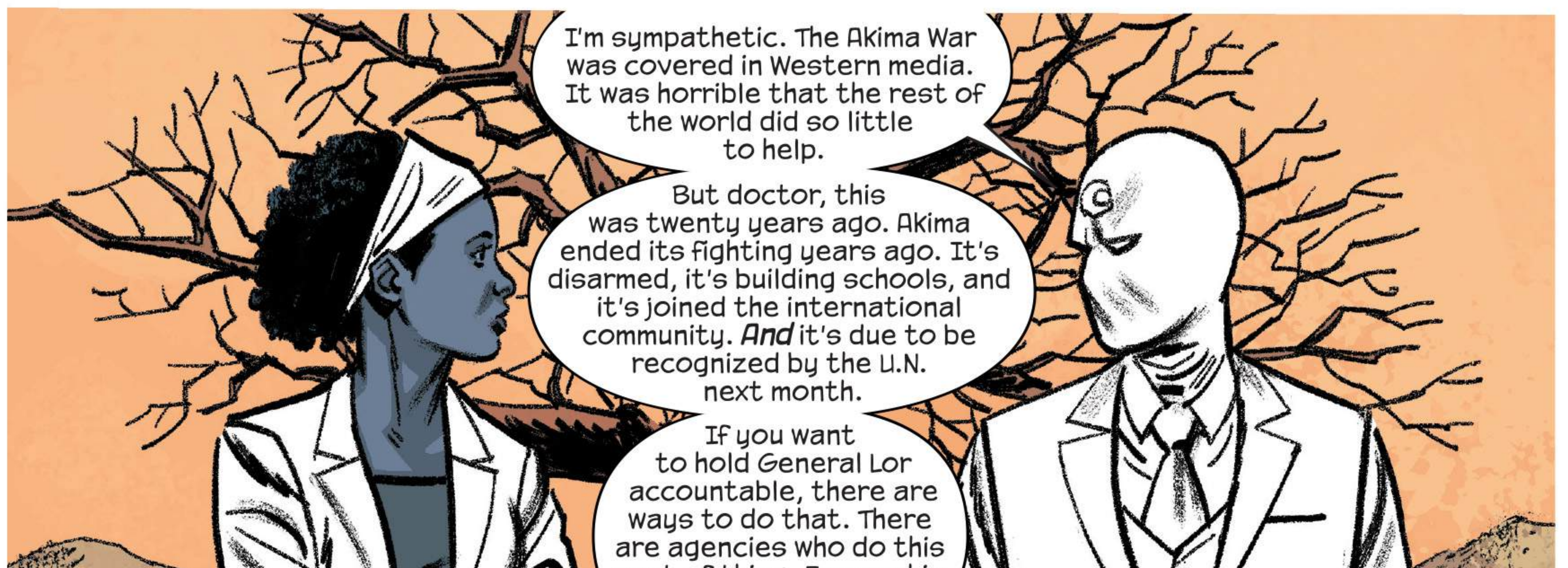
"The militia. The wild boys. On the hunt."

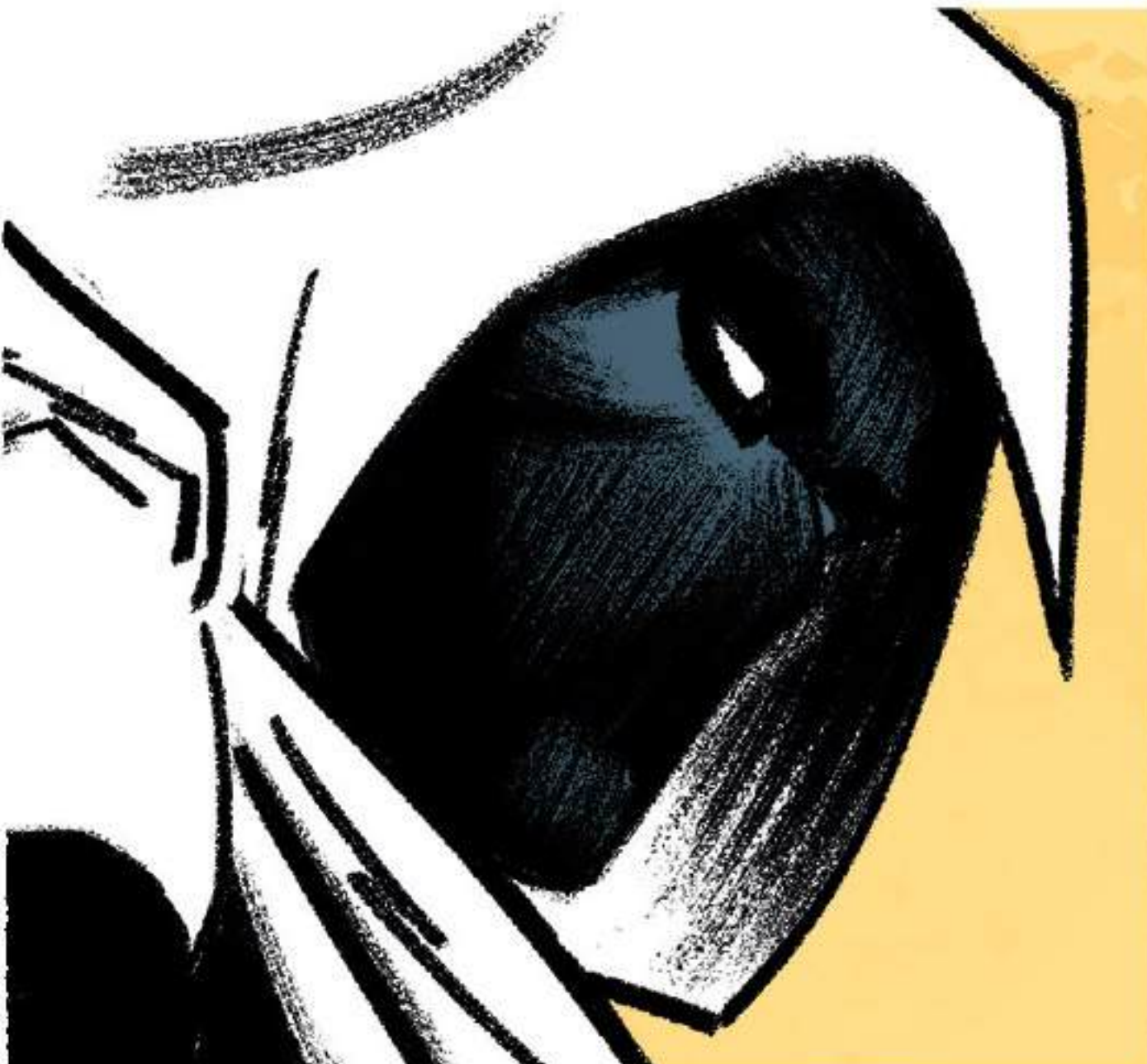
When we're done, I'll come back for *you*!

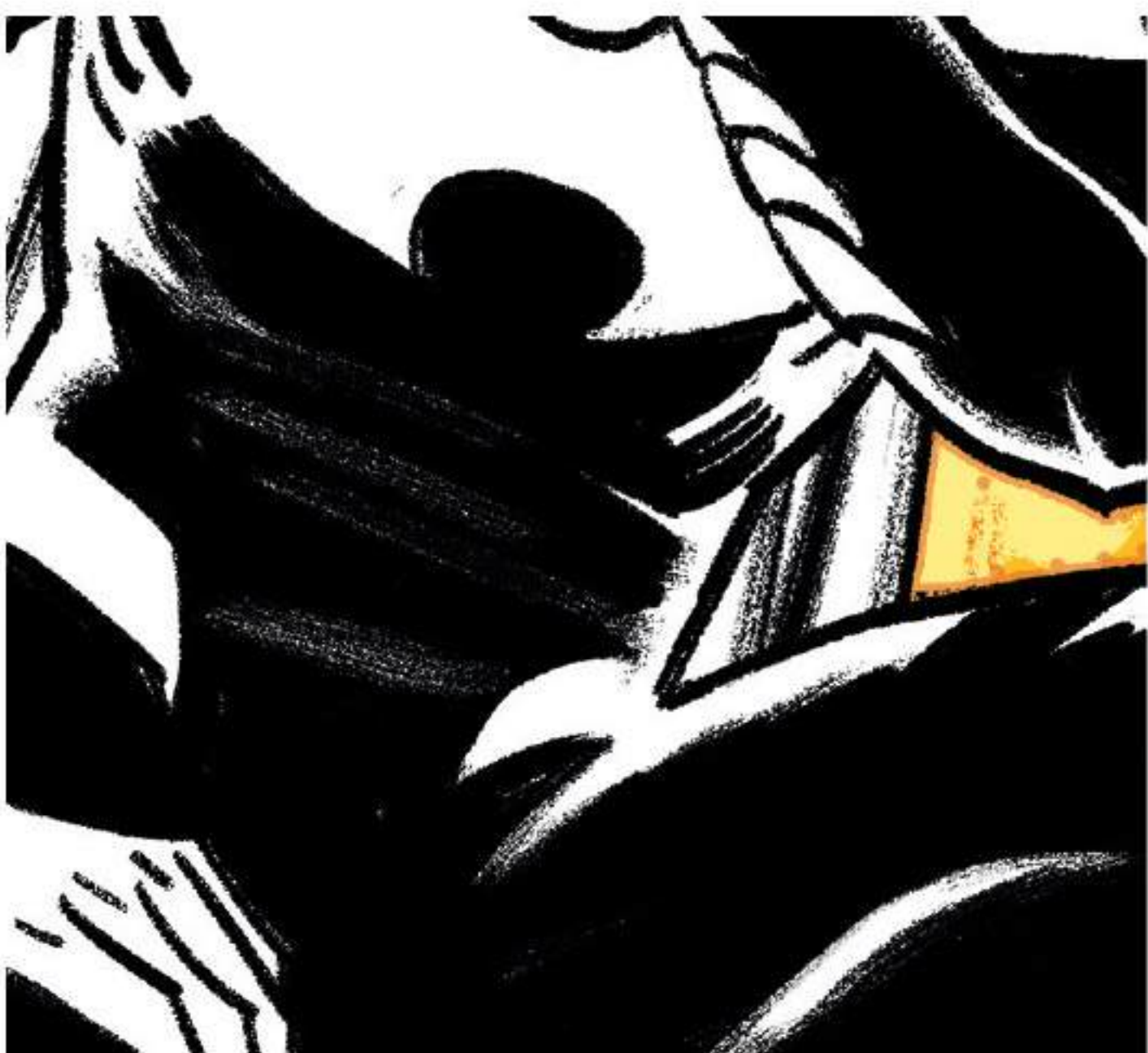


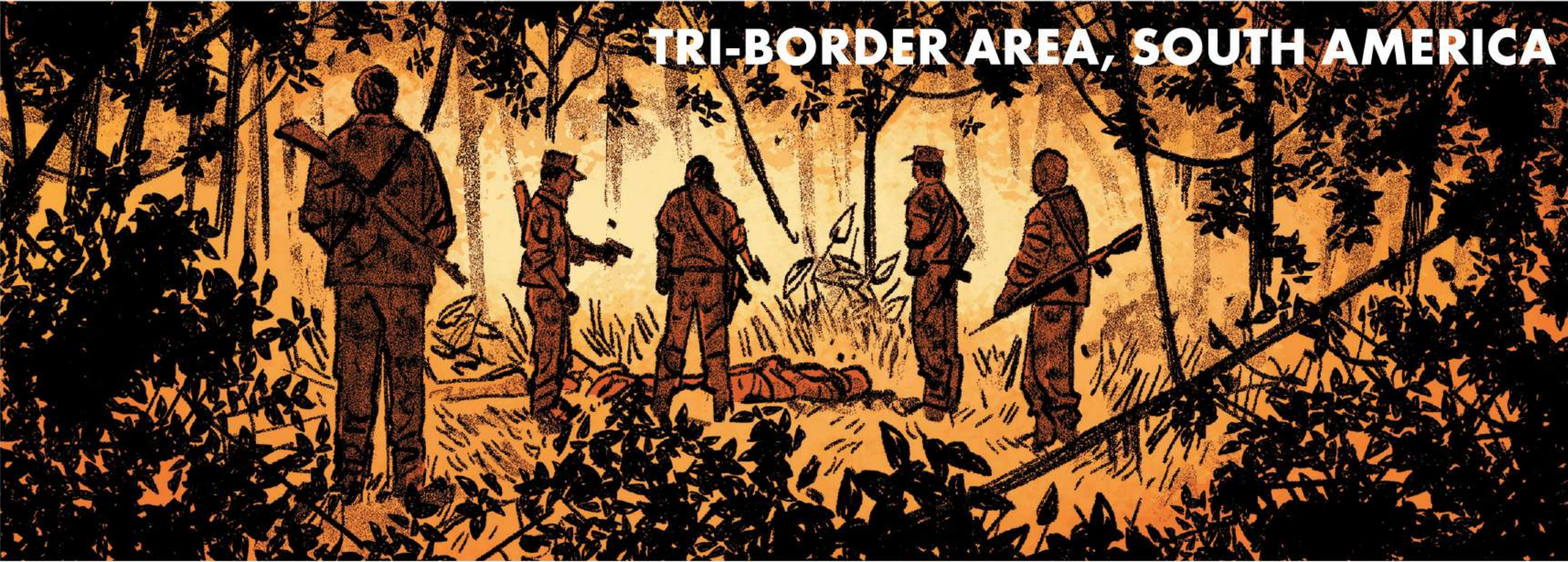
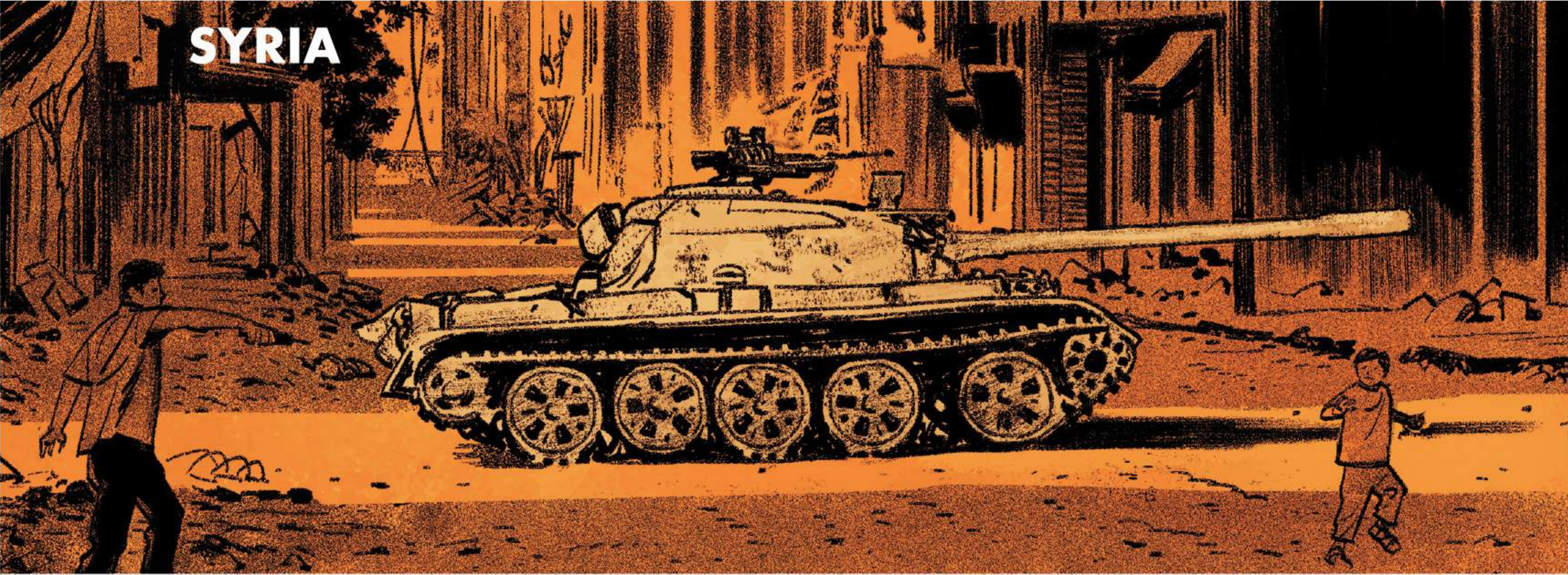
"When they were done with *what*, I wondered?"

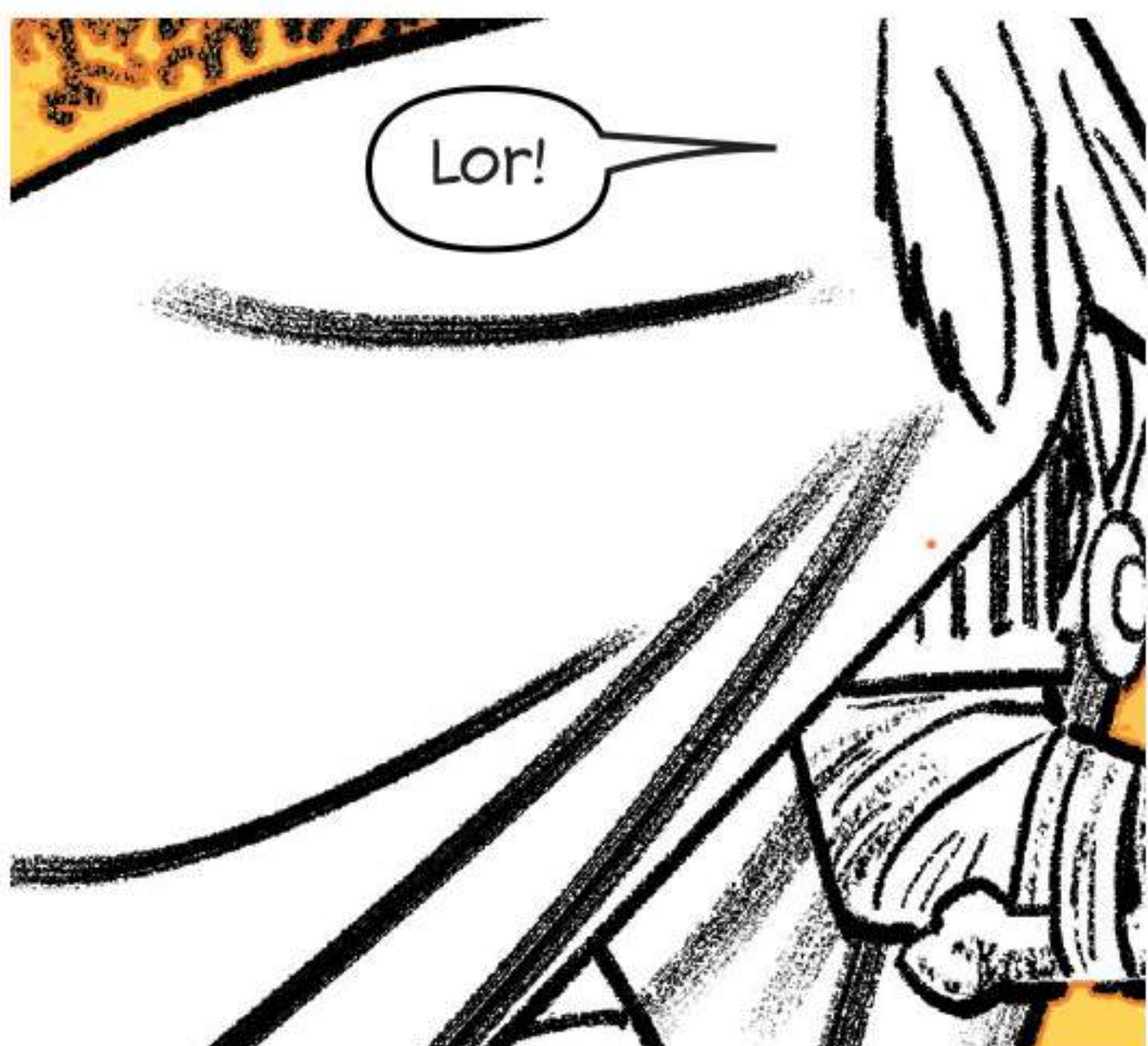
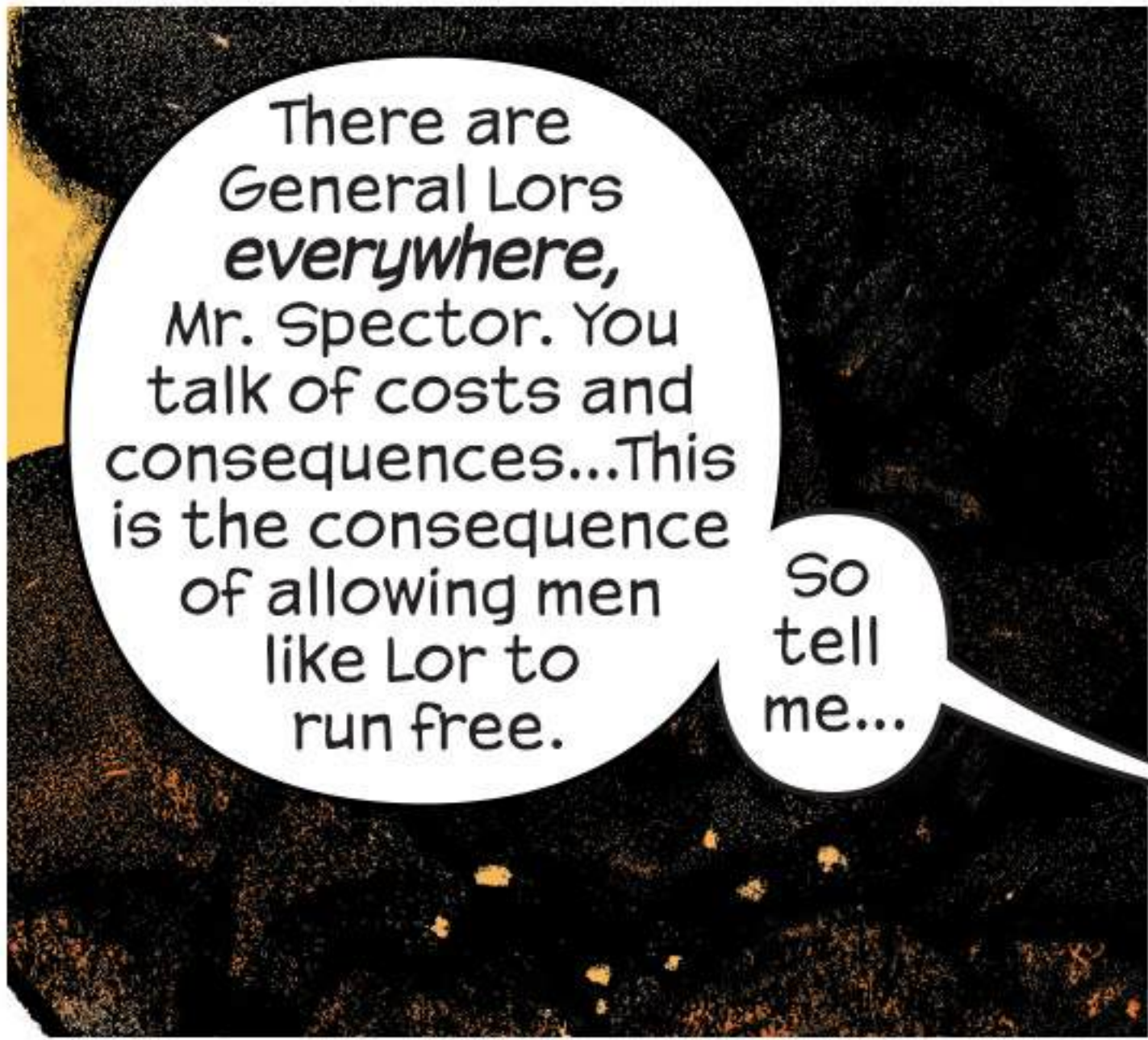




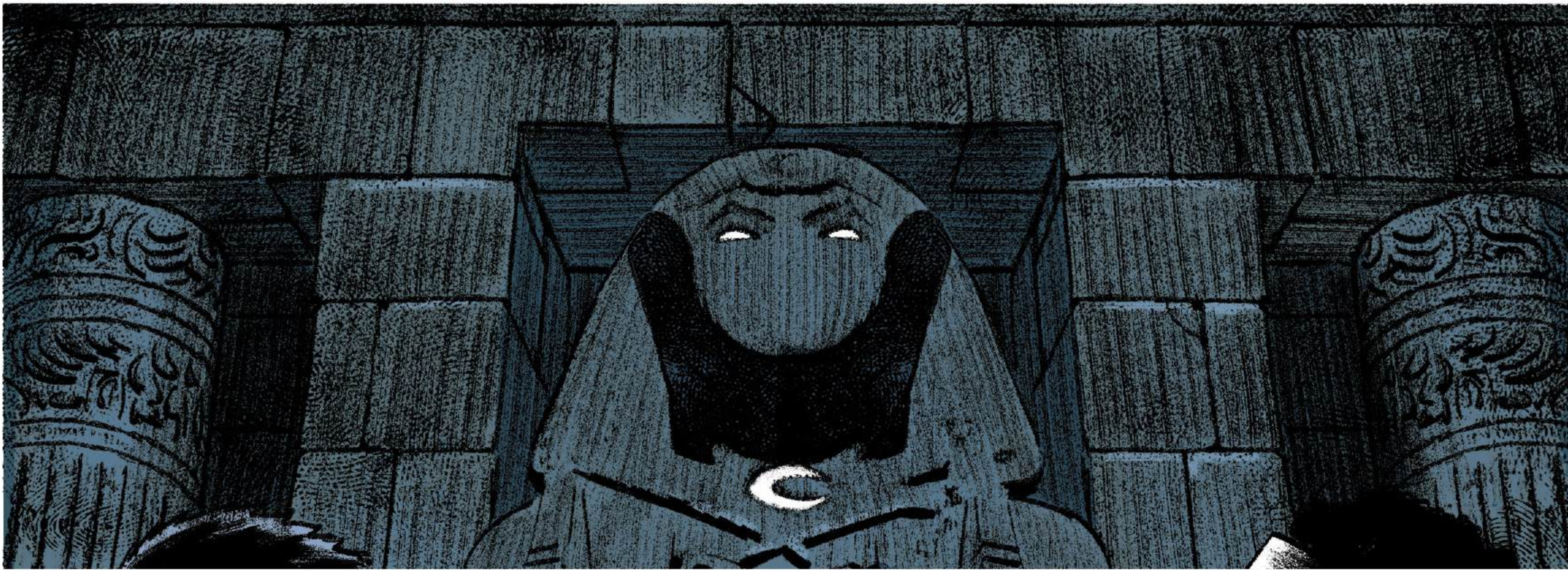


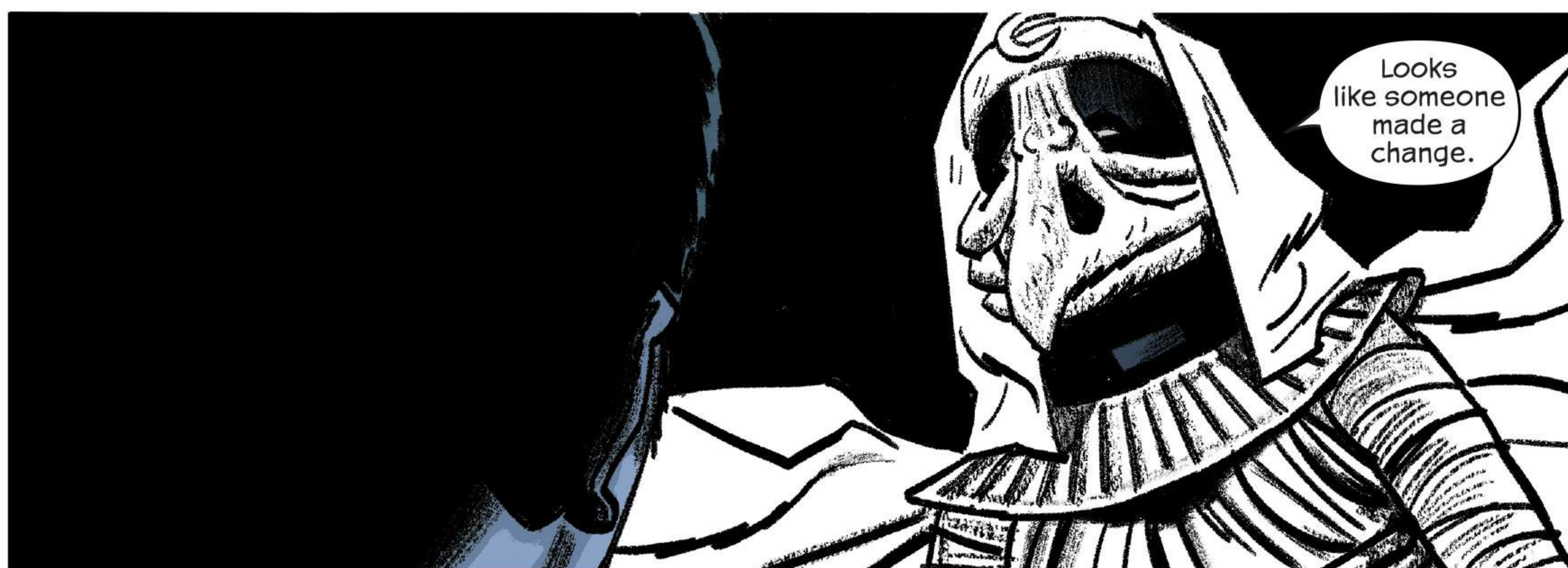






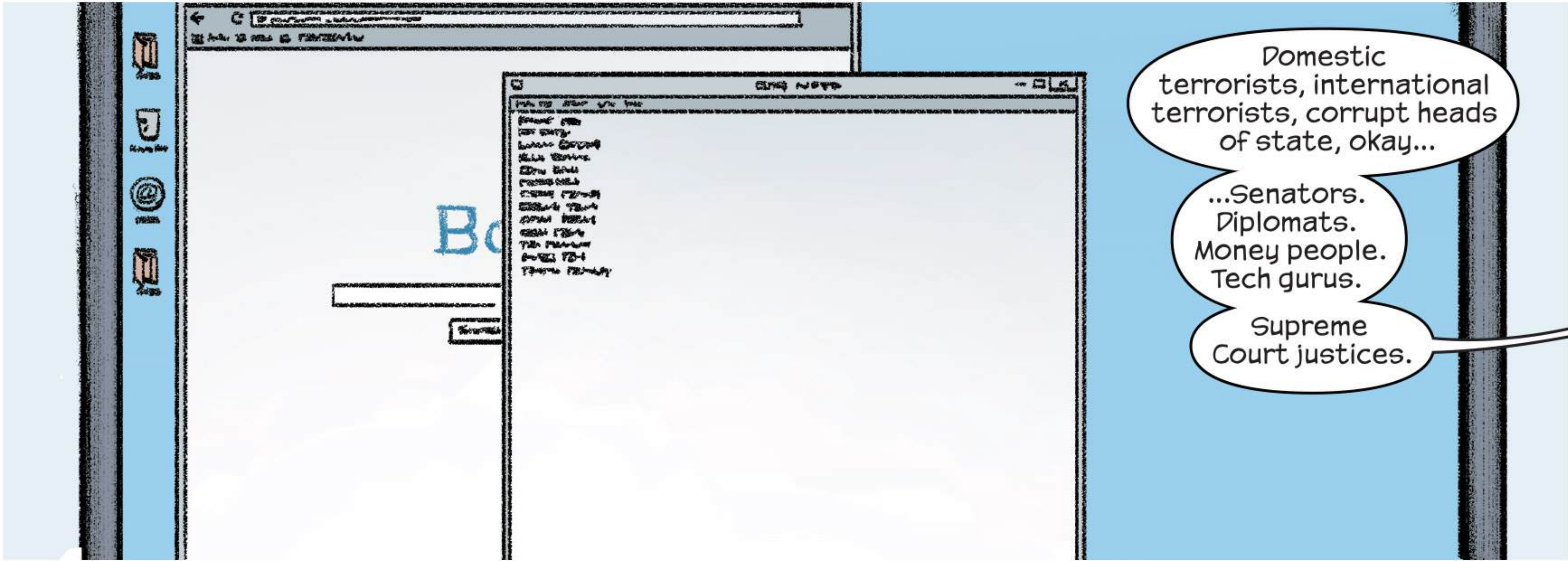










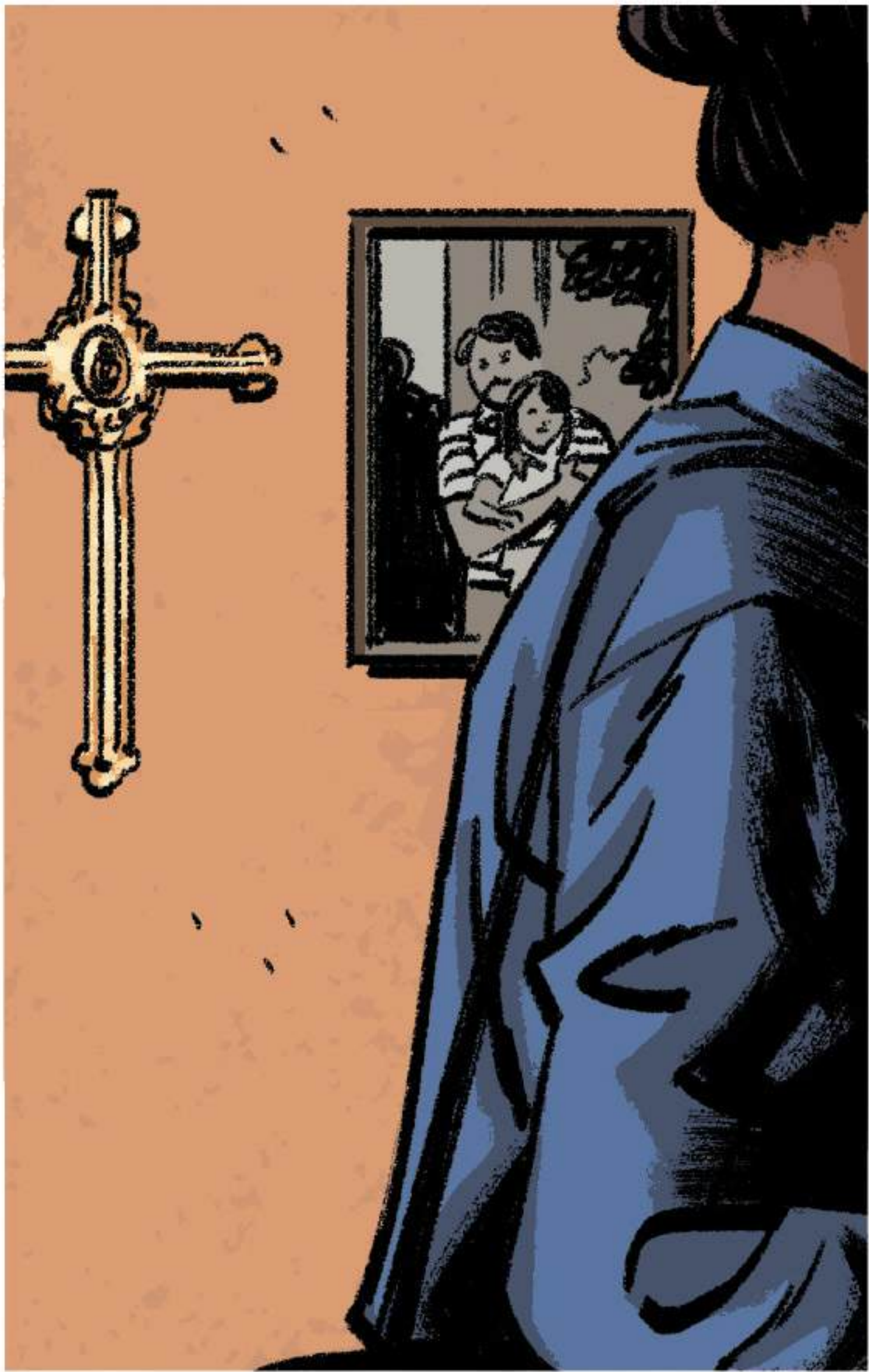








MOON KNIGHT









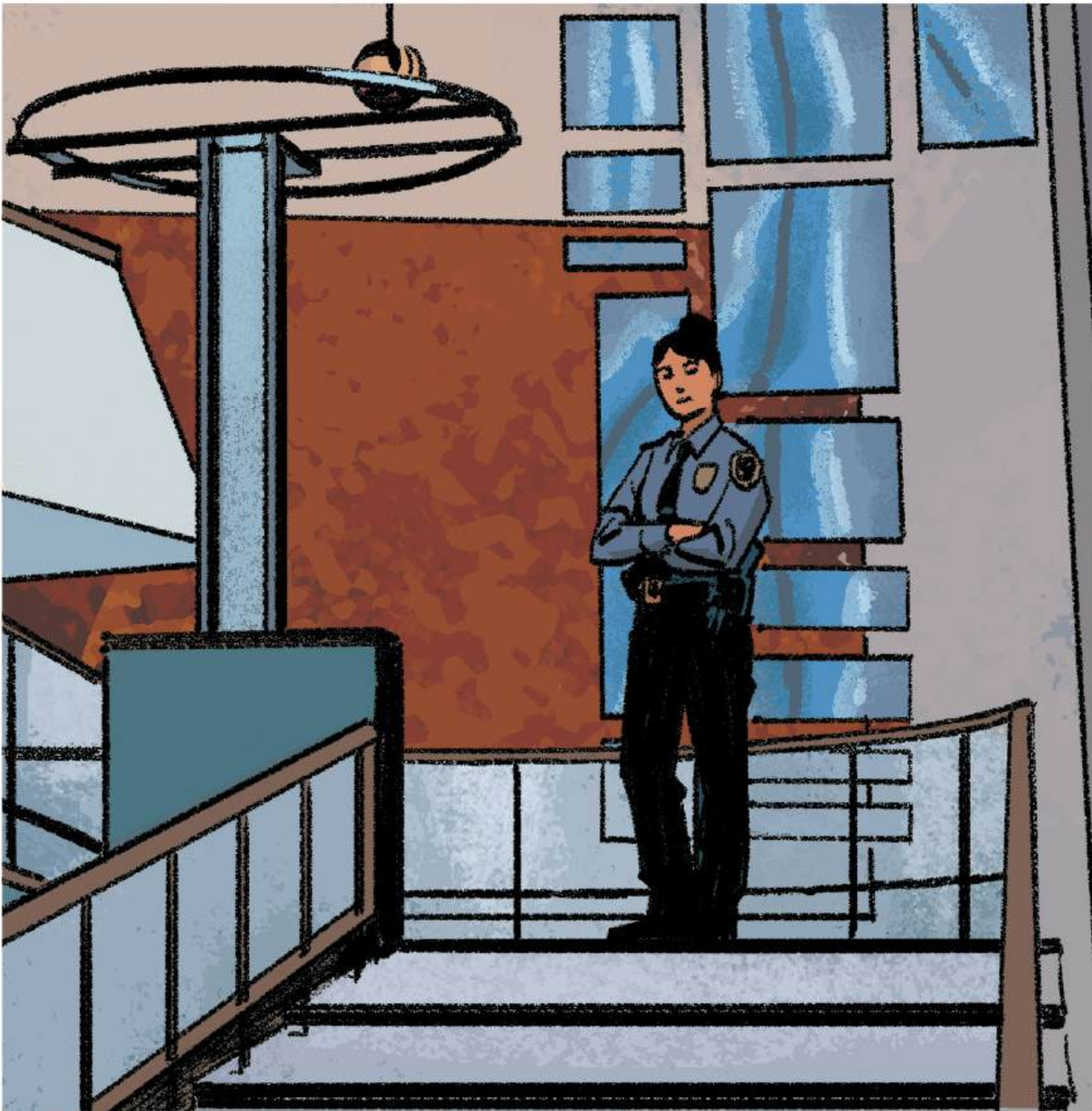
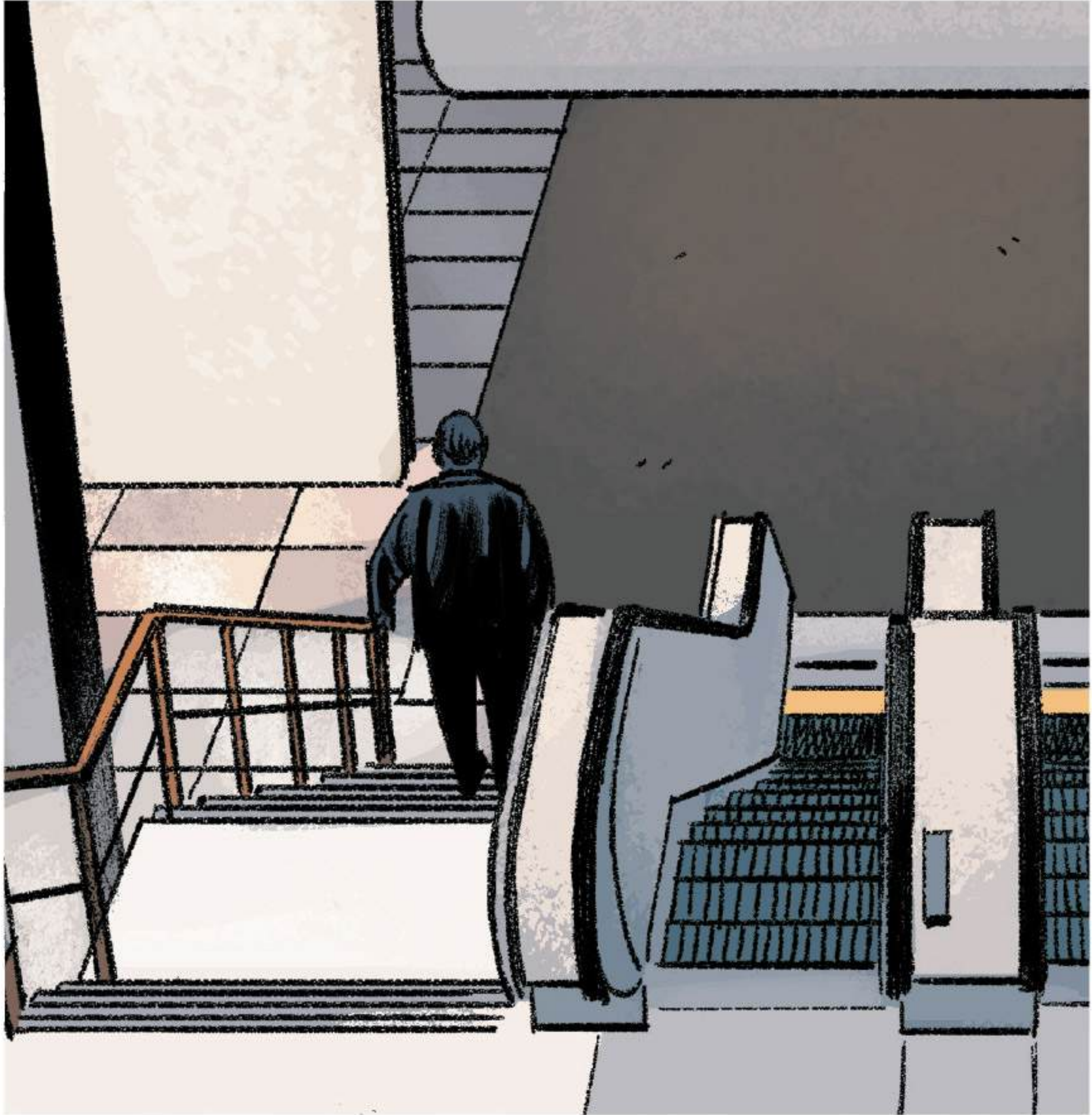
MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS:

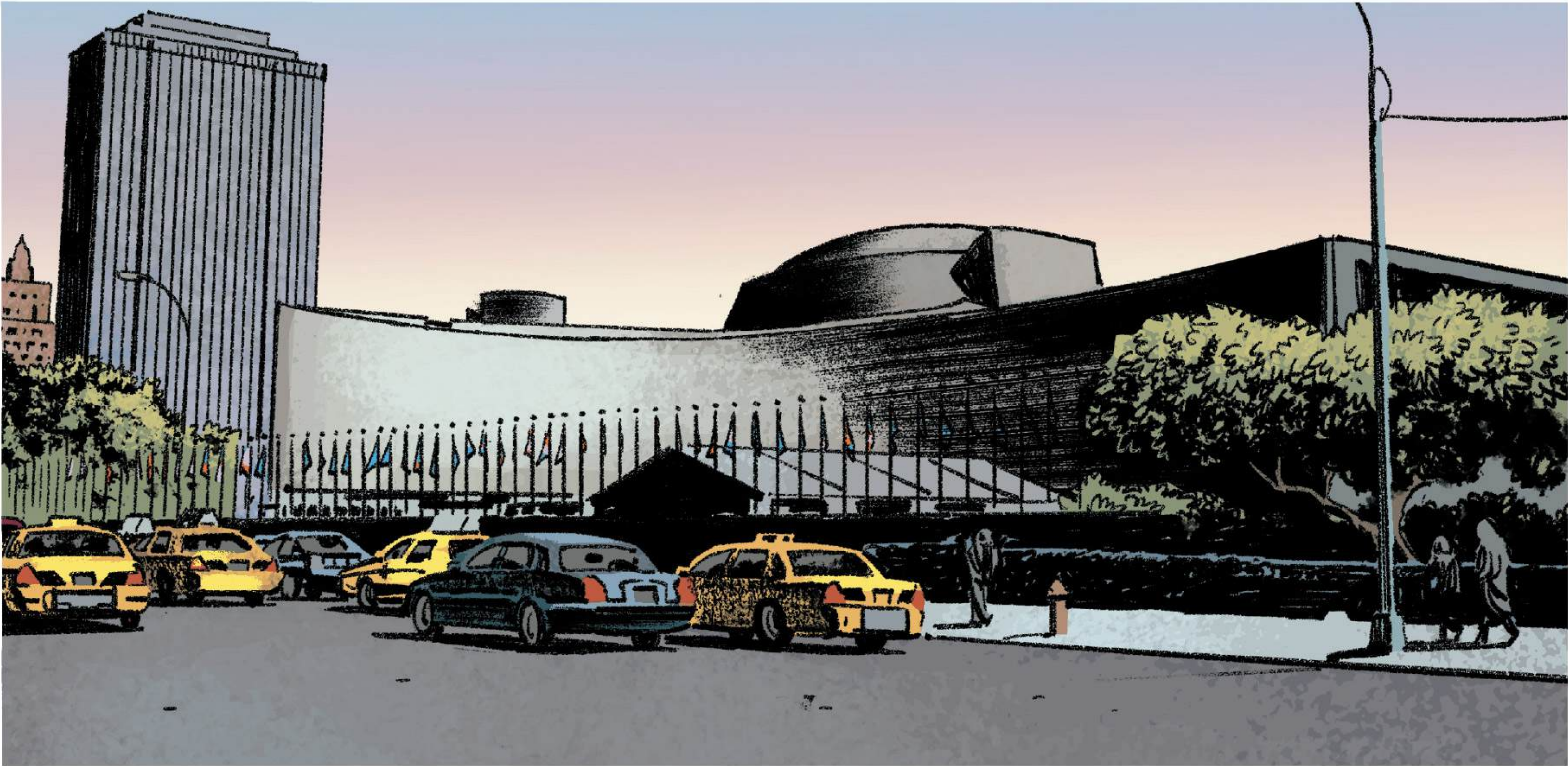


MOON KNIGHT



"HQ"

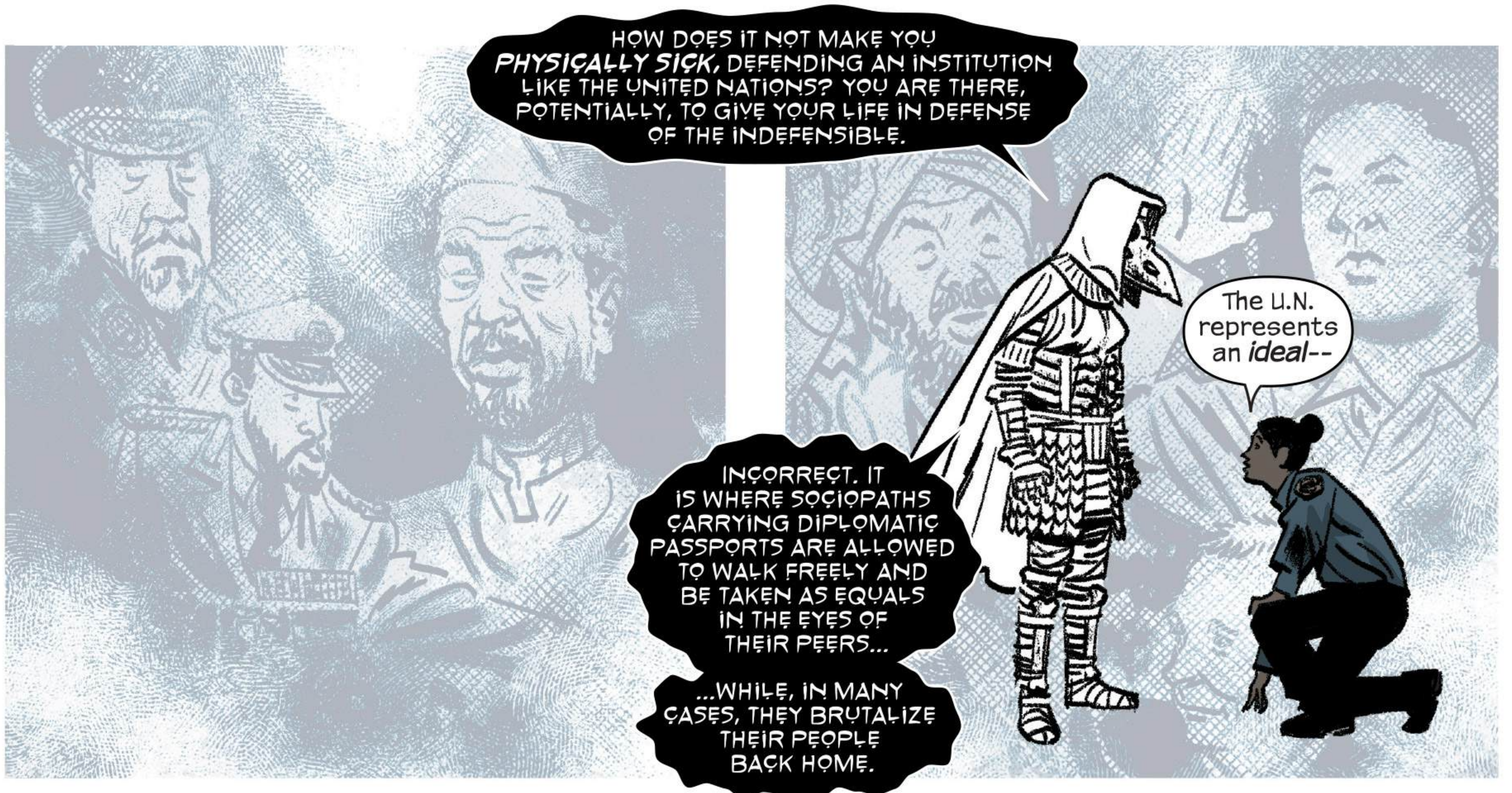


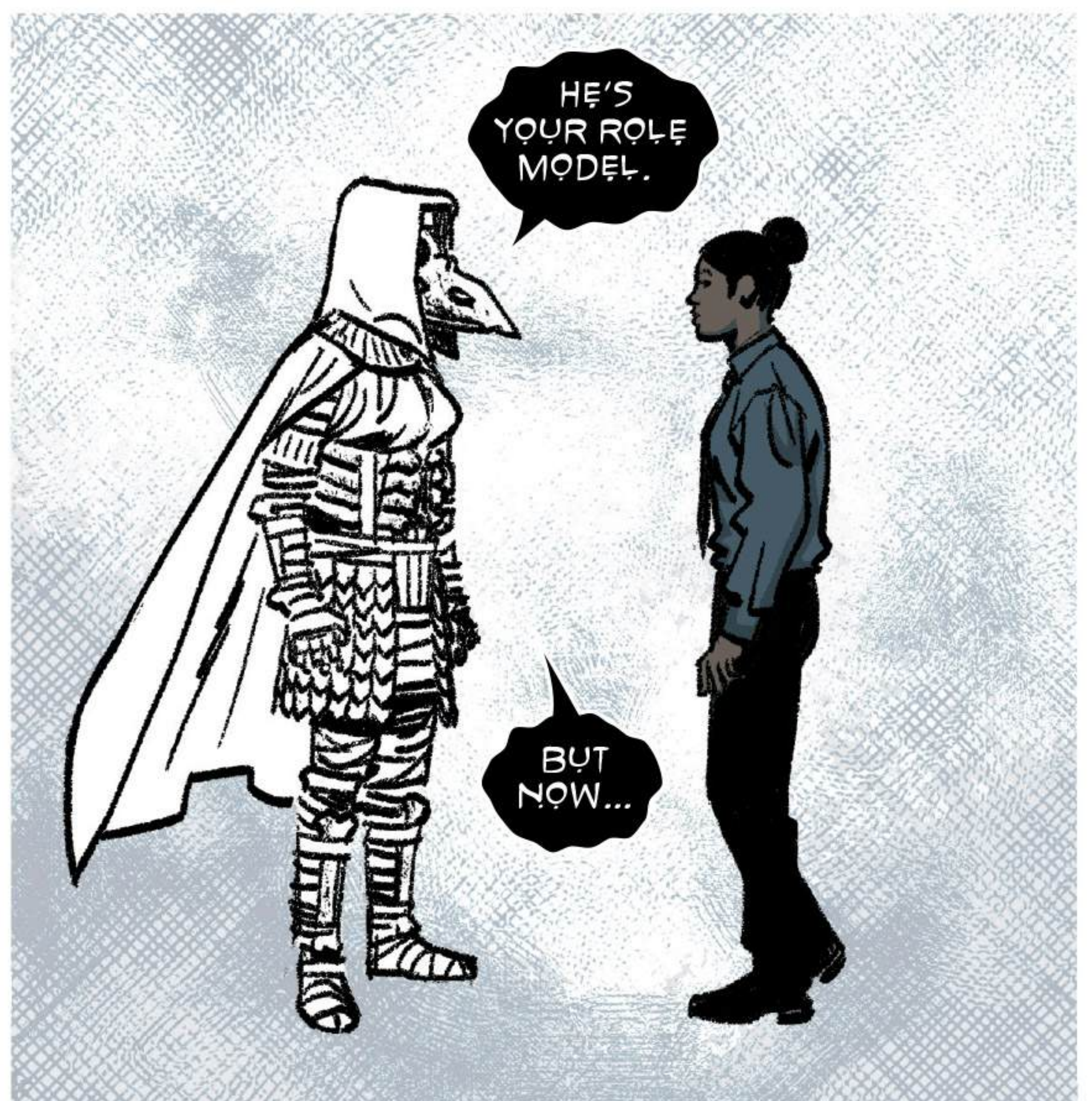




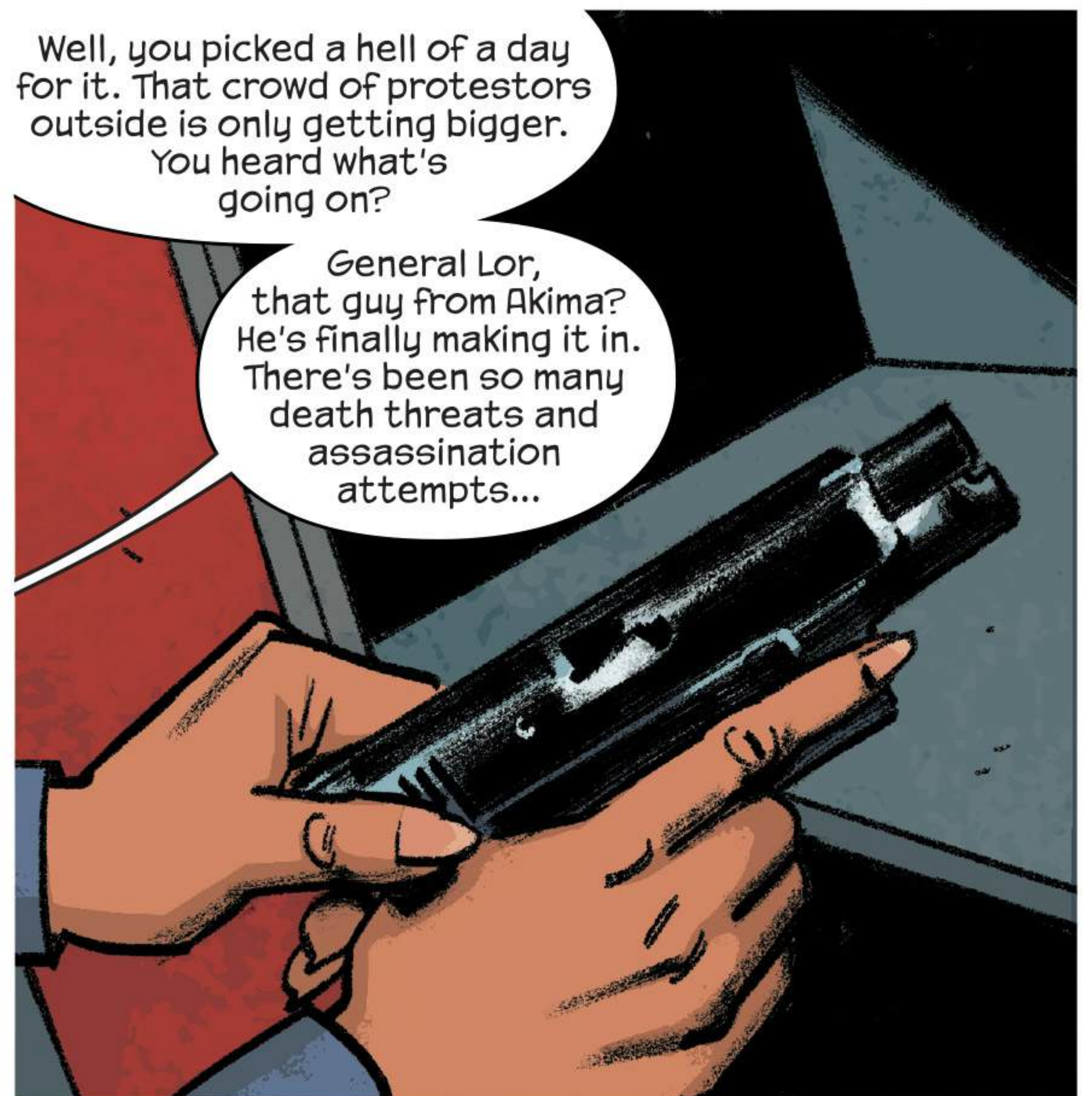










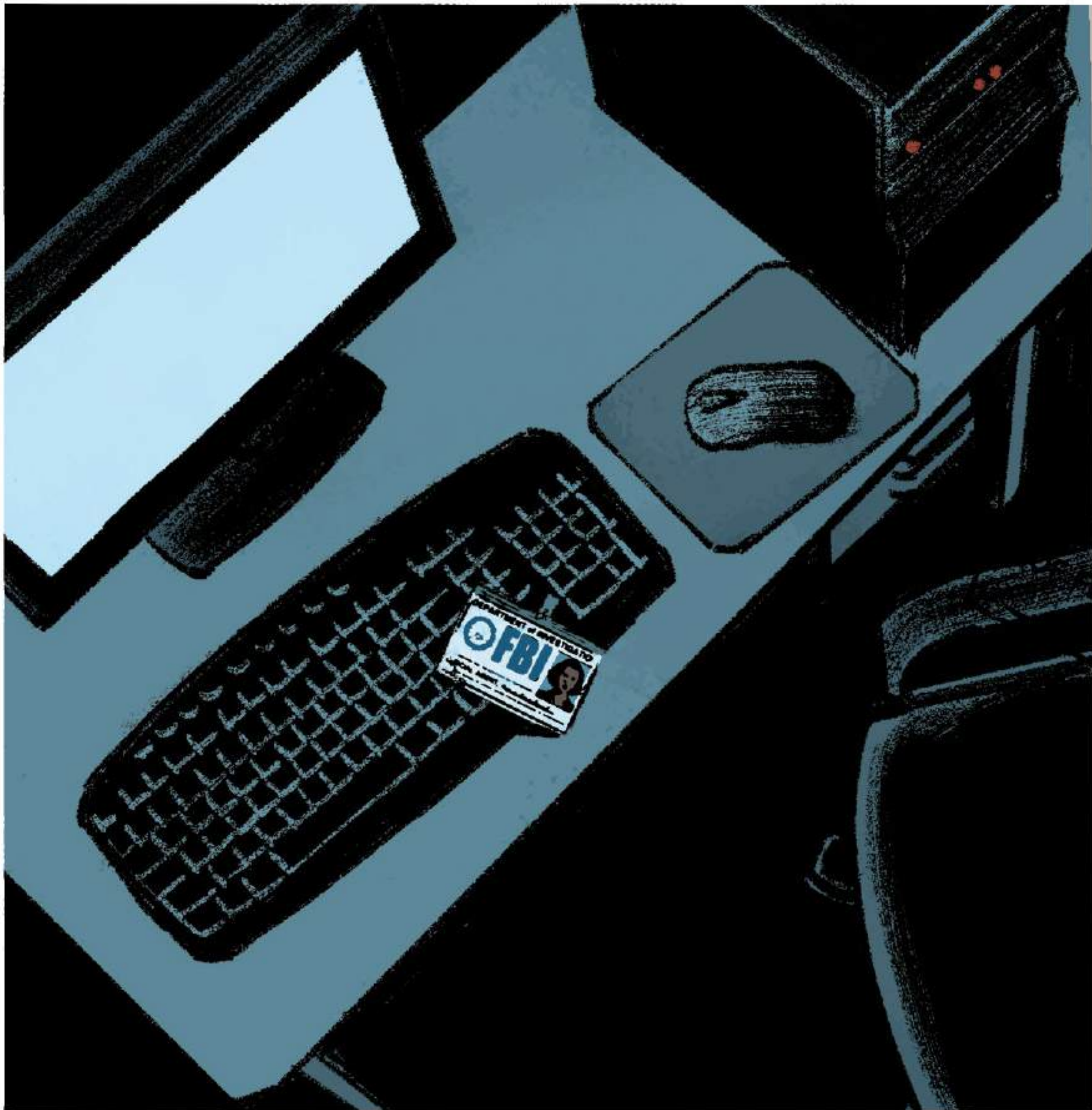










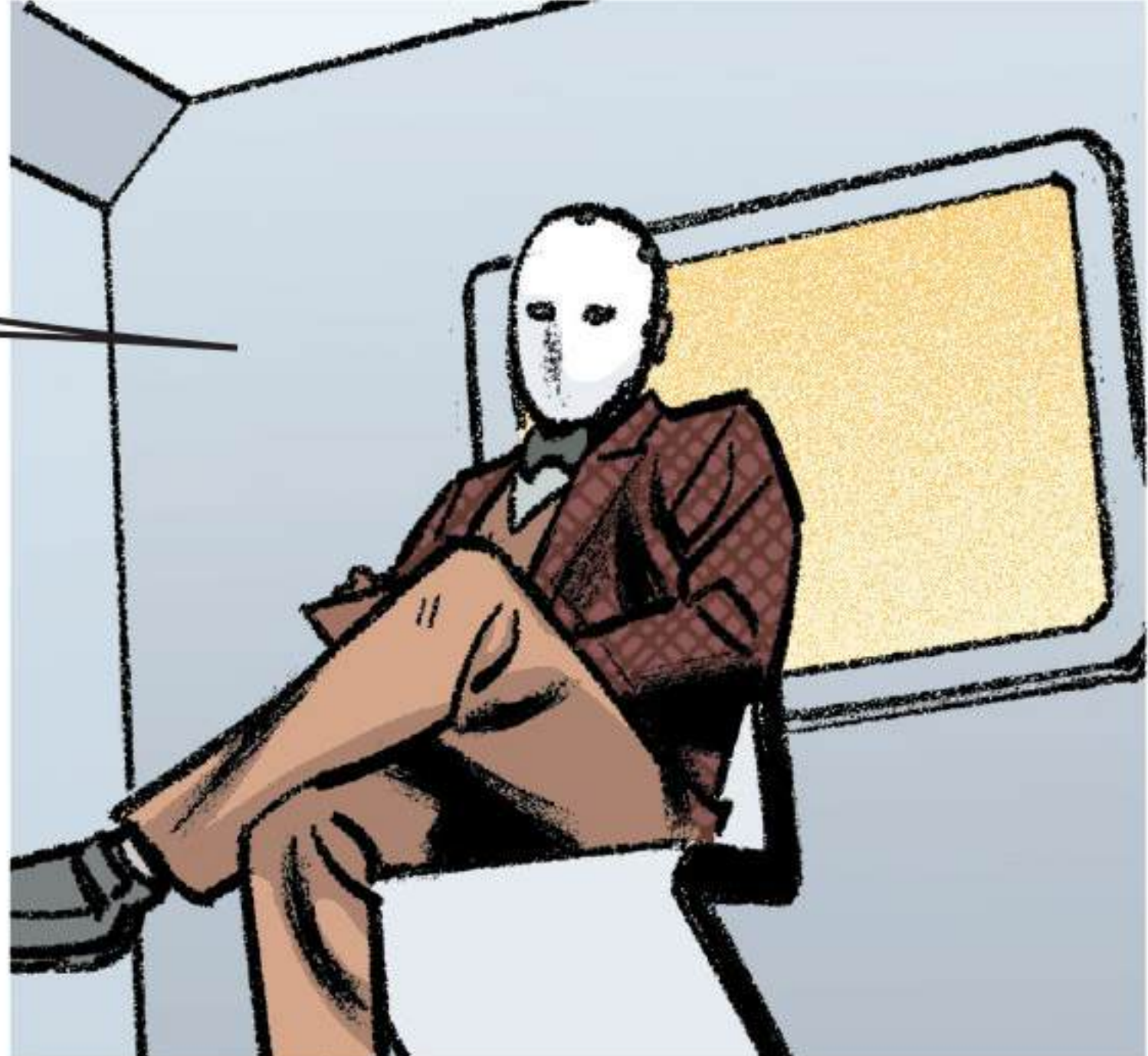






MOON KNIGHT







I'm being detained illegally. My Miranda rights were not read to me. My requests for a lawyer continue to be ignored. I've had medical procedures done to me without my consent.



And I have no idea where I'm being held.

Mm
hmm...

Well, Mr. Spector. I can easily answer your questions. But first I need something from you.



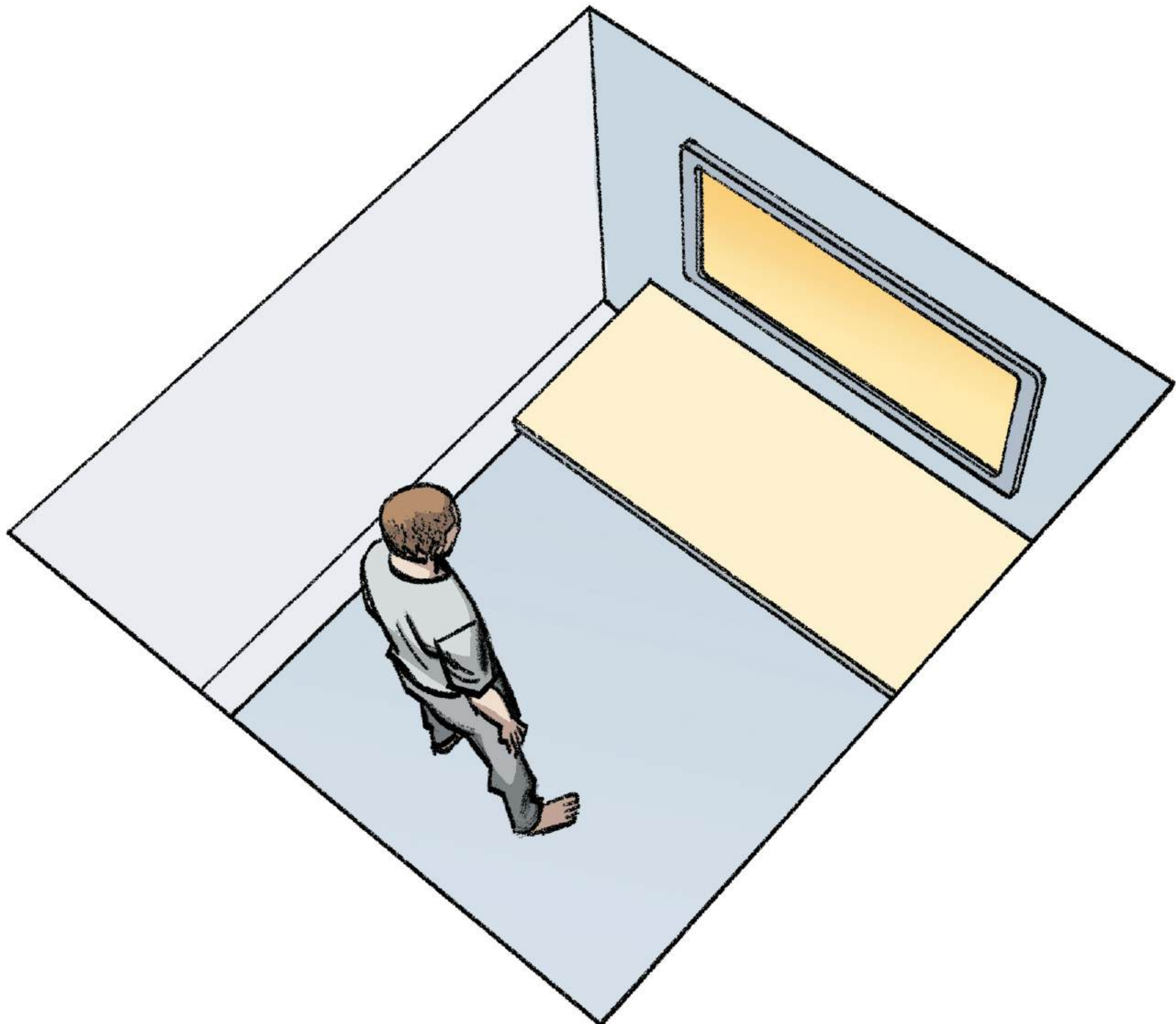
Obedience.

Acceptance.
Compliance.



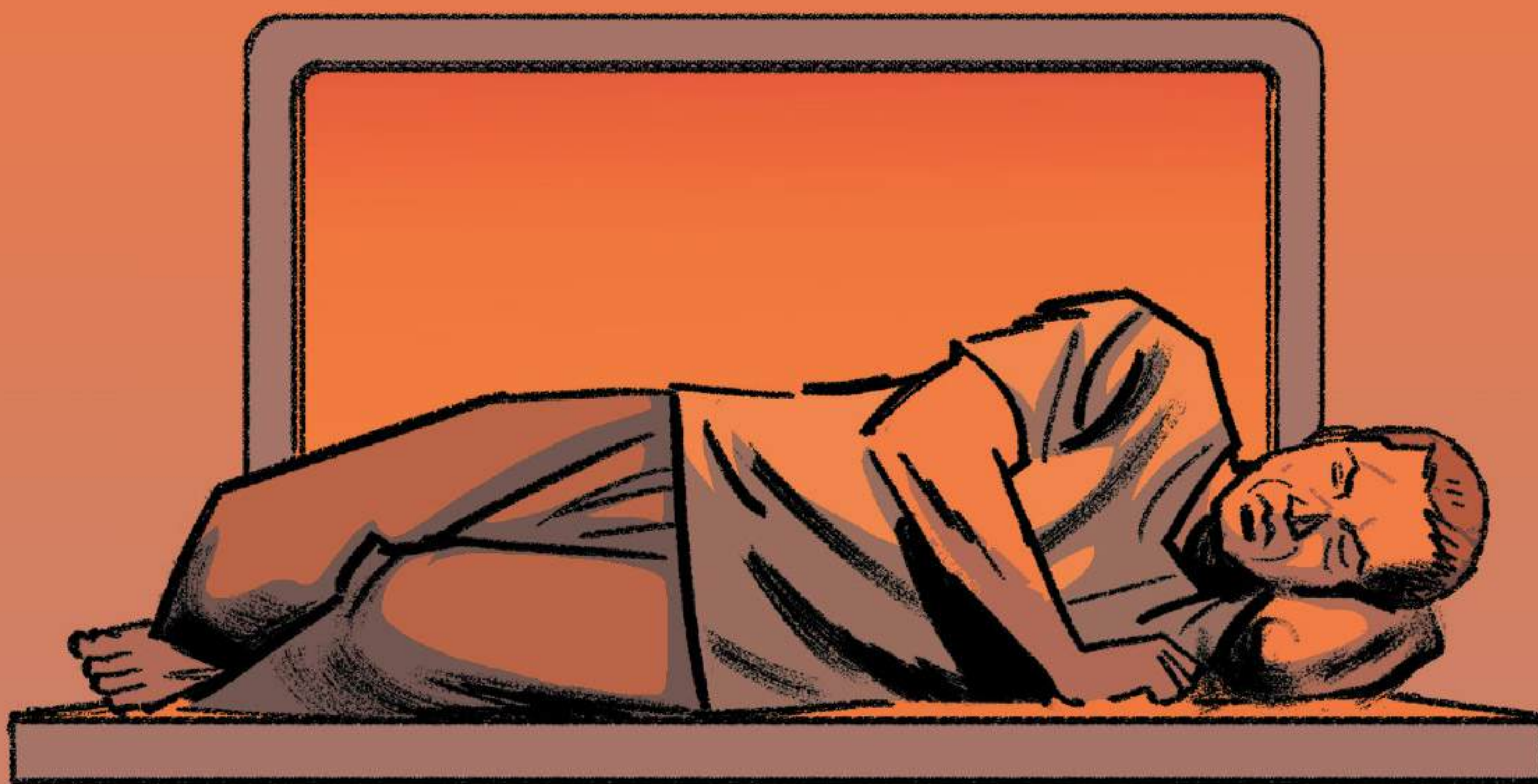
What--

Only then can we start to move forward and make some progress.

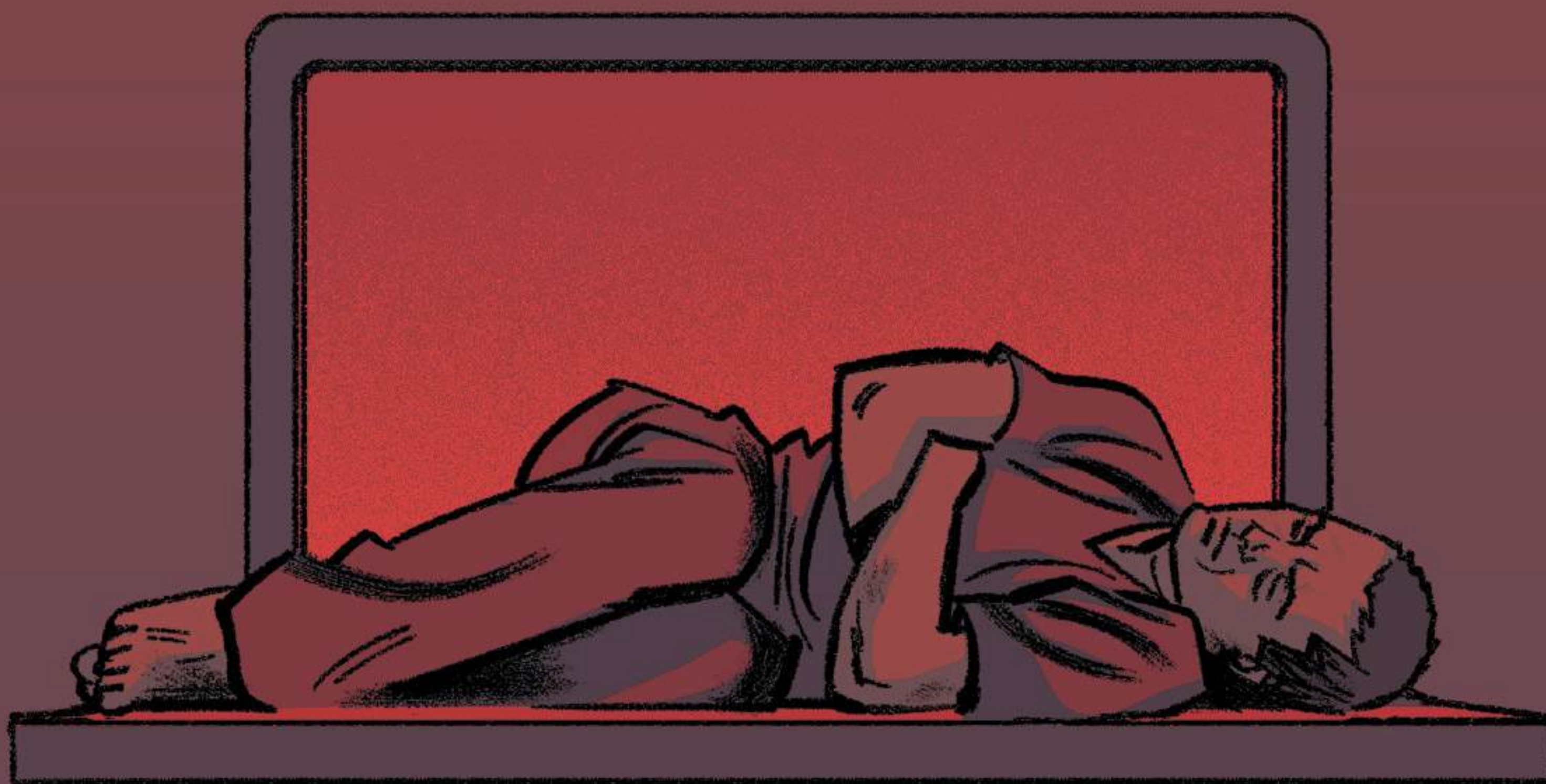




MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS:

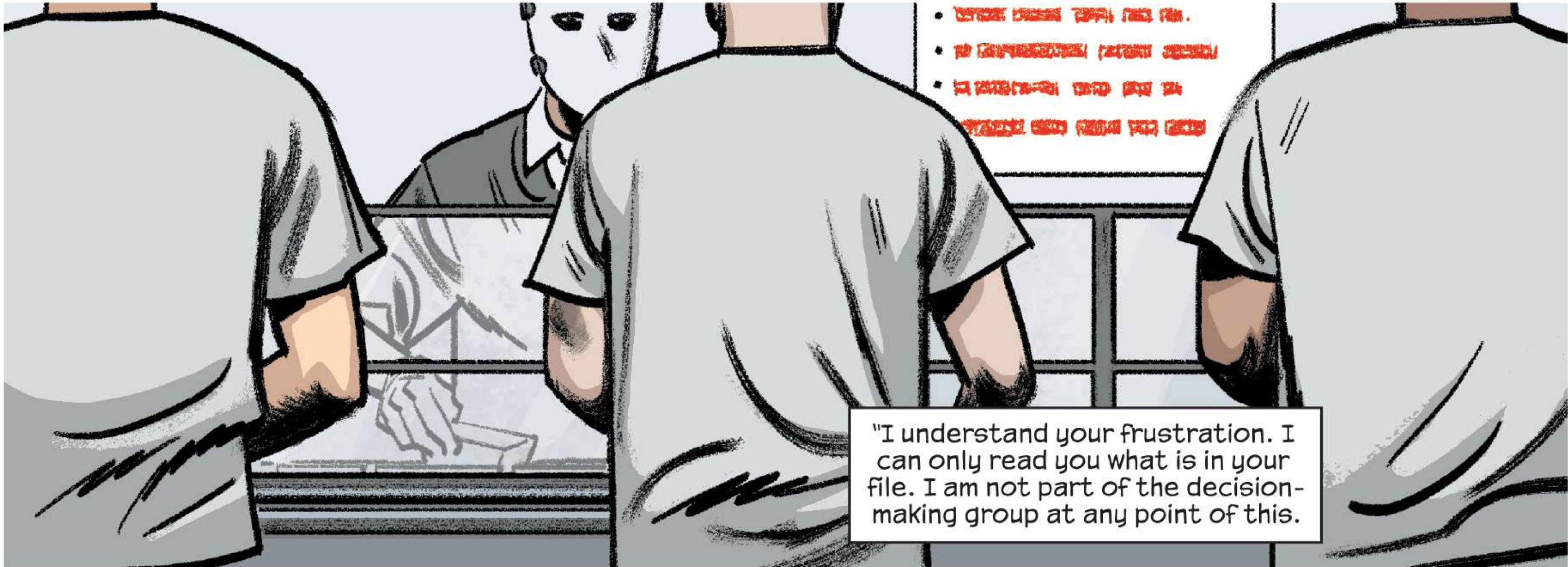


MOON KNIGHT

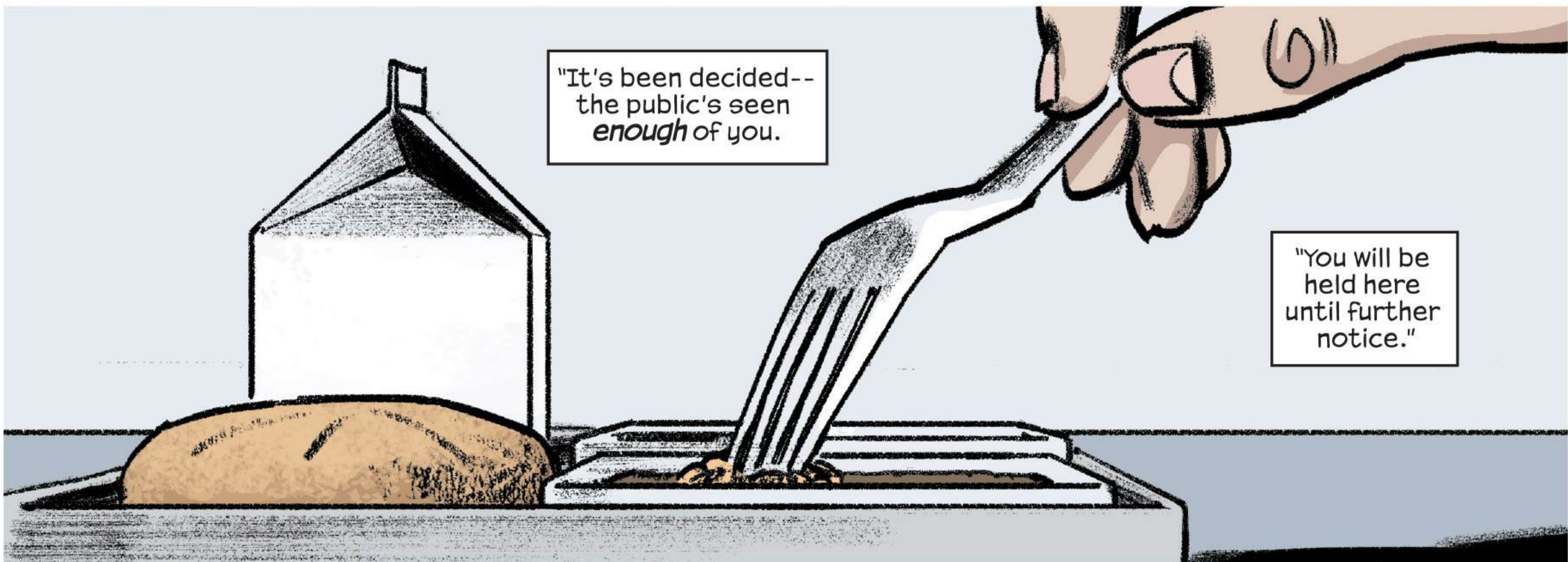
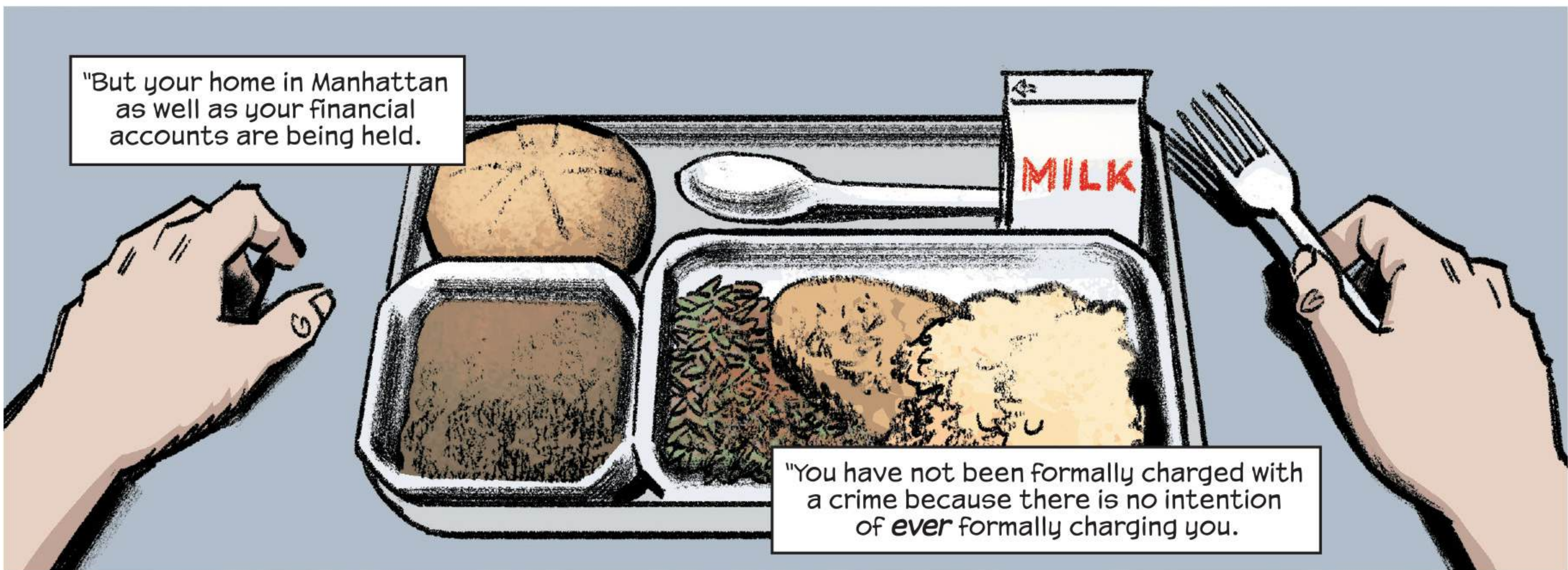


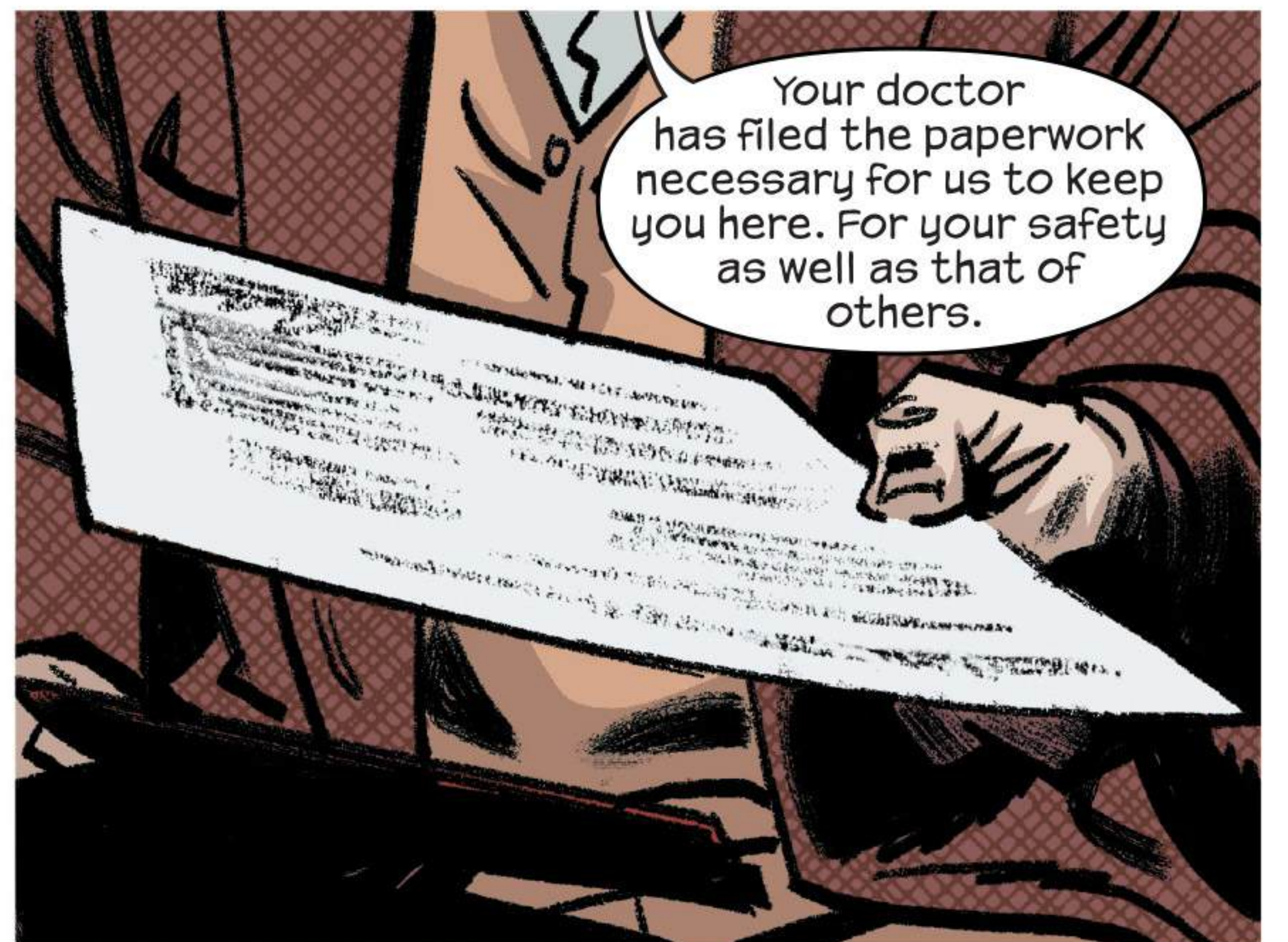
"RENDERED"

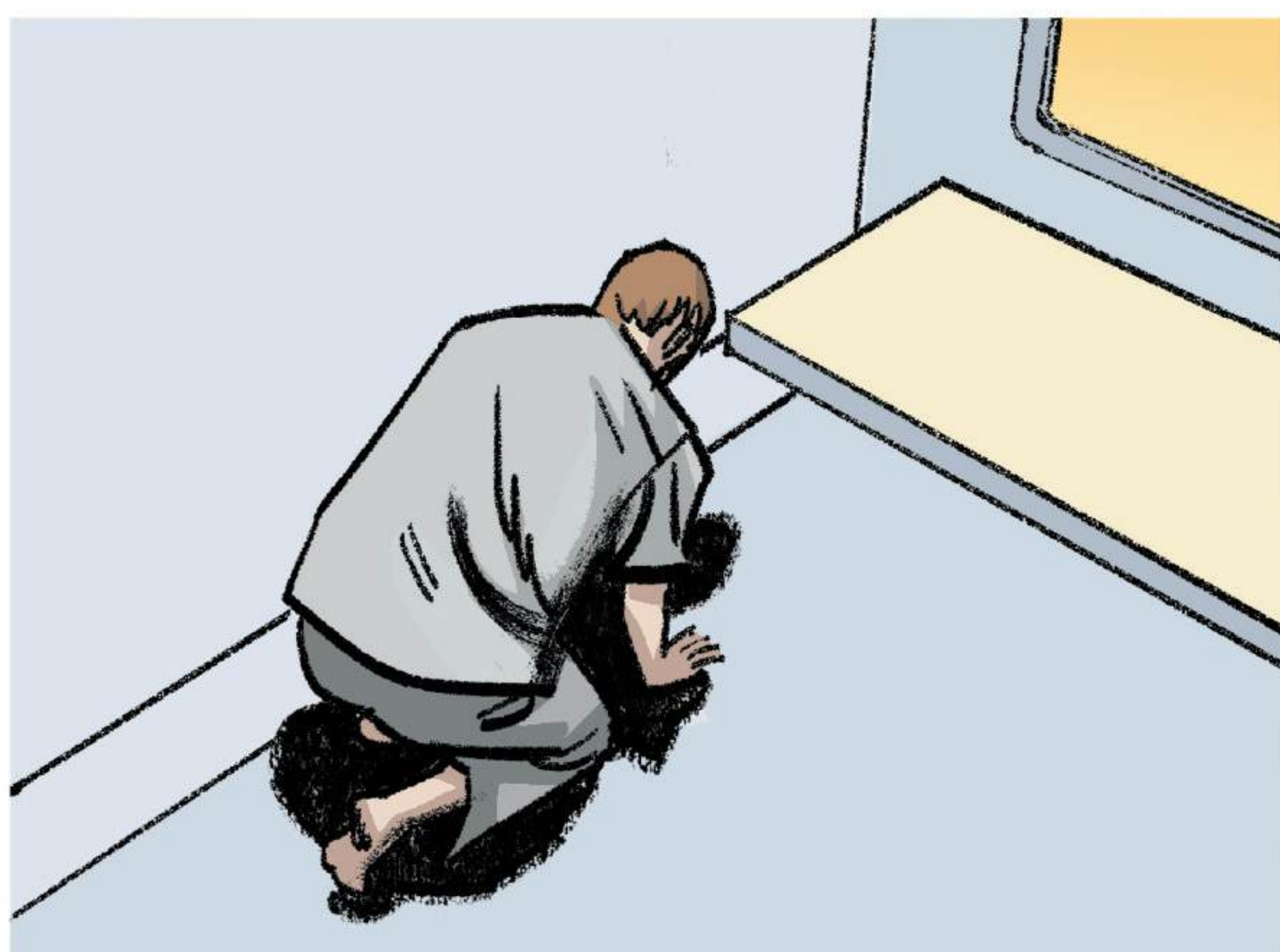
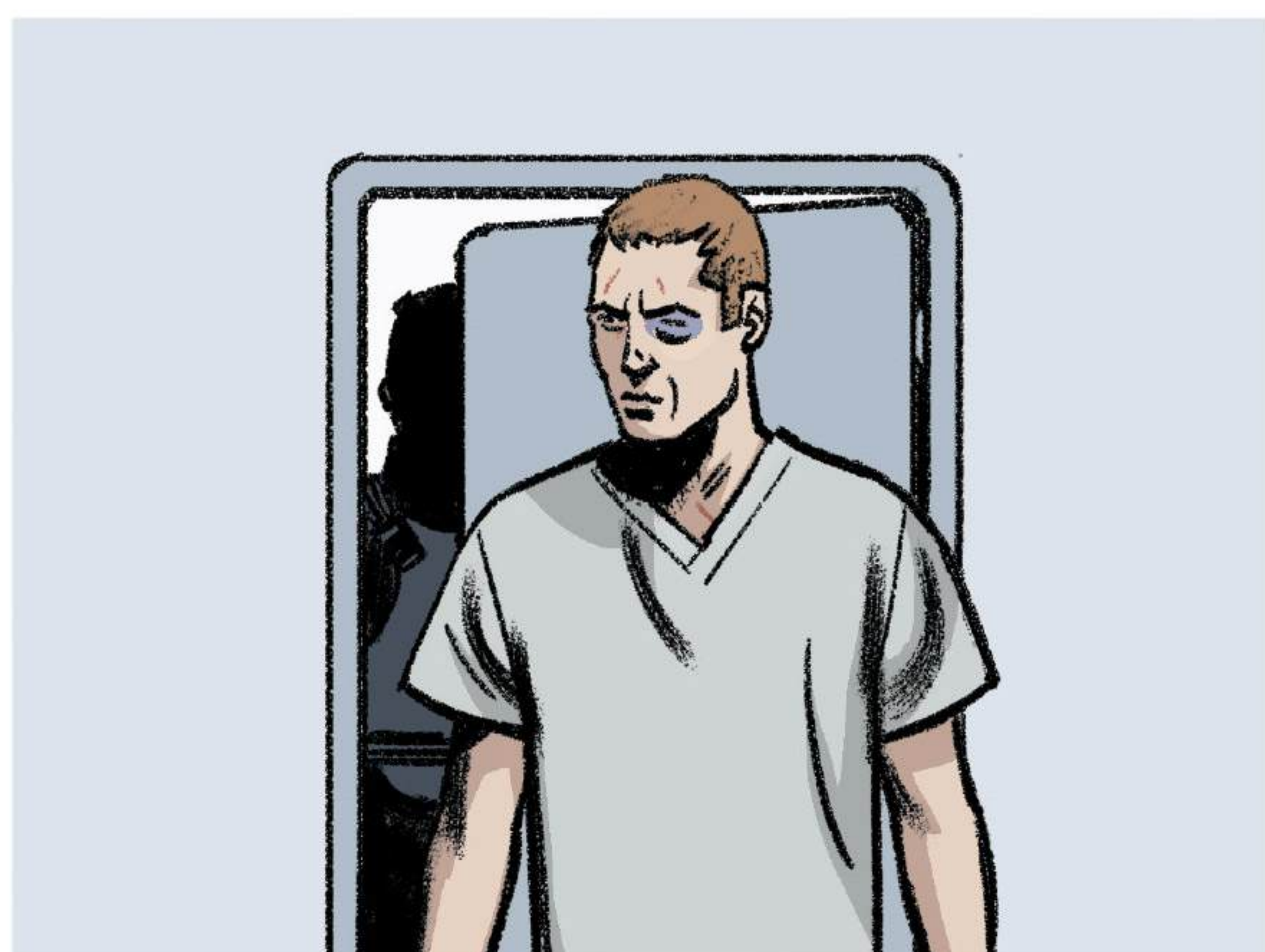


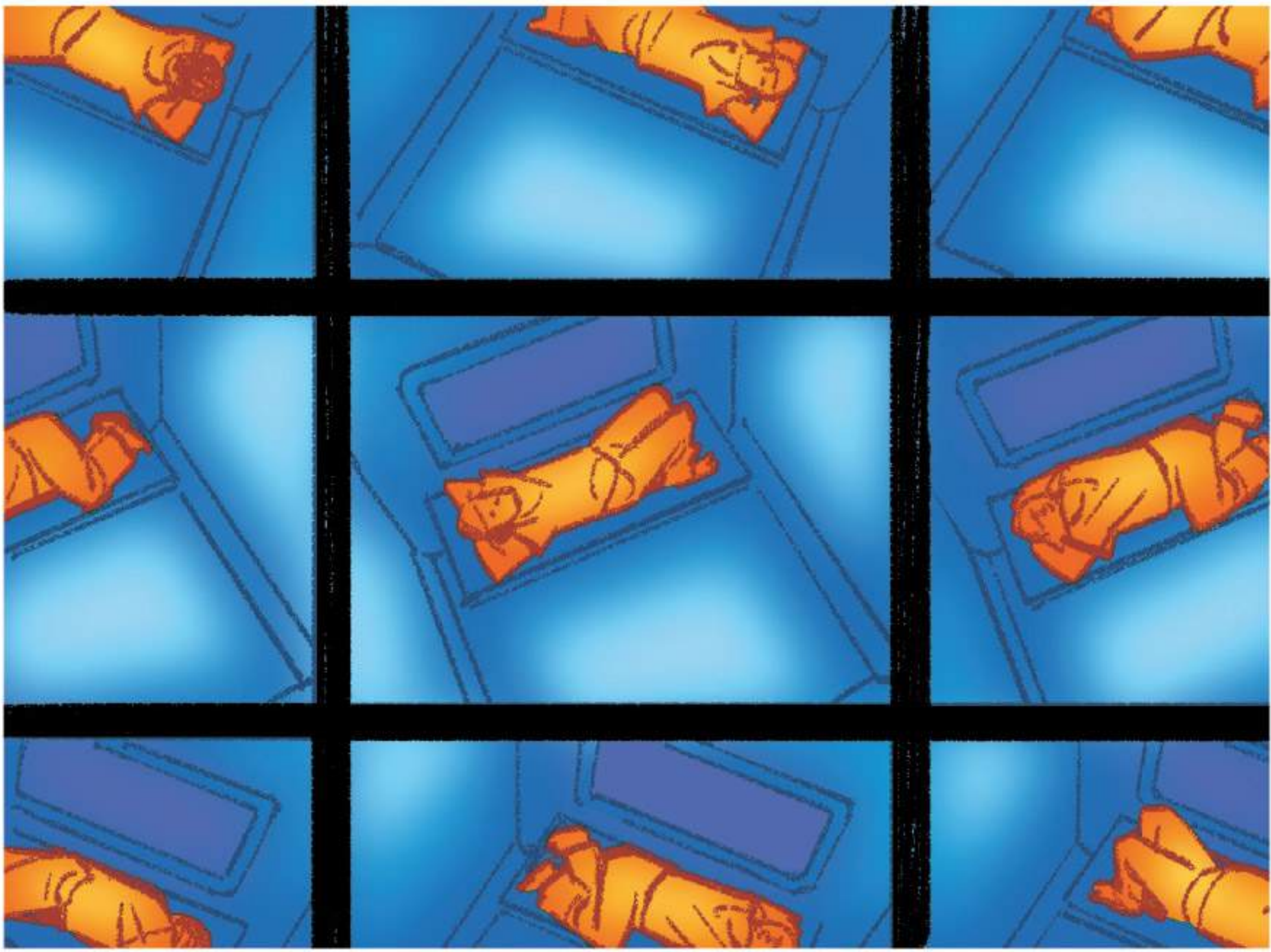
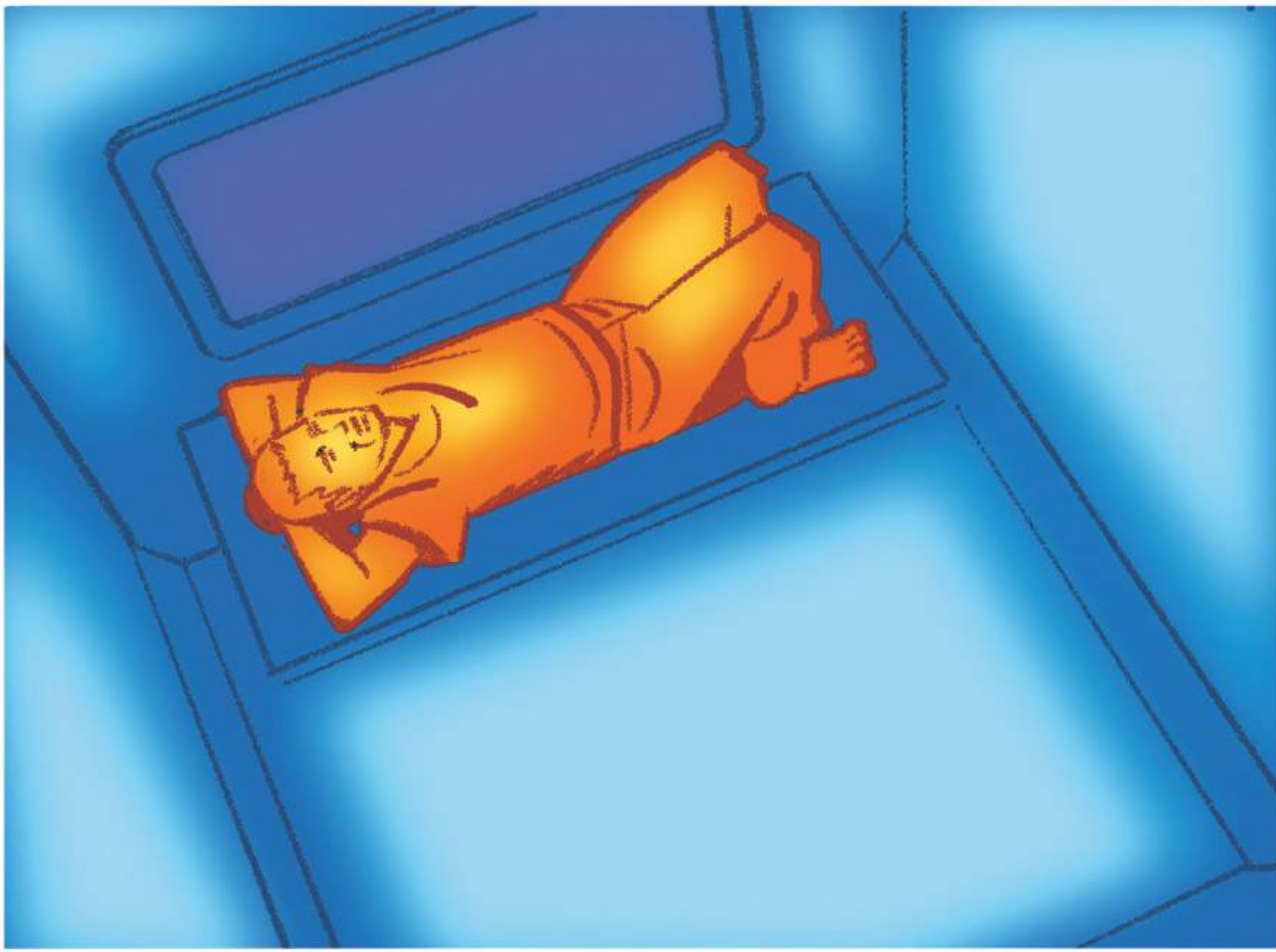


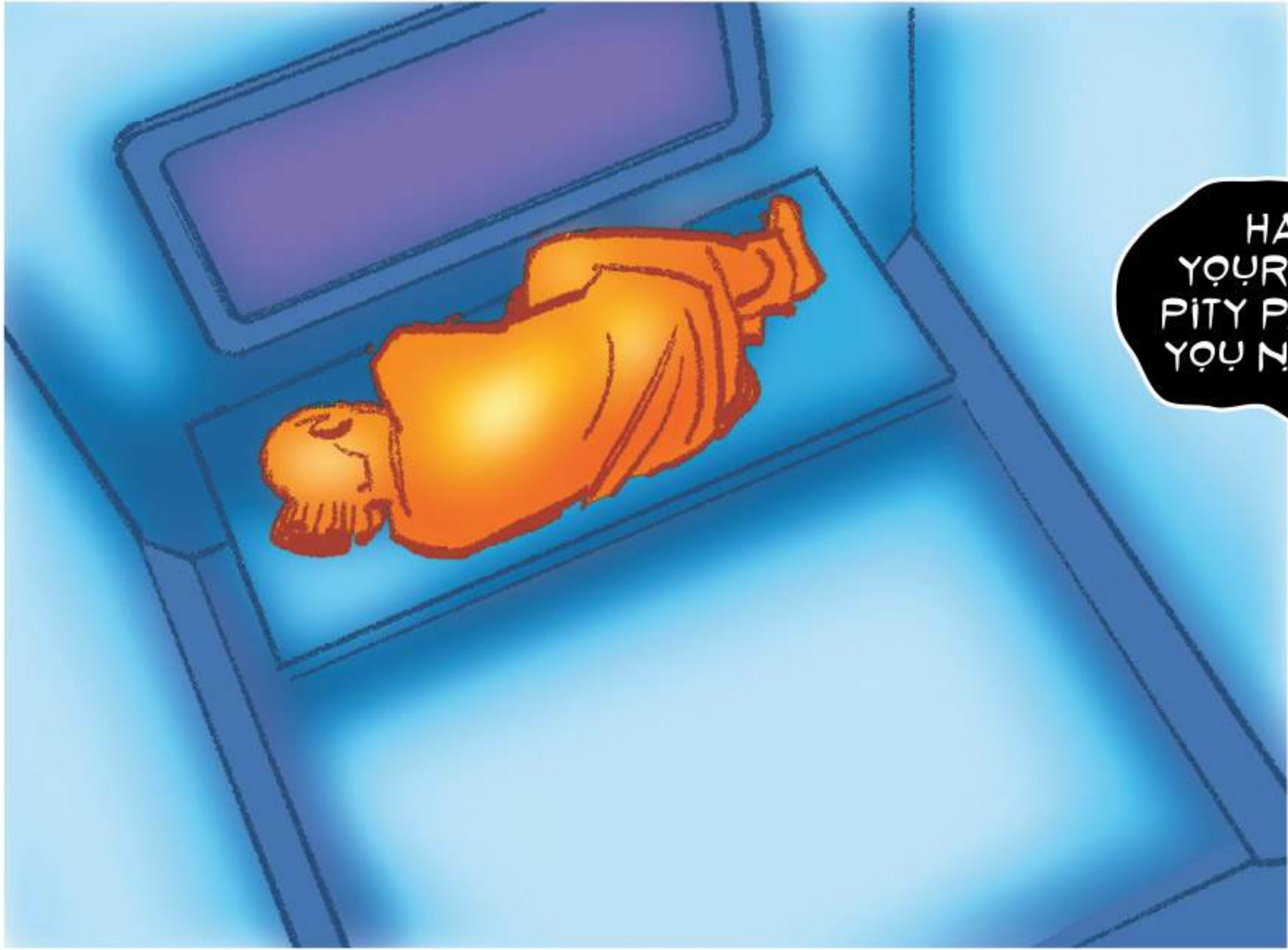
"I understand your frustration. I can only read you what is in your file. I am not part of the decision-making group at any point of this.



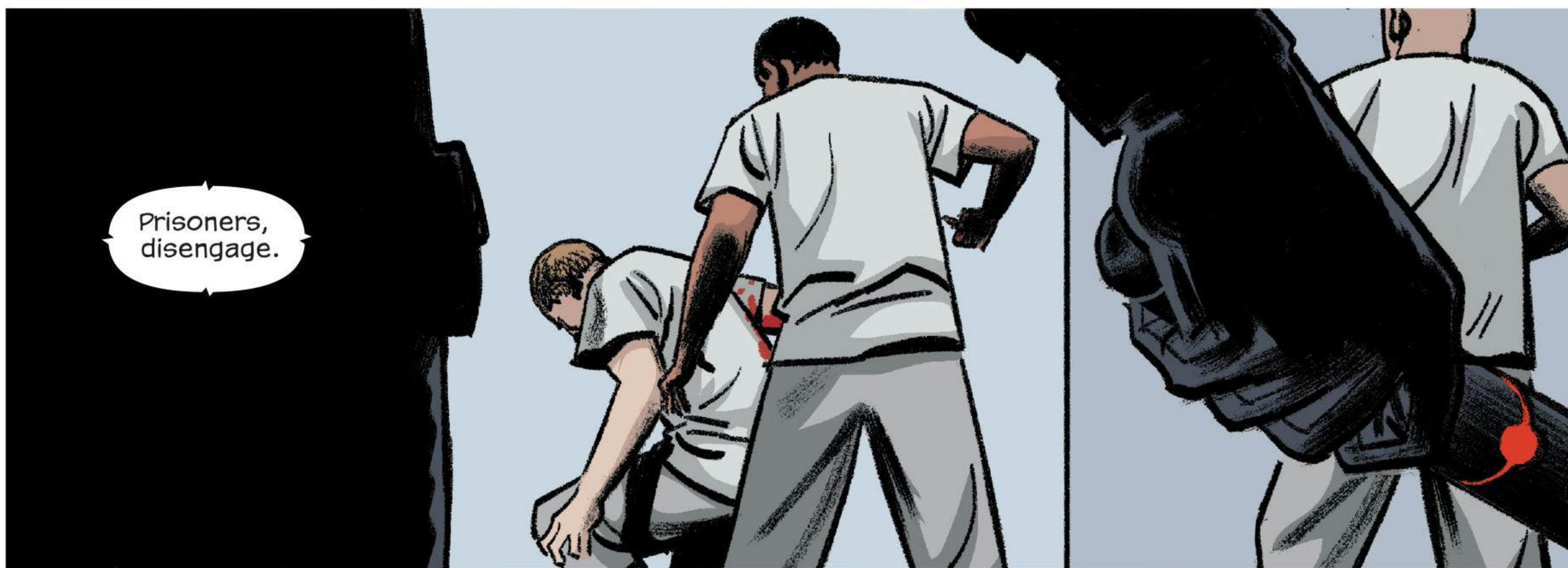




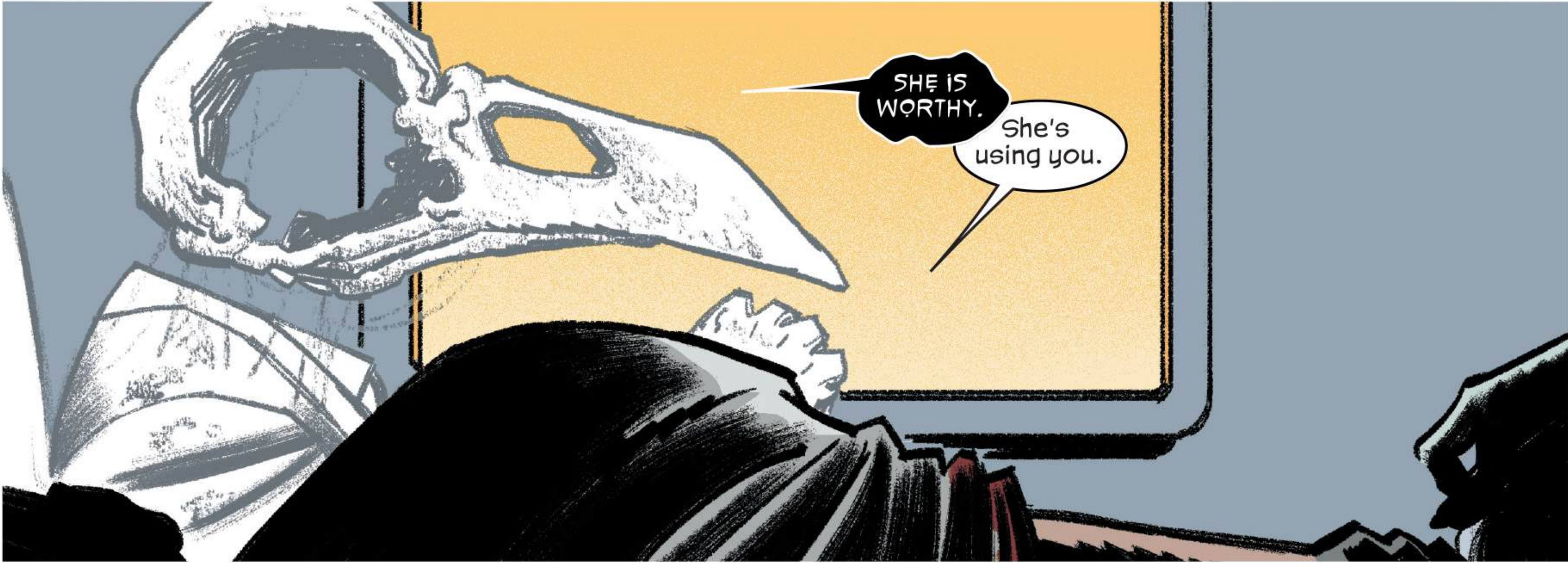
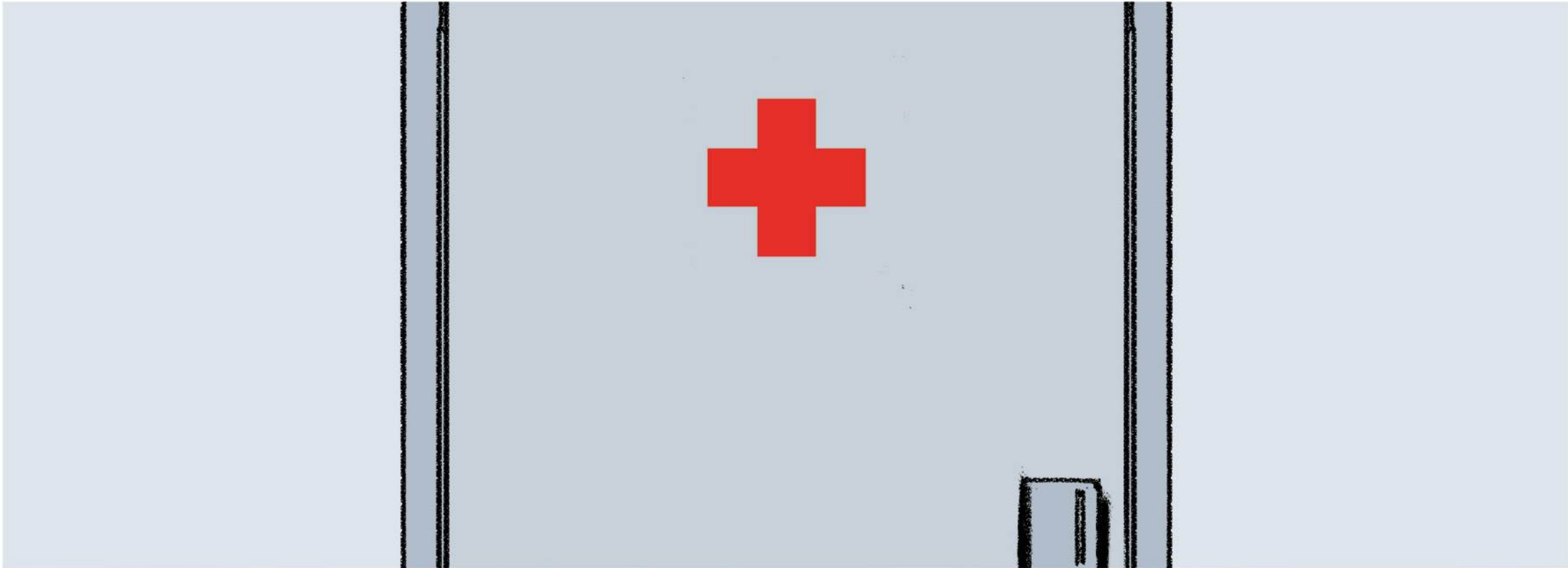




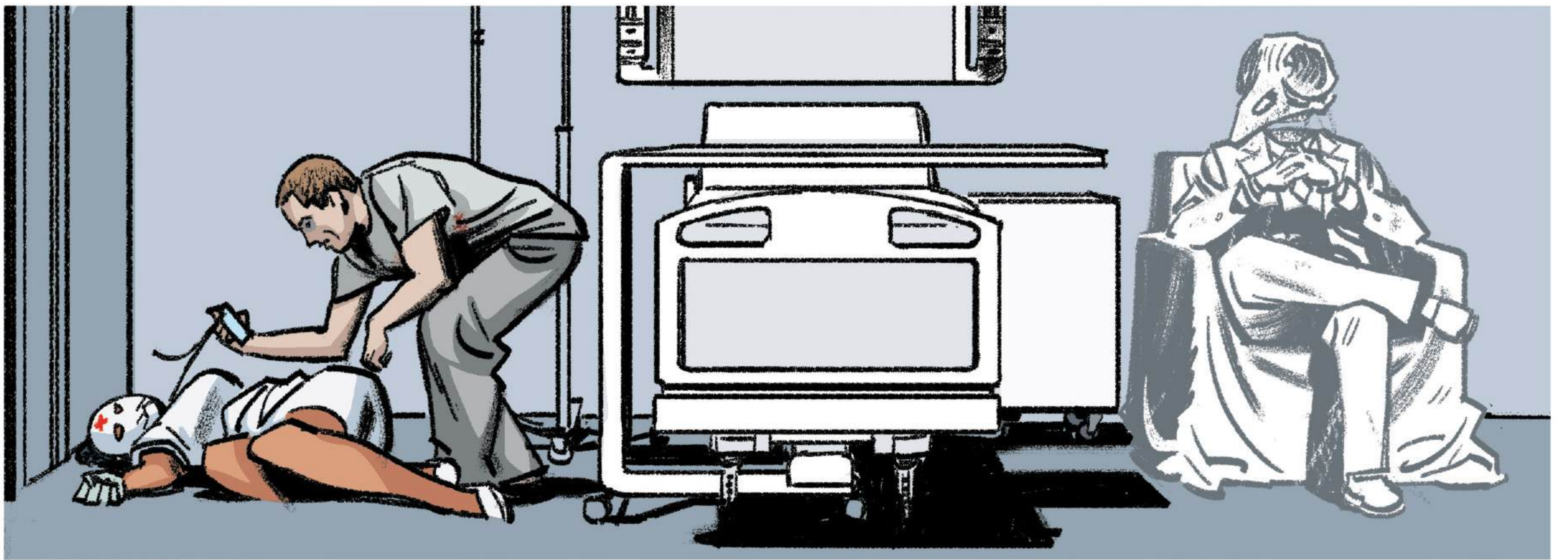
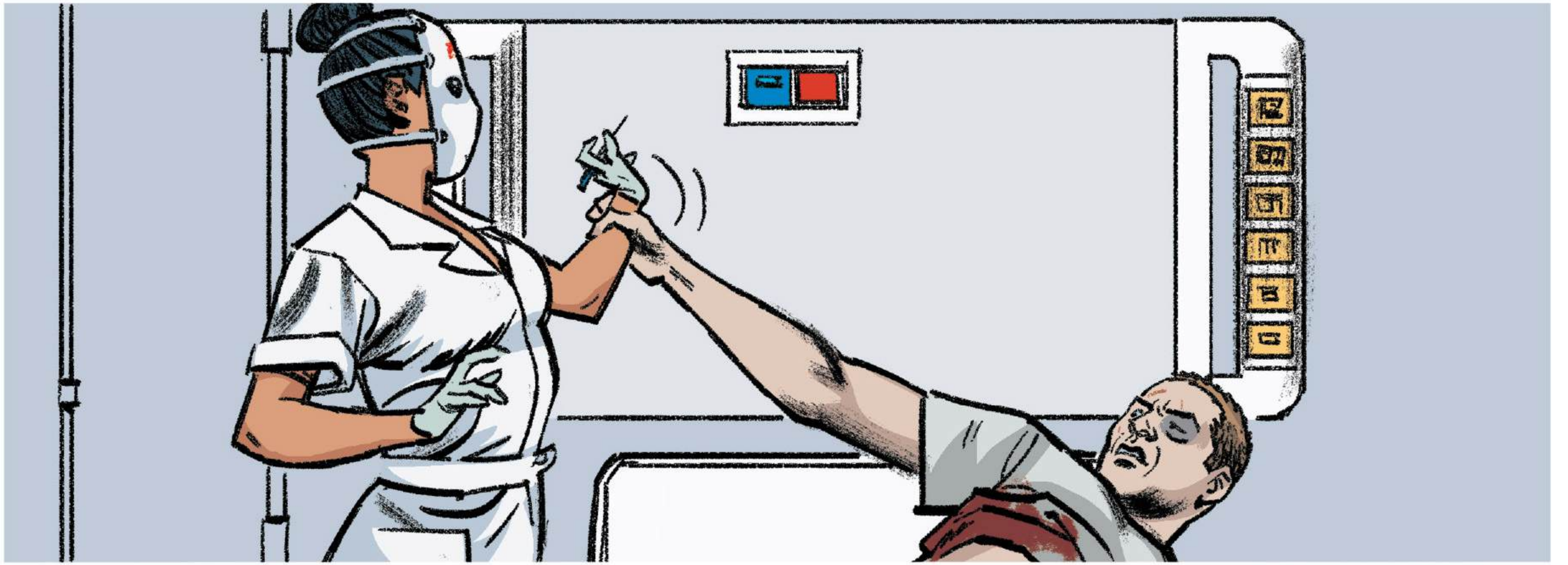


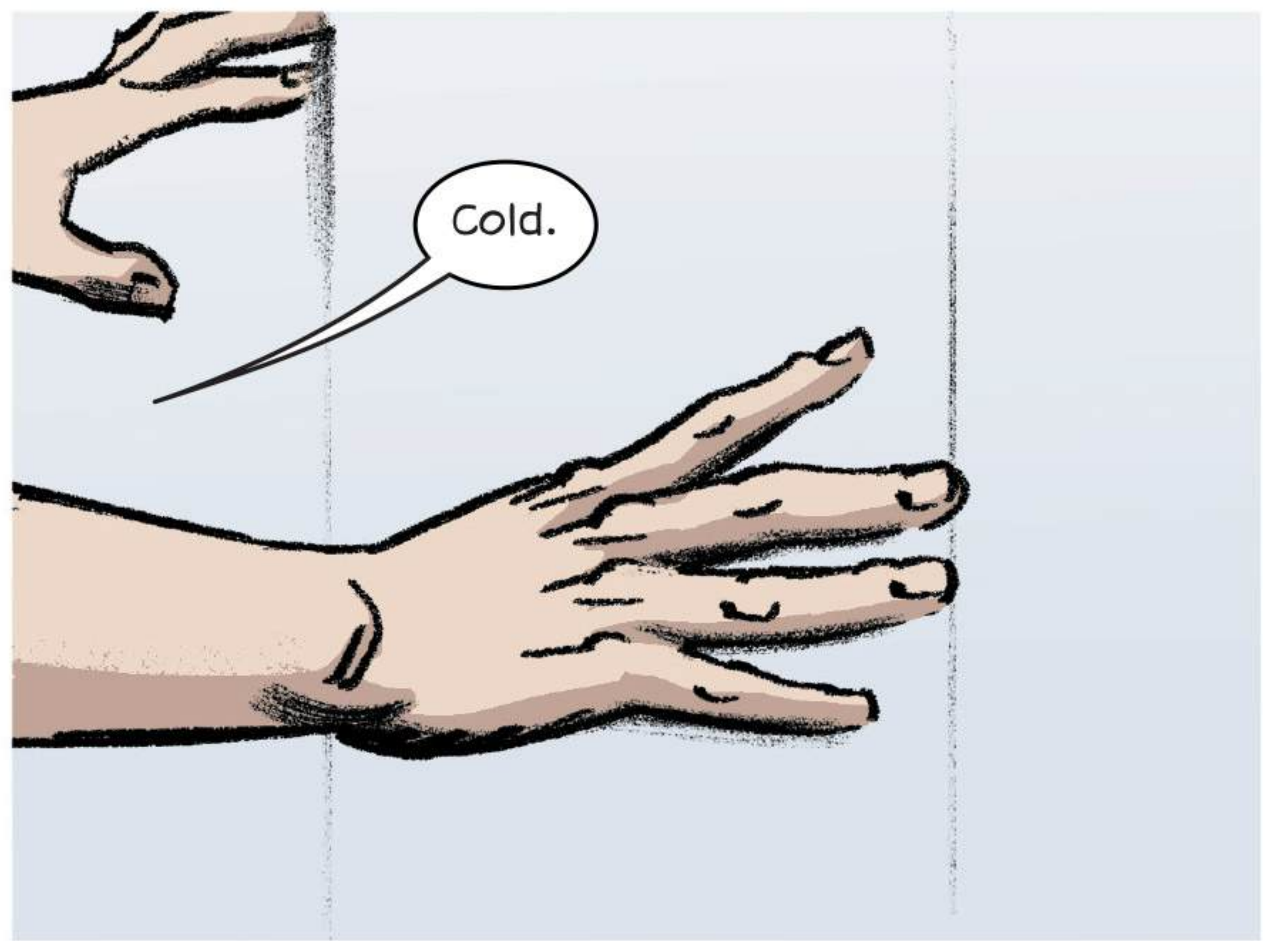
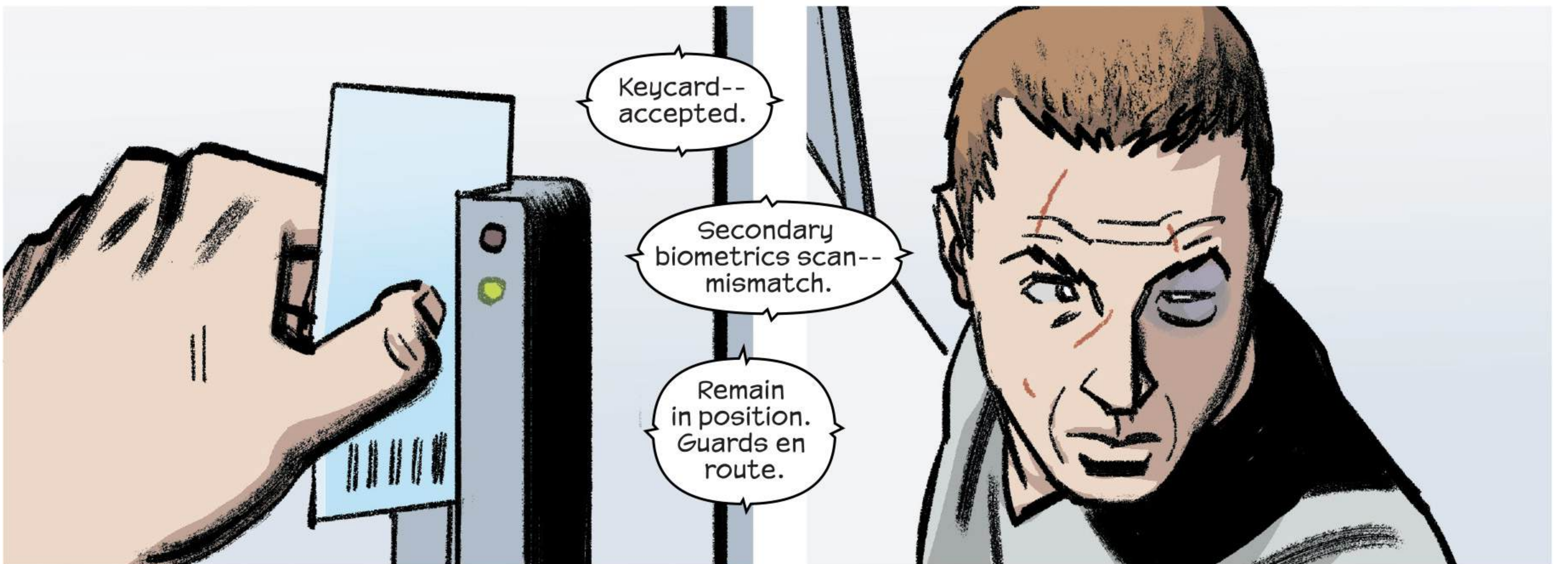




















MOON KNIGHT

"You may be a
god, Khonshu...

"...but you need to
vet your candidates
a little better."



**FINE,
MR. SPECTOR.**





...how...
survive...?

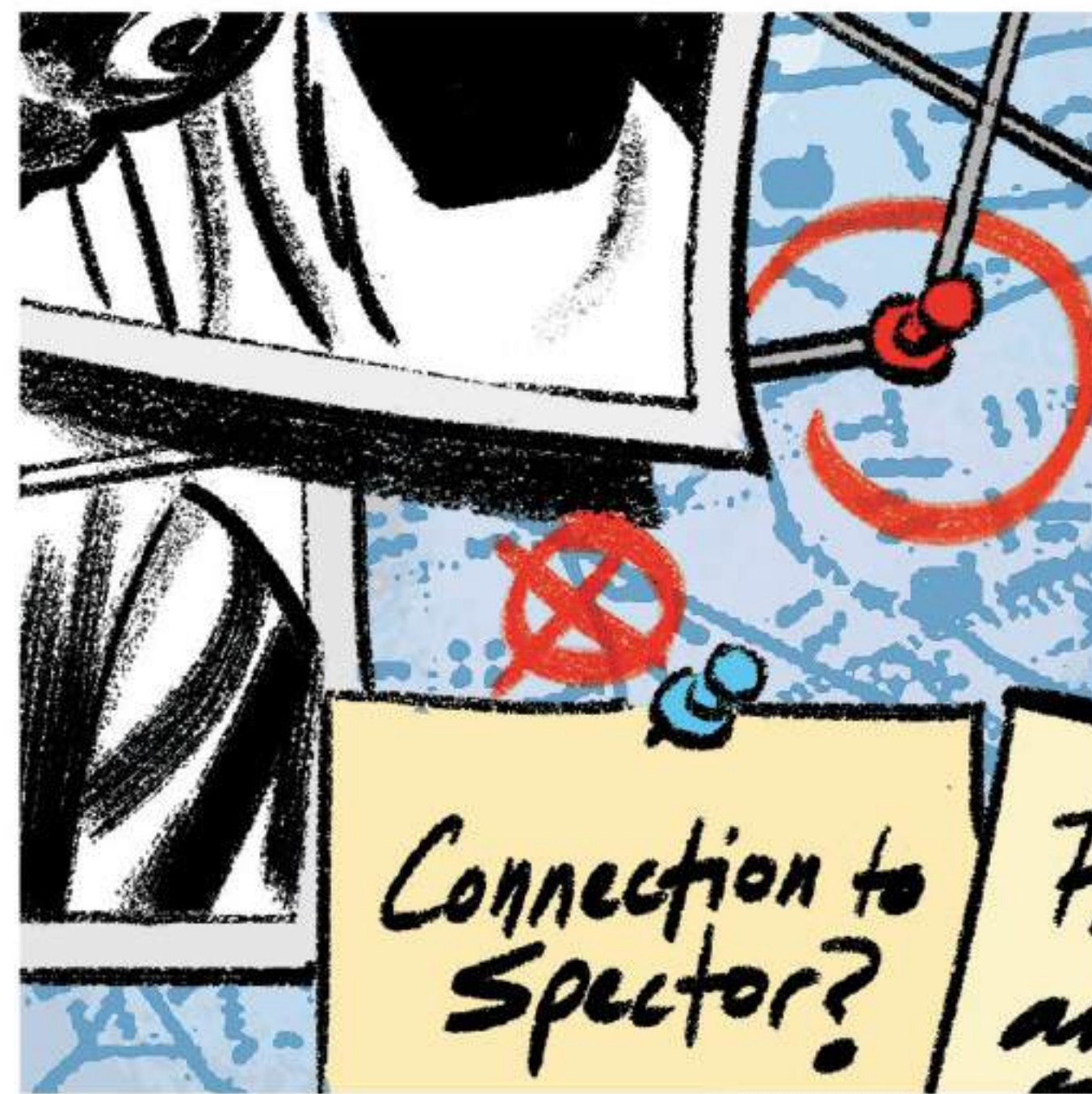
DO YOU
WANT TO
KNOW?

No.



THE
CLOCK
STARTS
NOW.

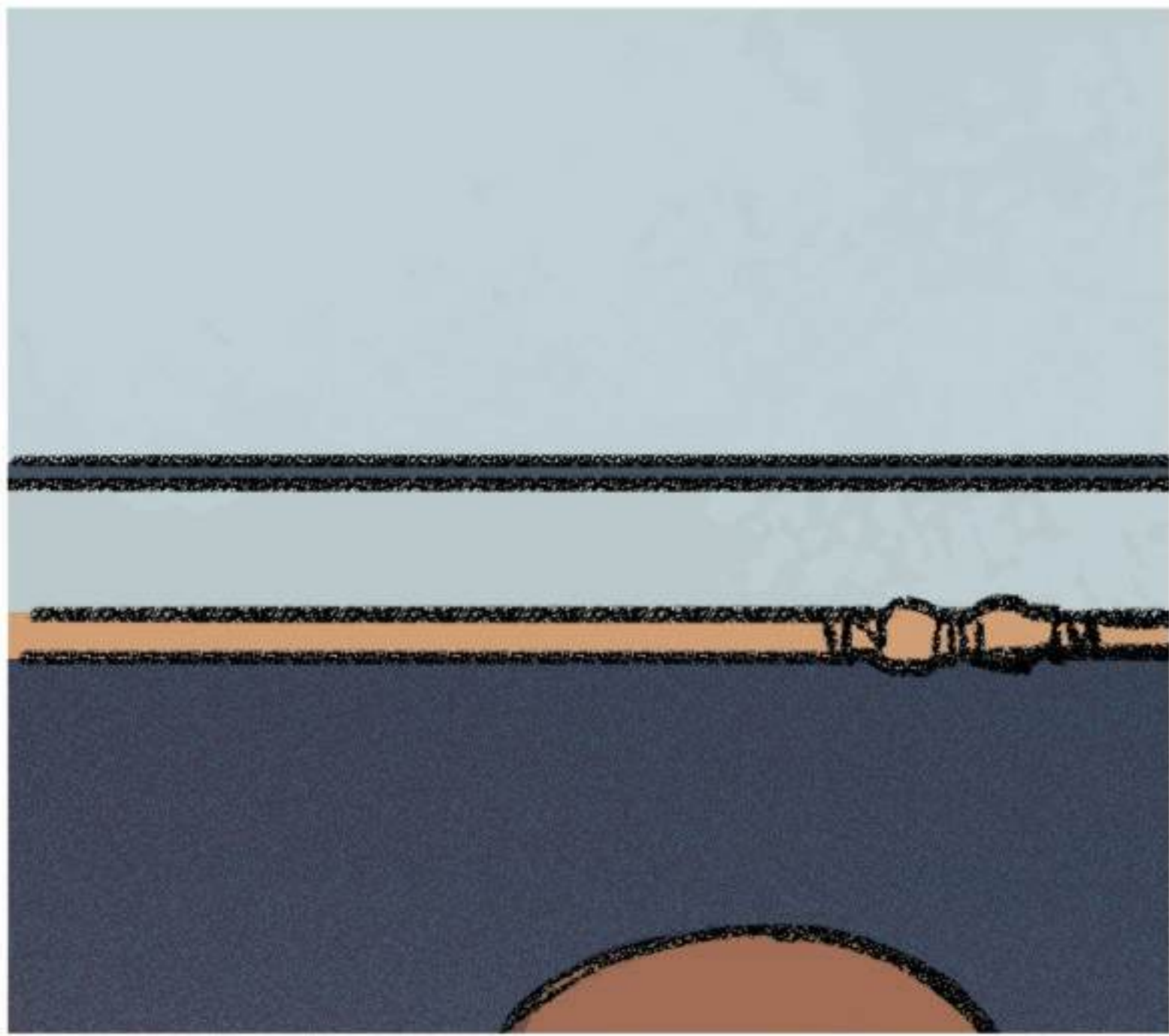
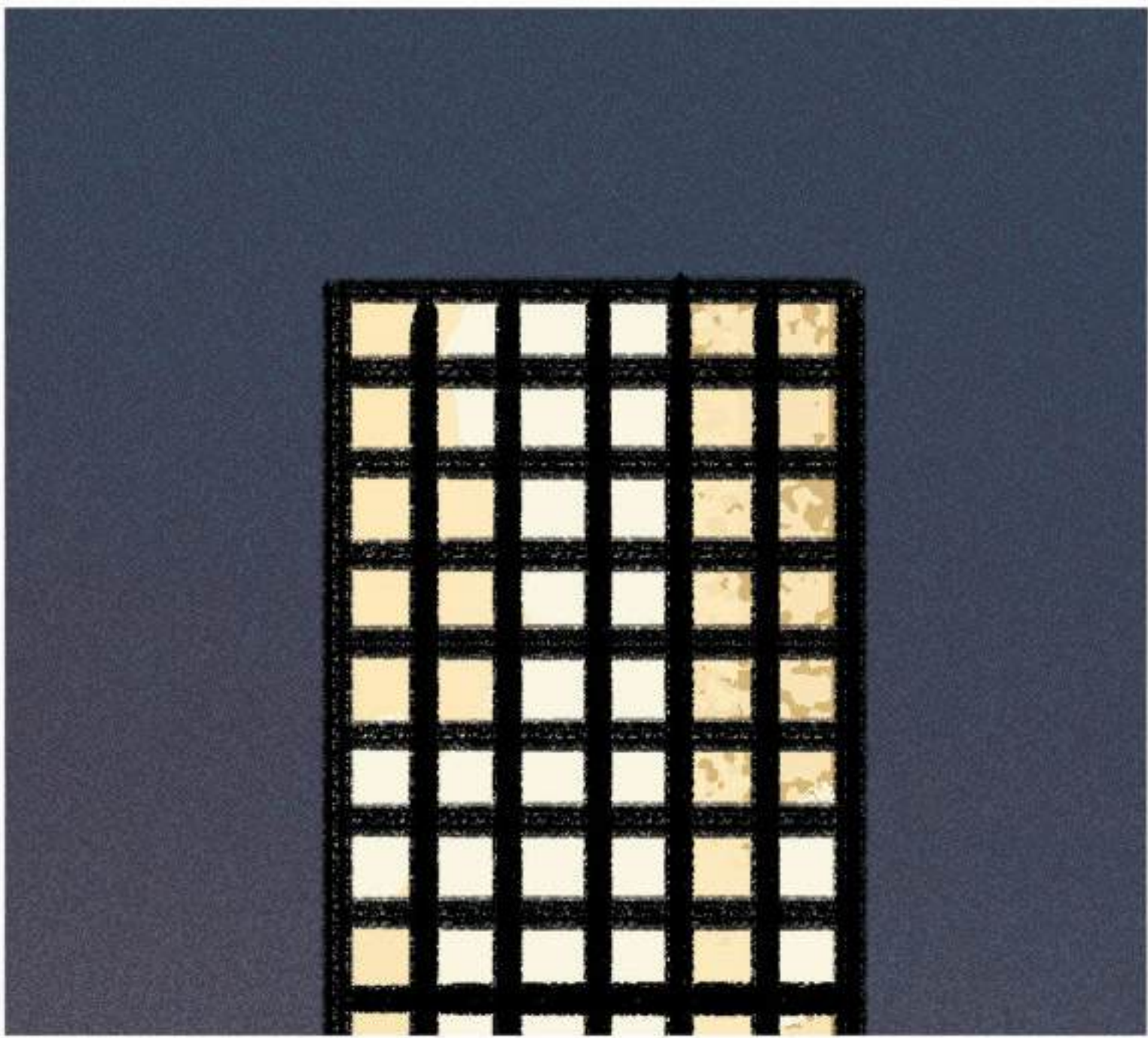




MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS:

MOON KNIGHT

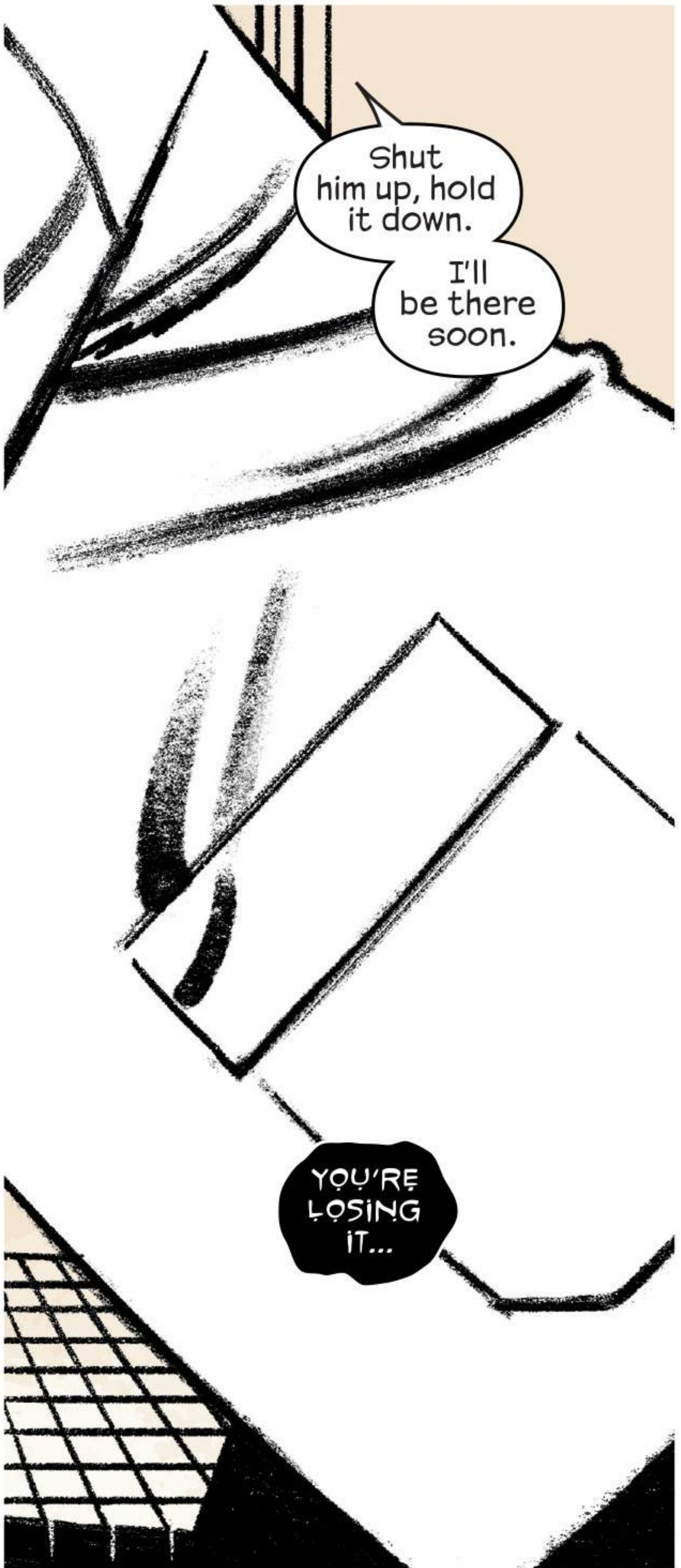
"DIASPORA"

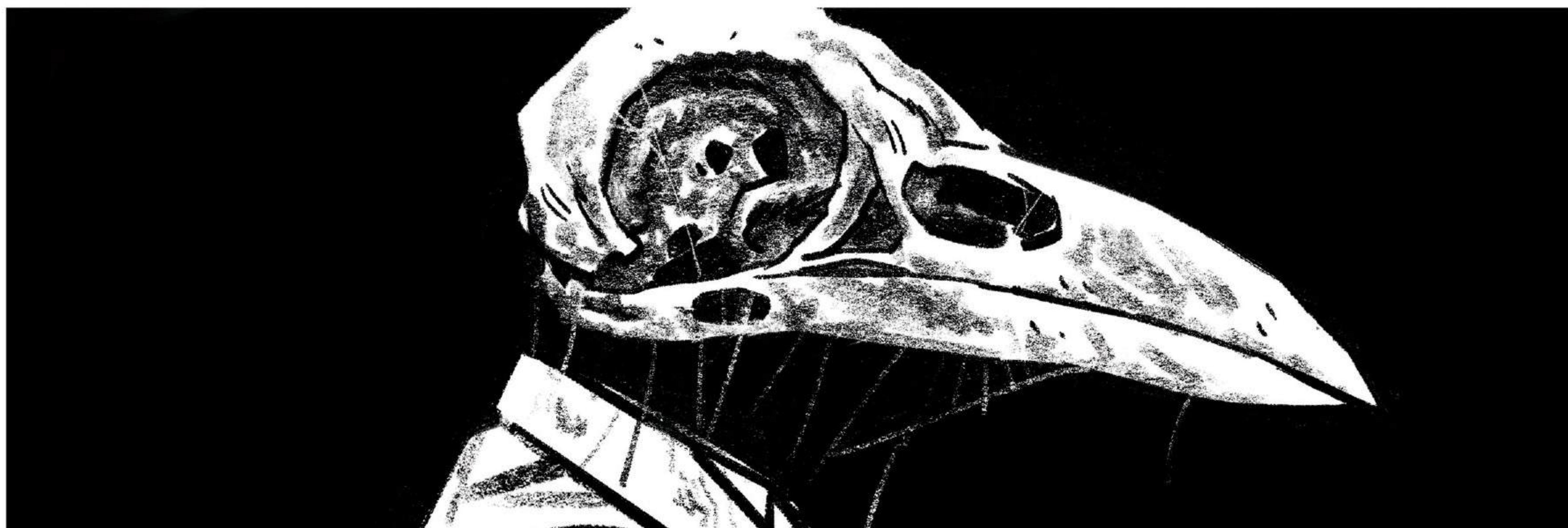
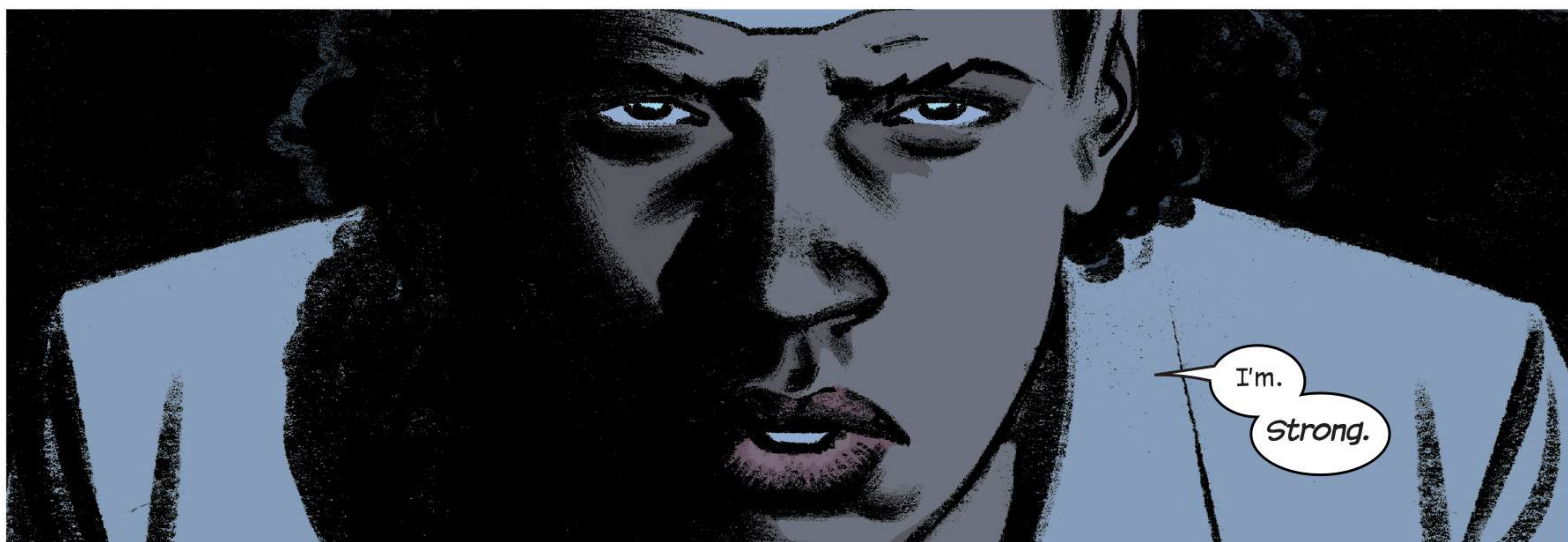




We have empty floors above and below, but it's not good for security to have him screaming like this. You should be here.

Doctor.







Holy crap, Mr. Spector, this is crazy, this is insane. And this is all true? I mean, I'm working on it, I'm checking the sources you put me in touch with but if it's true like it looks like it's true--?

God, sorry, you just landed. How was the flight?



It was fine.

But how did you manage security--



Went via Keflavík. I had an identity stashed there.



Oh... right.

Um, we didn't really talk about it in detail, but I just checked my credit card activity and we're up over six thousand dollars already--



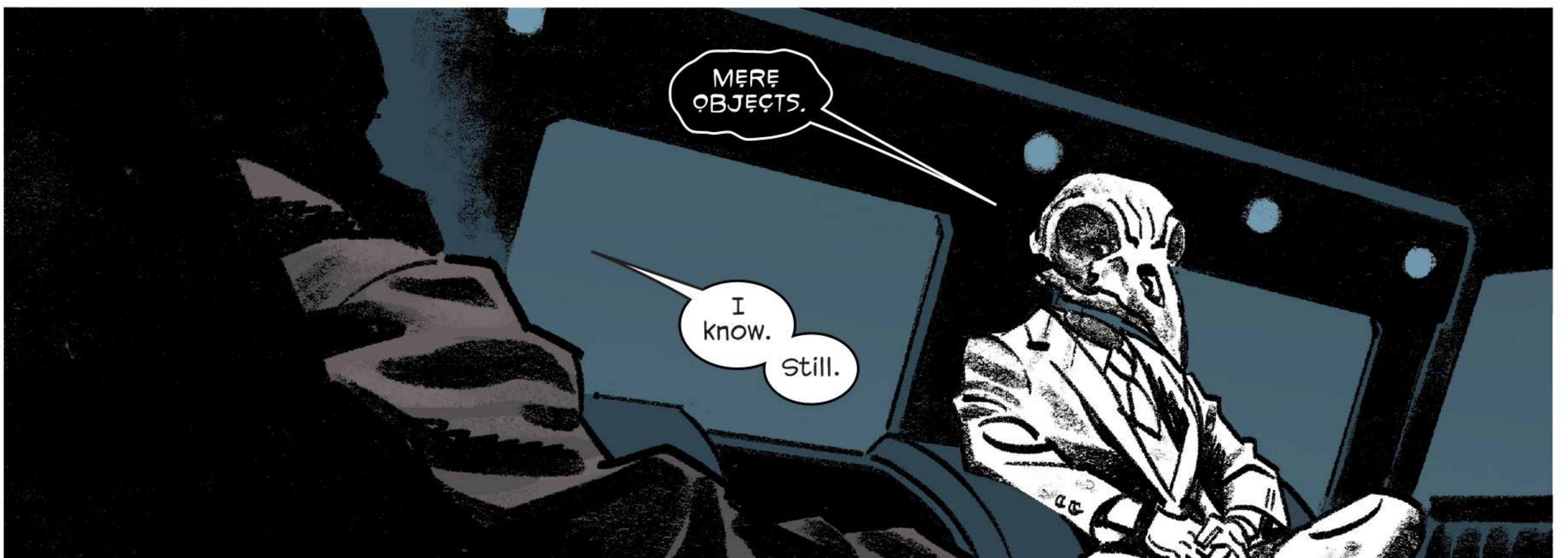
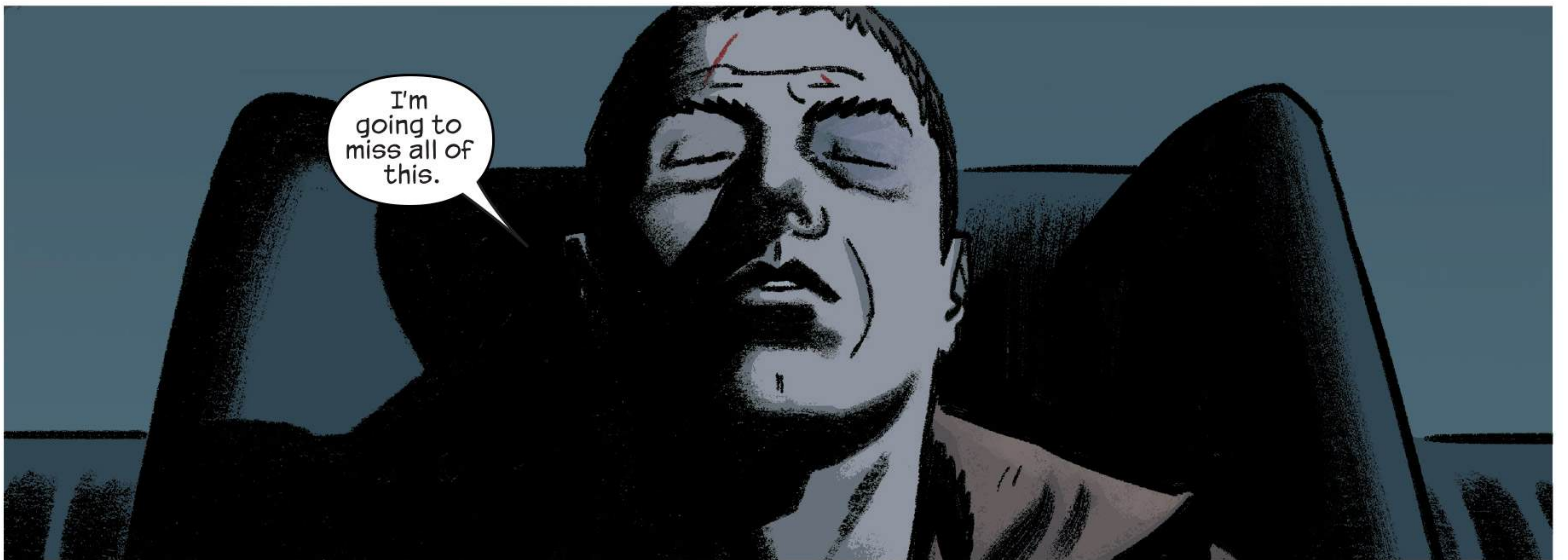
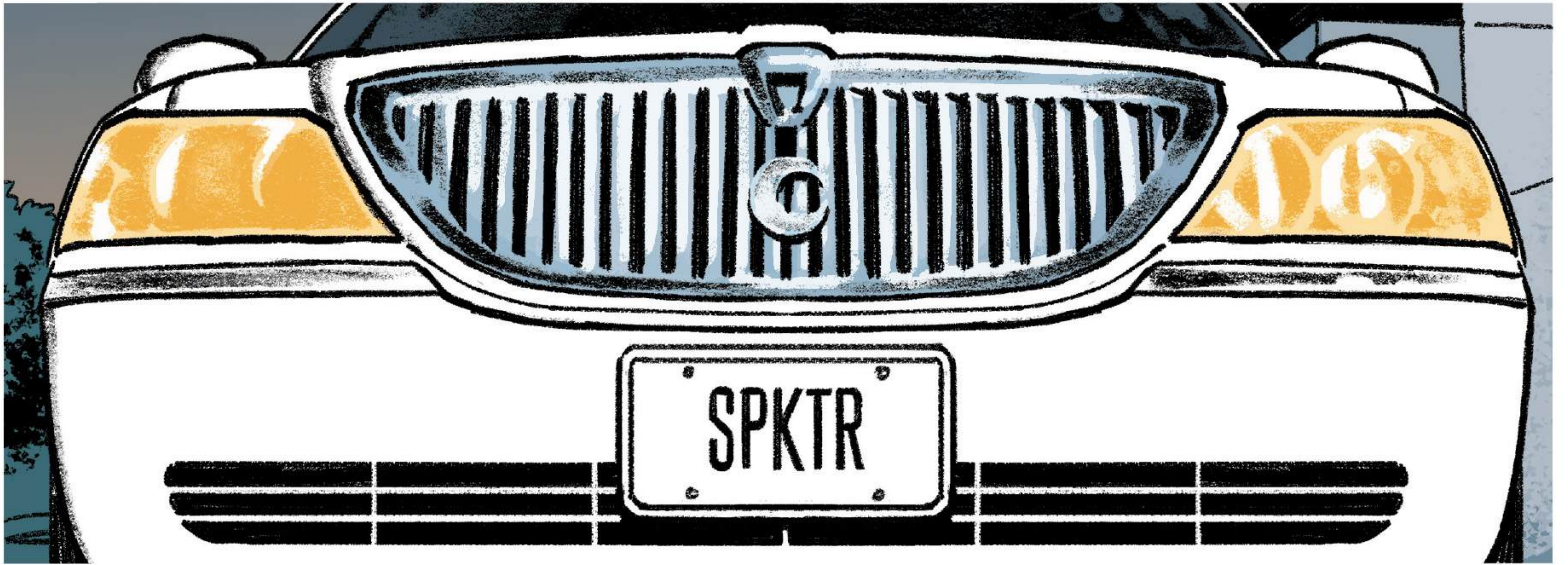
I'll pay you back. Just like I said. Look, you read the news, you read about how all my assets have been frozen. Listen to me...

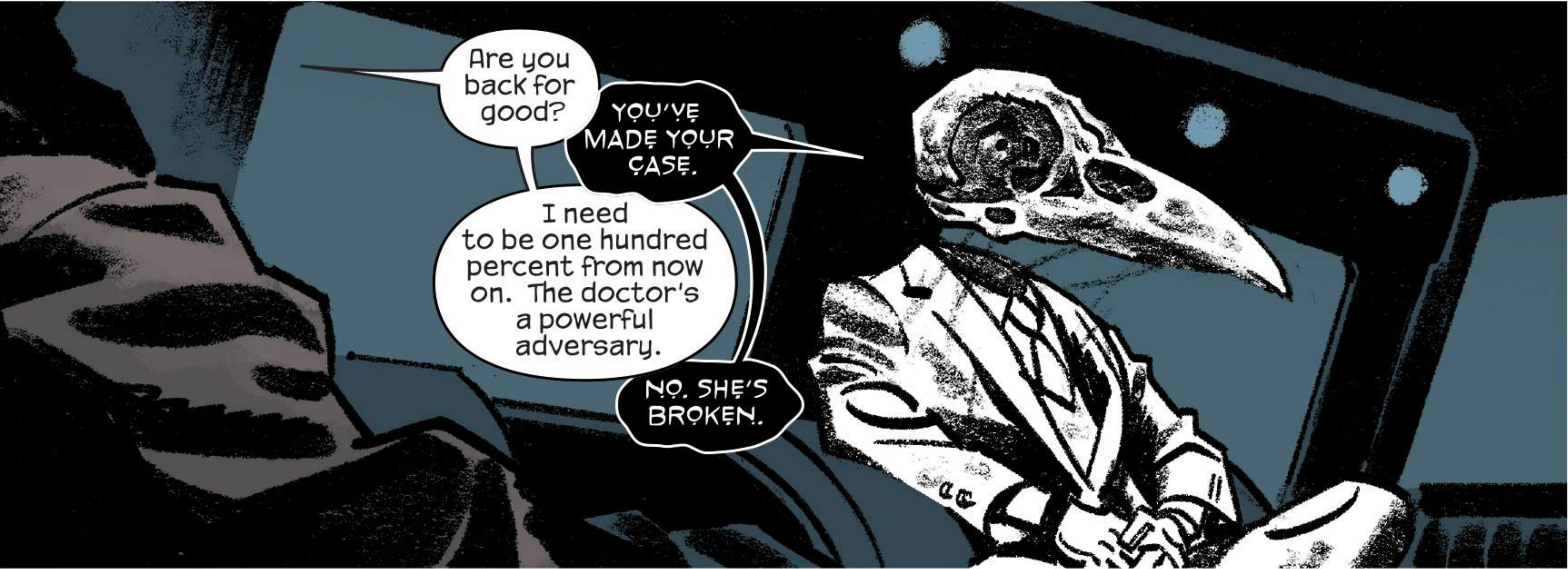
...I have other stashes. You don't have to worry.

Just keep working.



Driver. Flatiron district.







THEN
SHE LOSES THE
INITIATIVE.

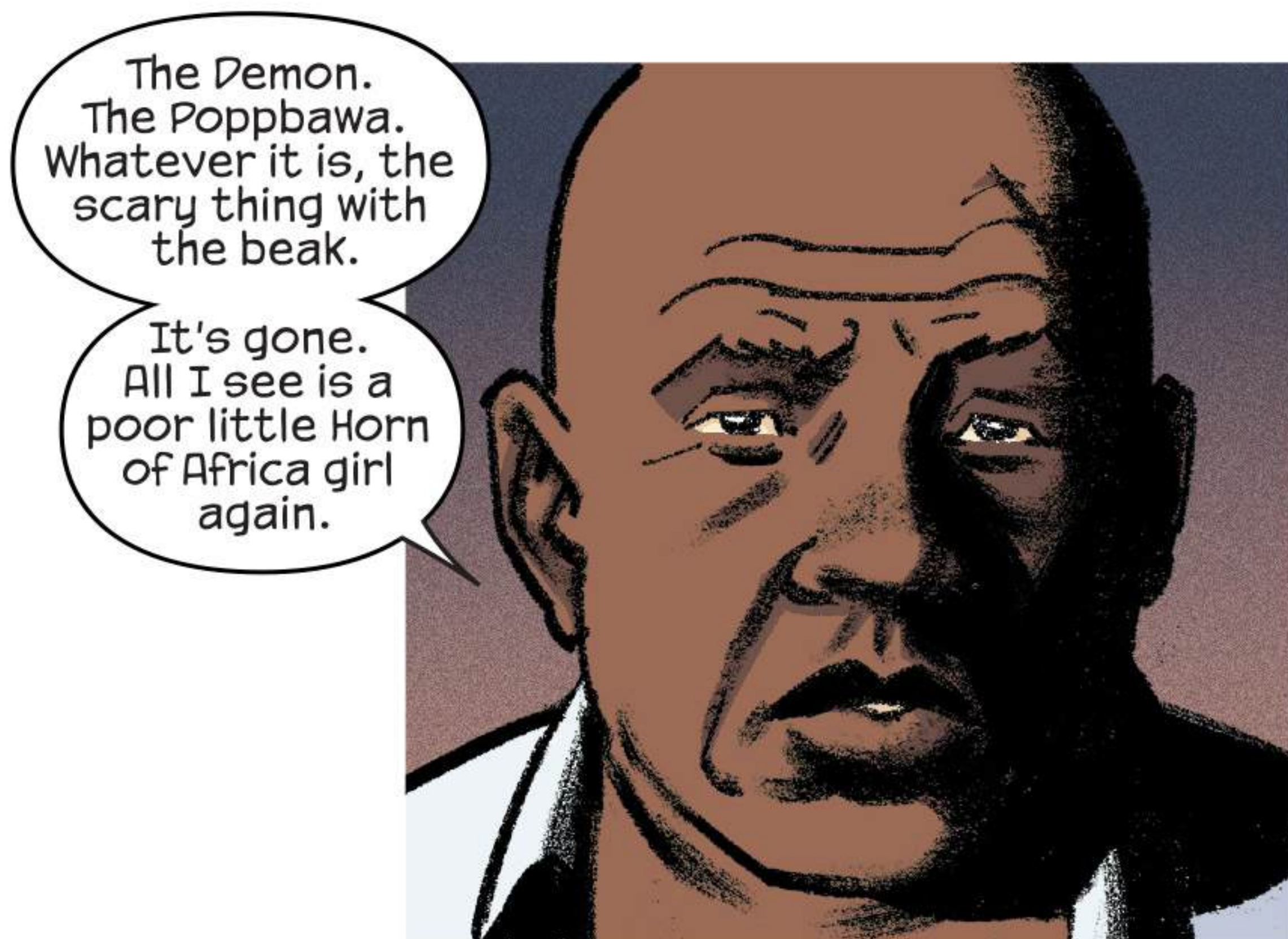


...

It's
gone, isn't
it?

I don't
need soldiers
to handle a
man like you,
Lor.

No,
I don't
mean the
soldiers.



The Demon.
The Poppbawa.
Whatever it is, the
scary thing with
the beak.

It's gone.
All I see is a
poor little Horn
of Africa girl
again.



I am
no such
thing!

I
am--



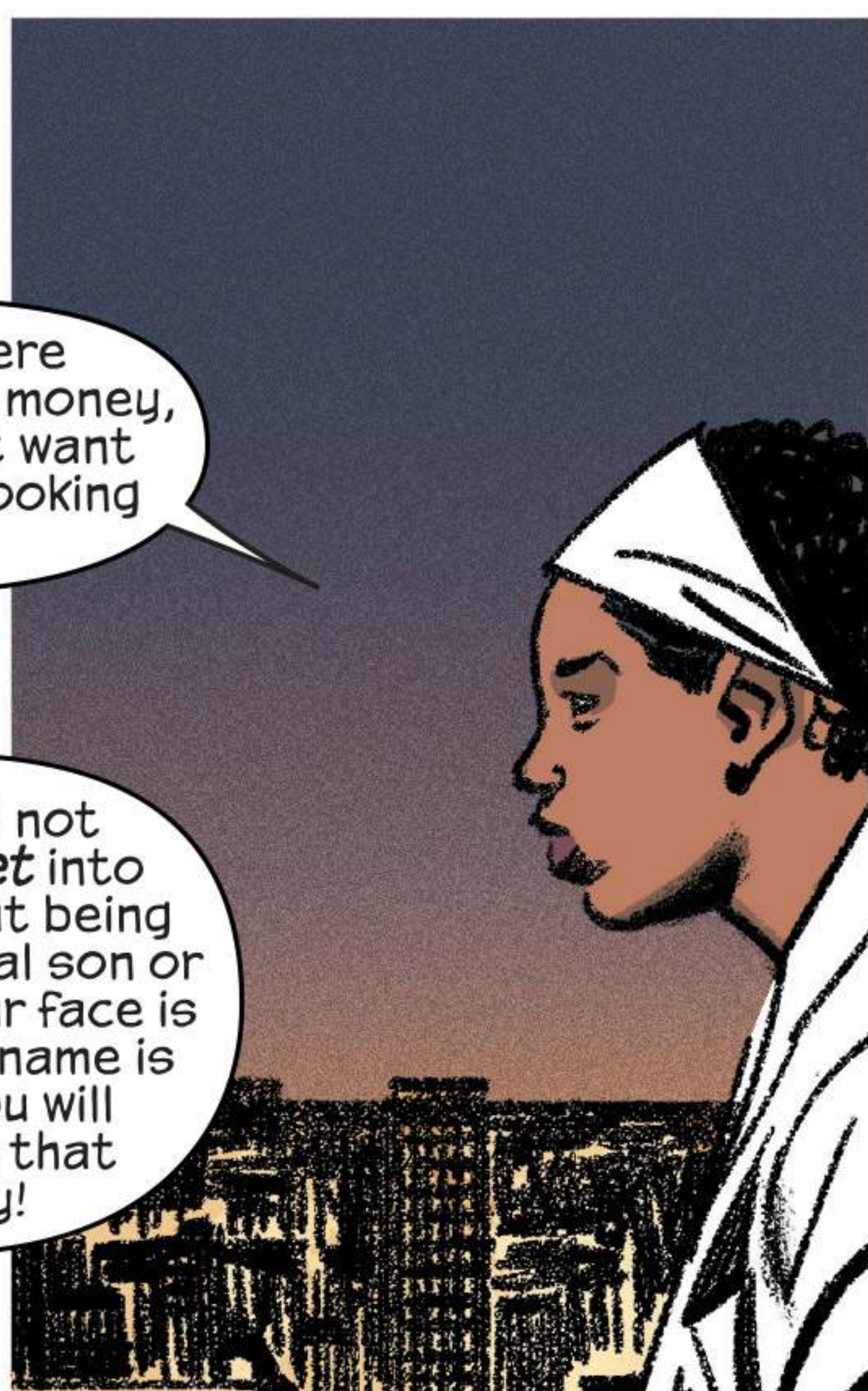
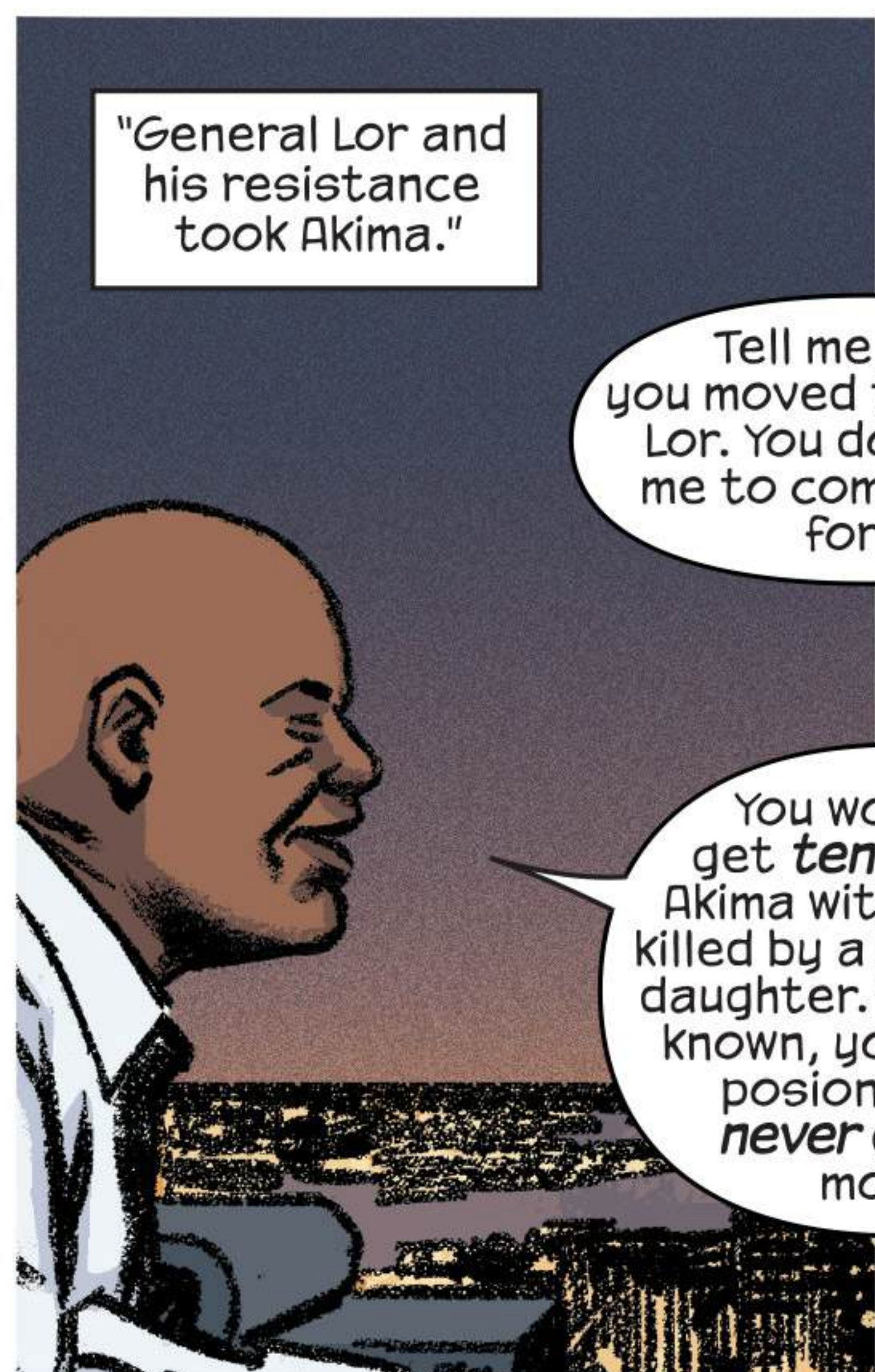
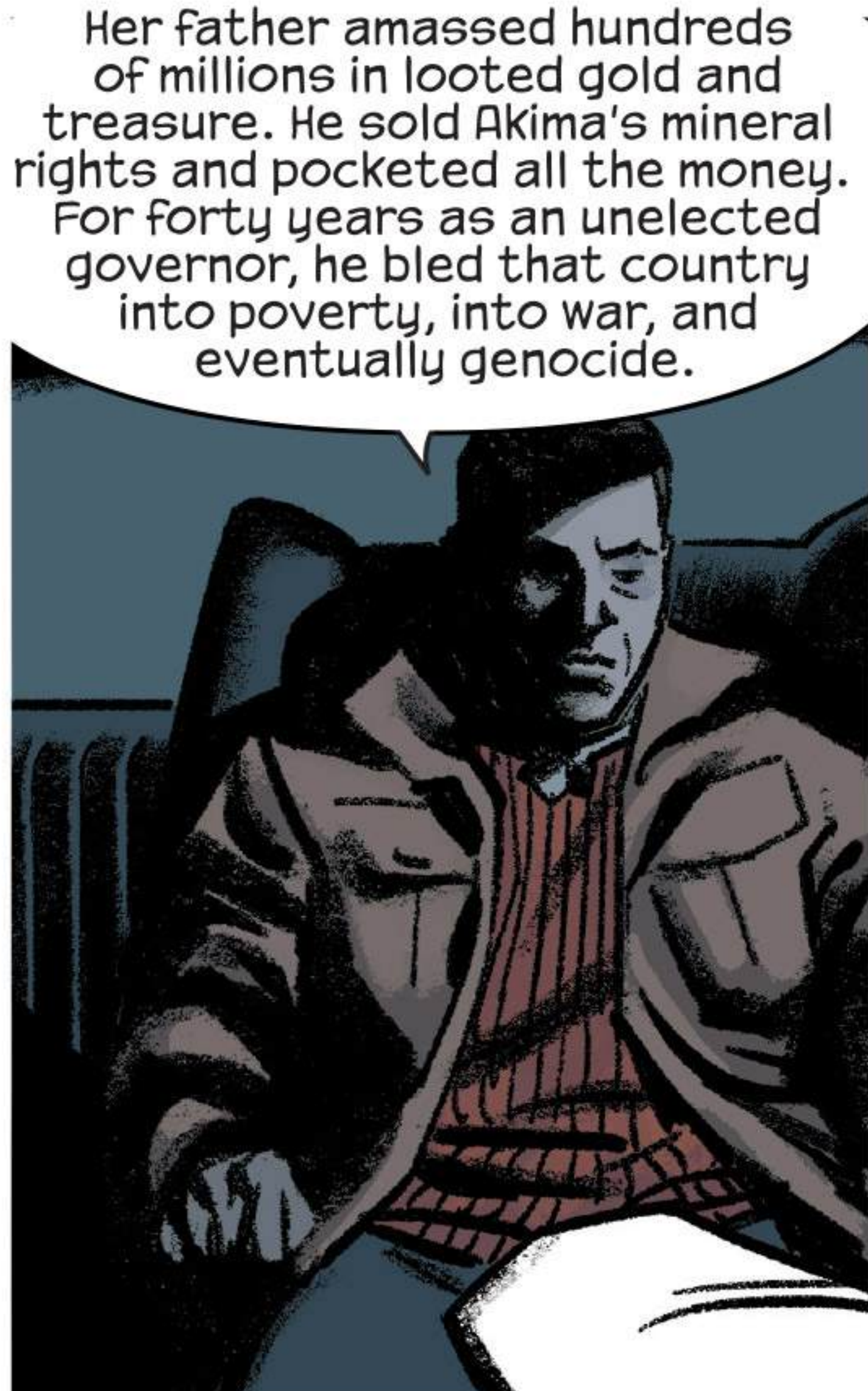
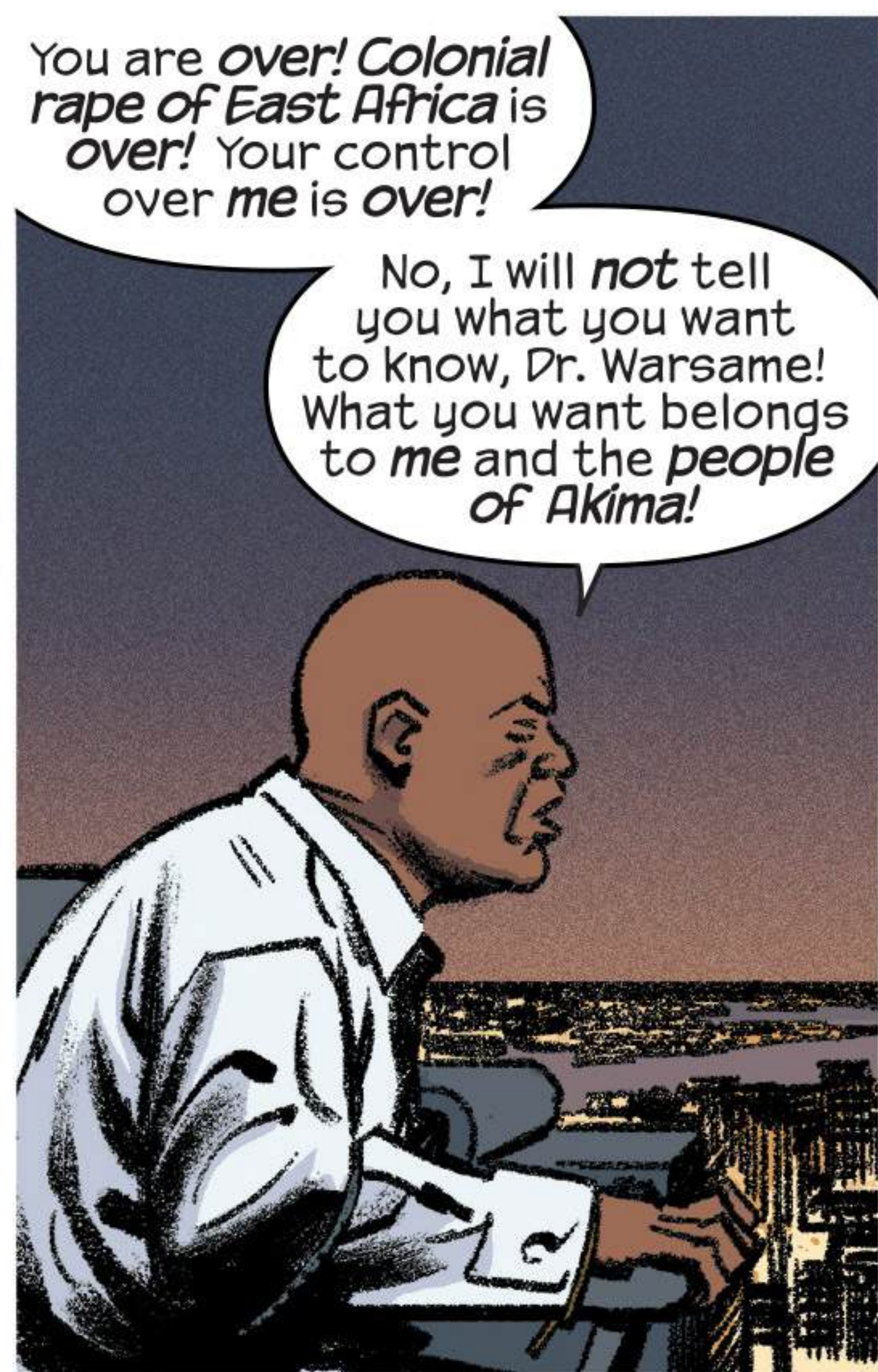
You are Elisa
Warsame. You were
never poor, were you?
This fiction you spin, of
a child brutalized in
the bush?

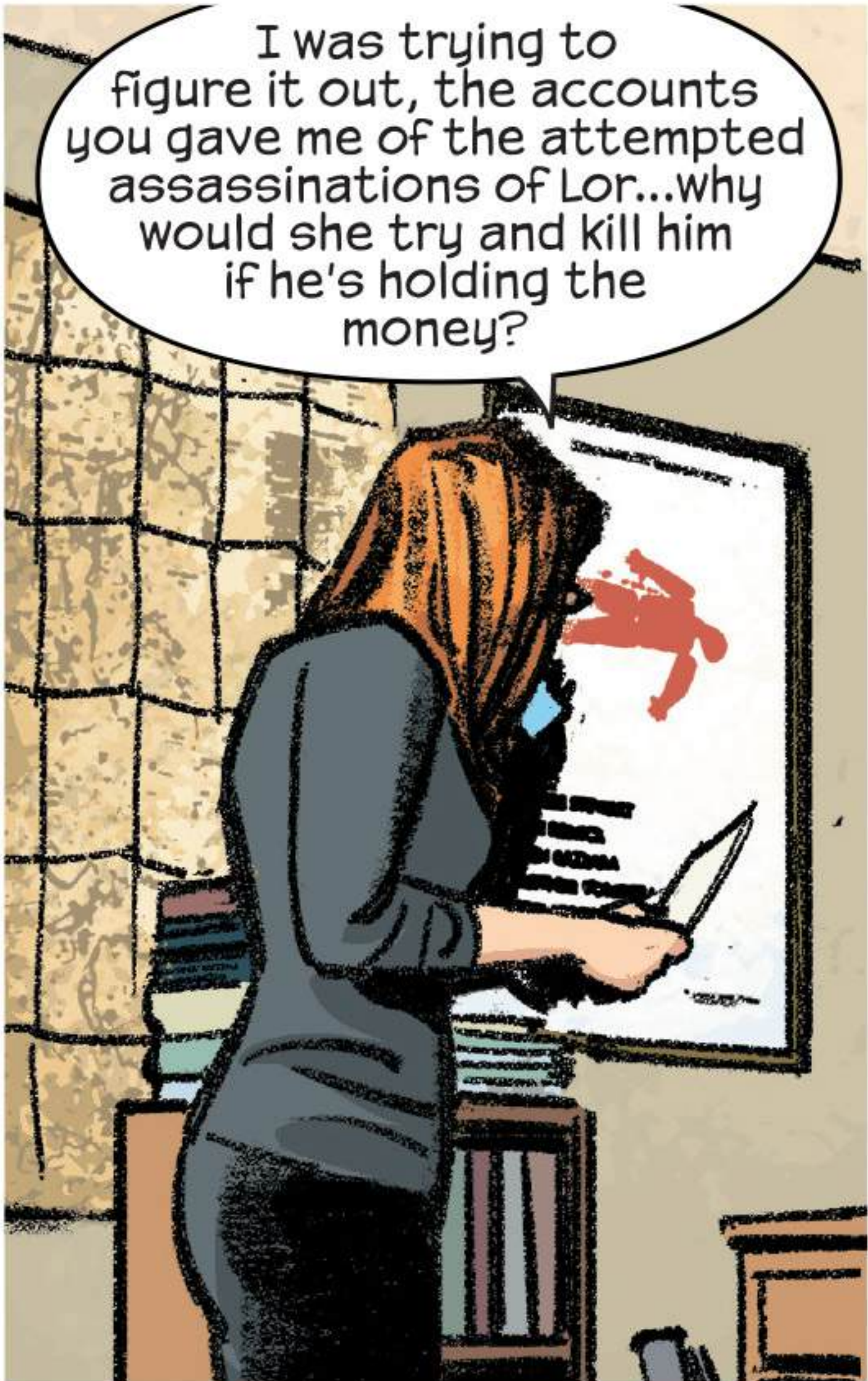
You are a
Governor's daughter.
Your father is Adrian
Warsame, installed in 1968
by the Danish colonial
warlords.

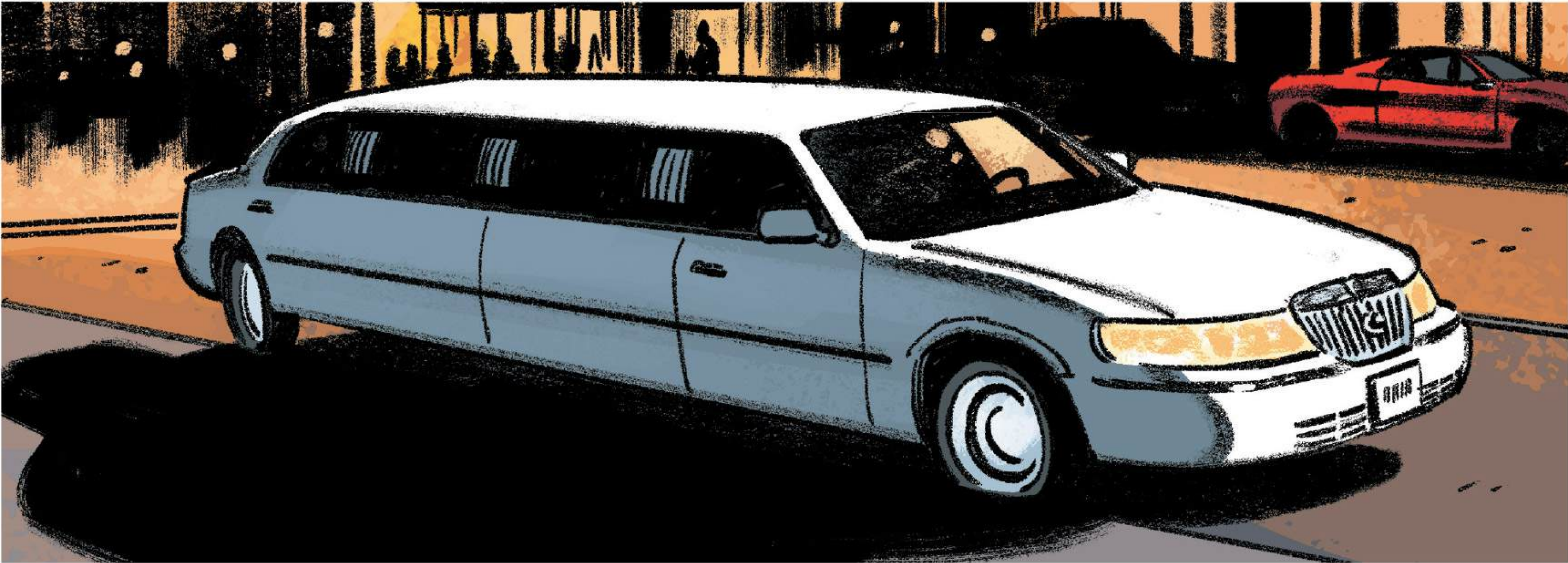
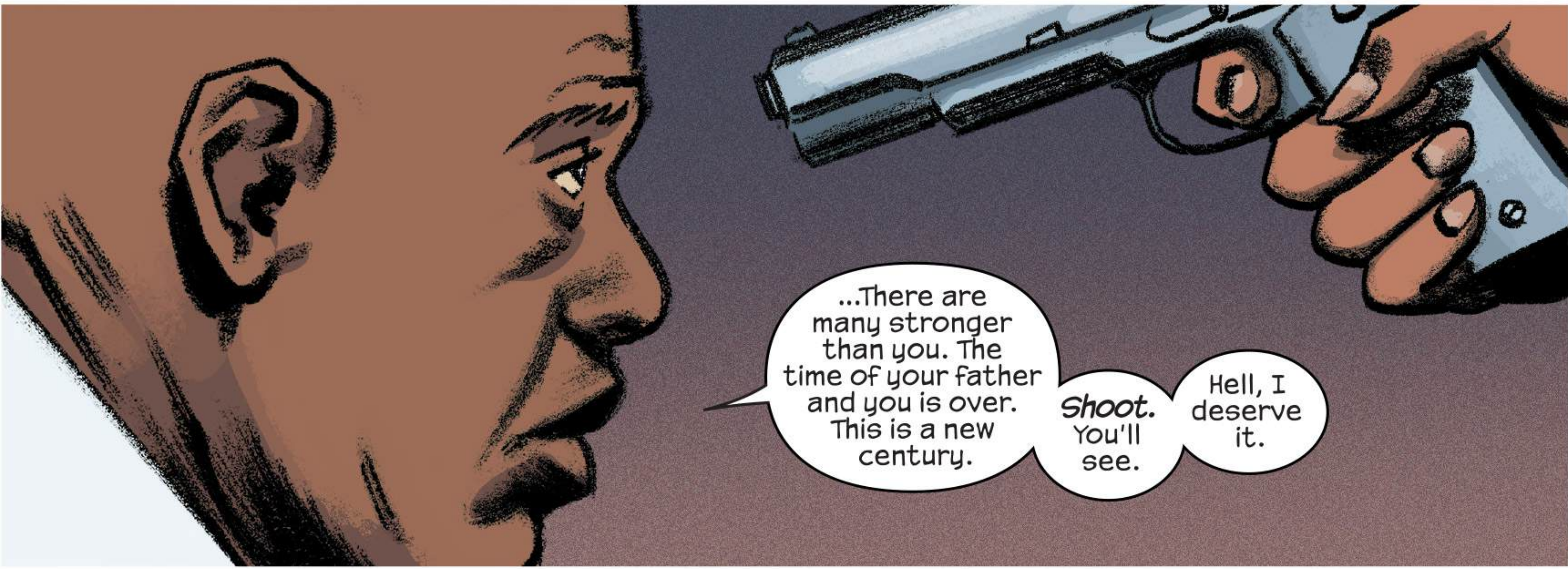


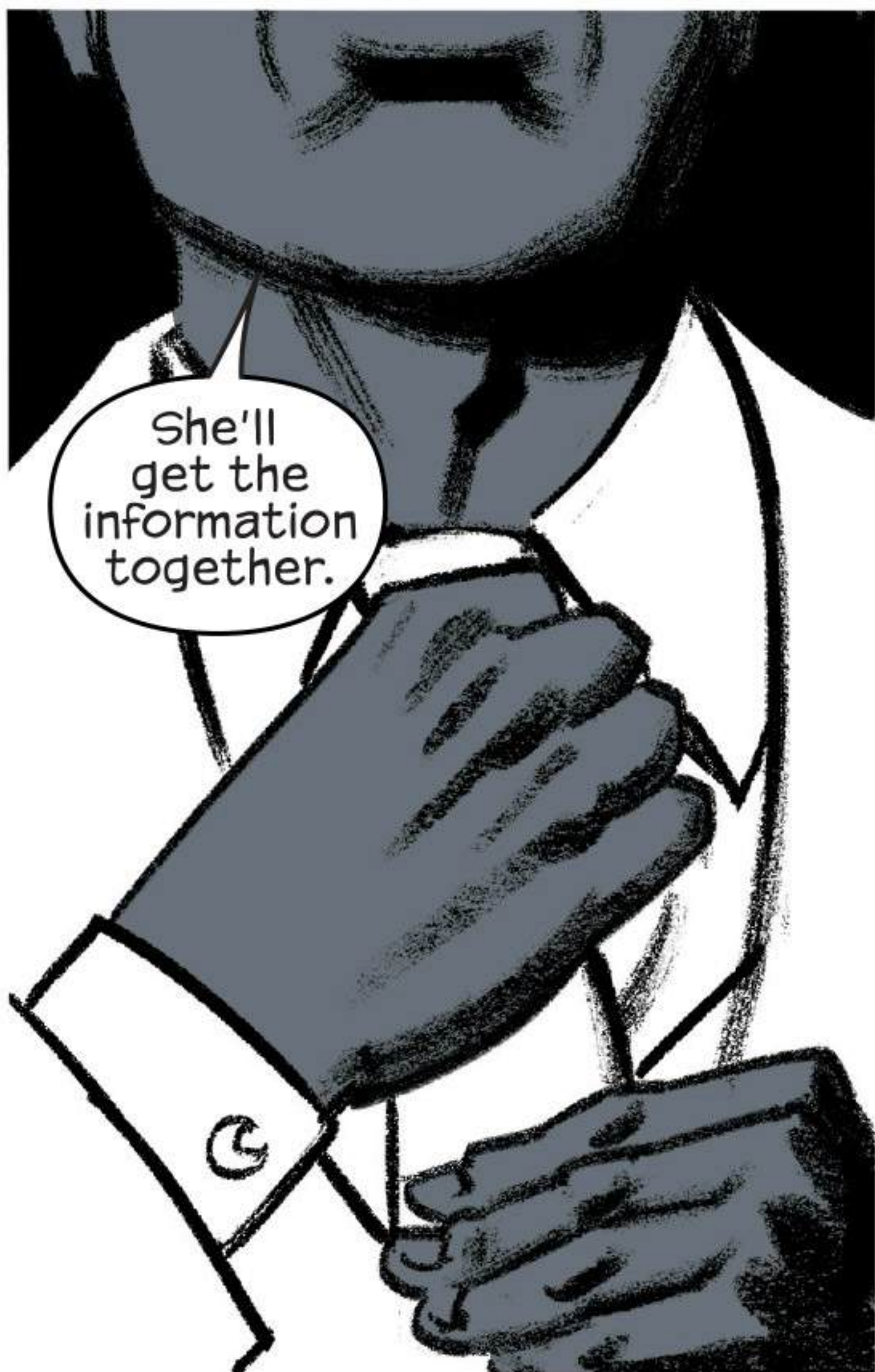
So it is
the likes of *you*
who brutalize
us.

Tell me
what I want
to know,
Lor.

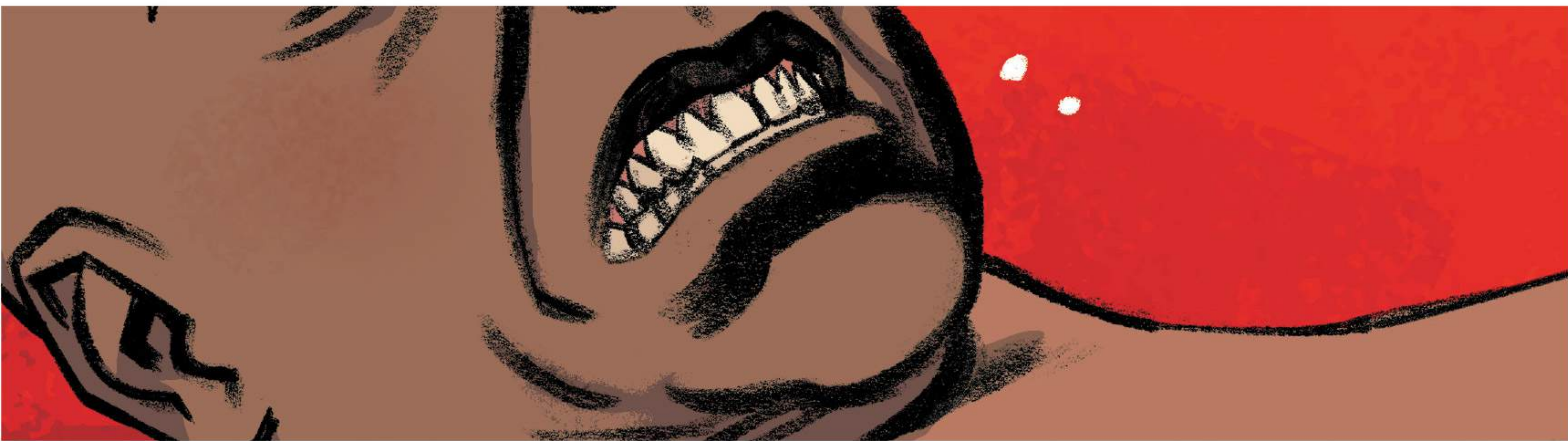


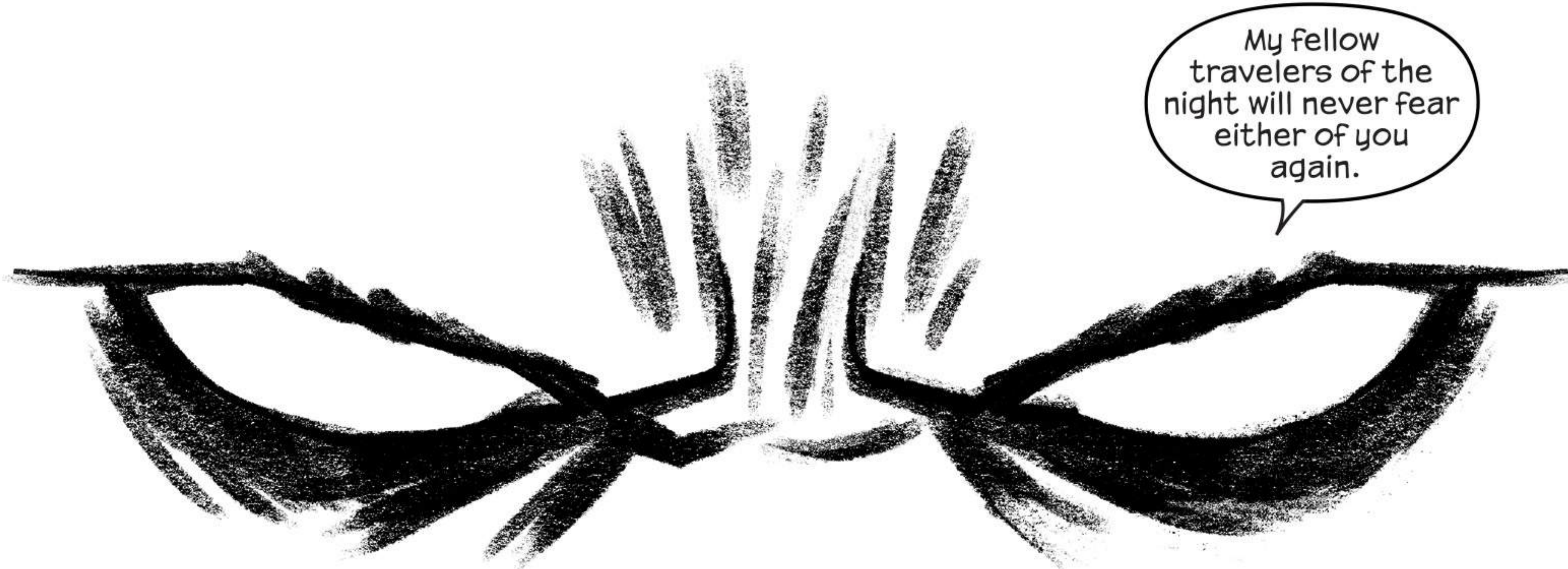
















MOON KNIGHT #7 VARIANT BY DECLAN SHALVEY & JORDIE BELLAIRE



MOON KNIGHT #8 VARIANT BY DECLAN SHALVEY & JORDIE BELLAIRE



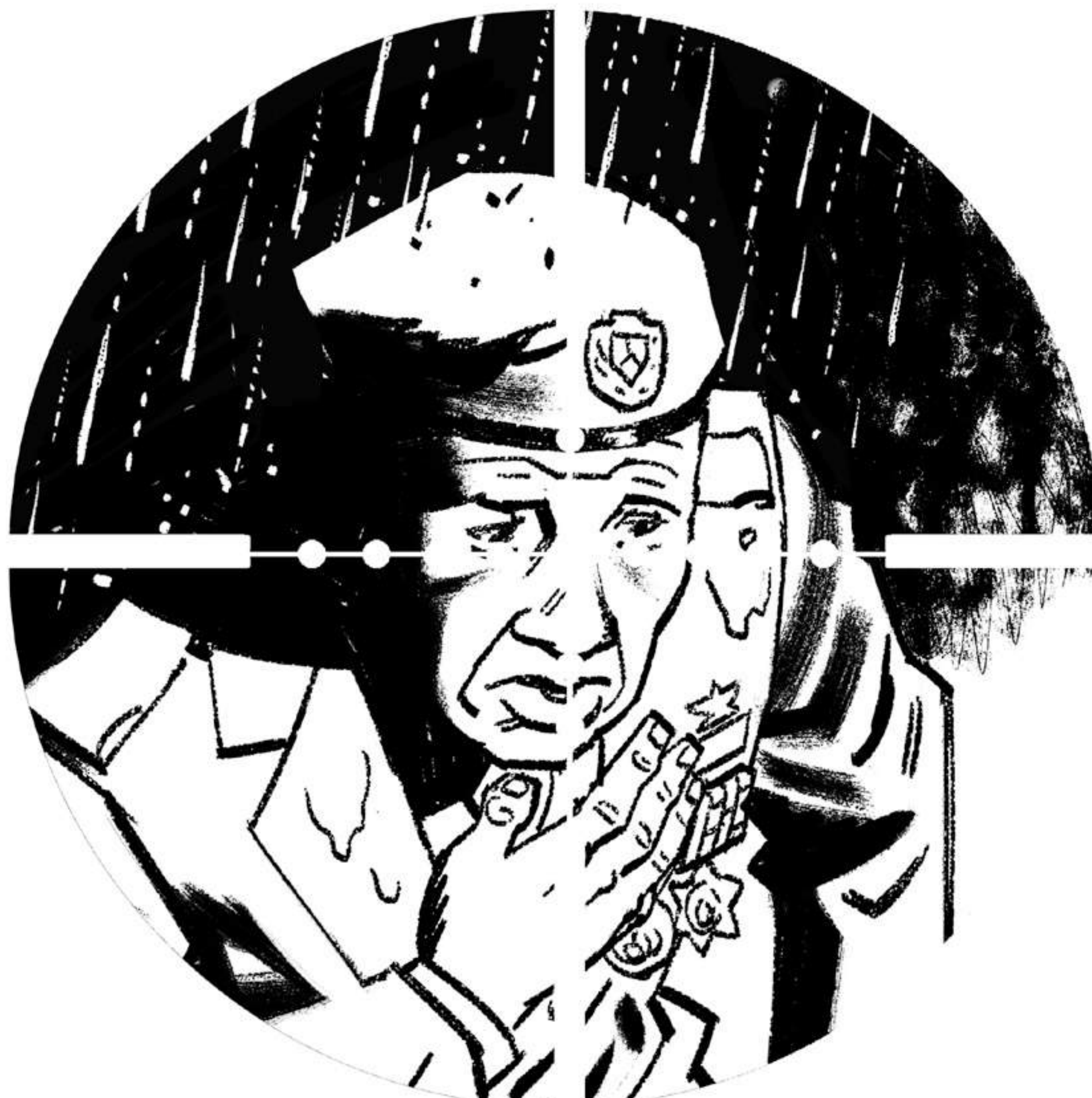
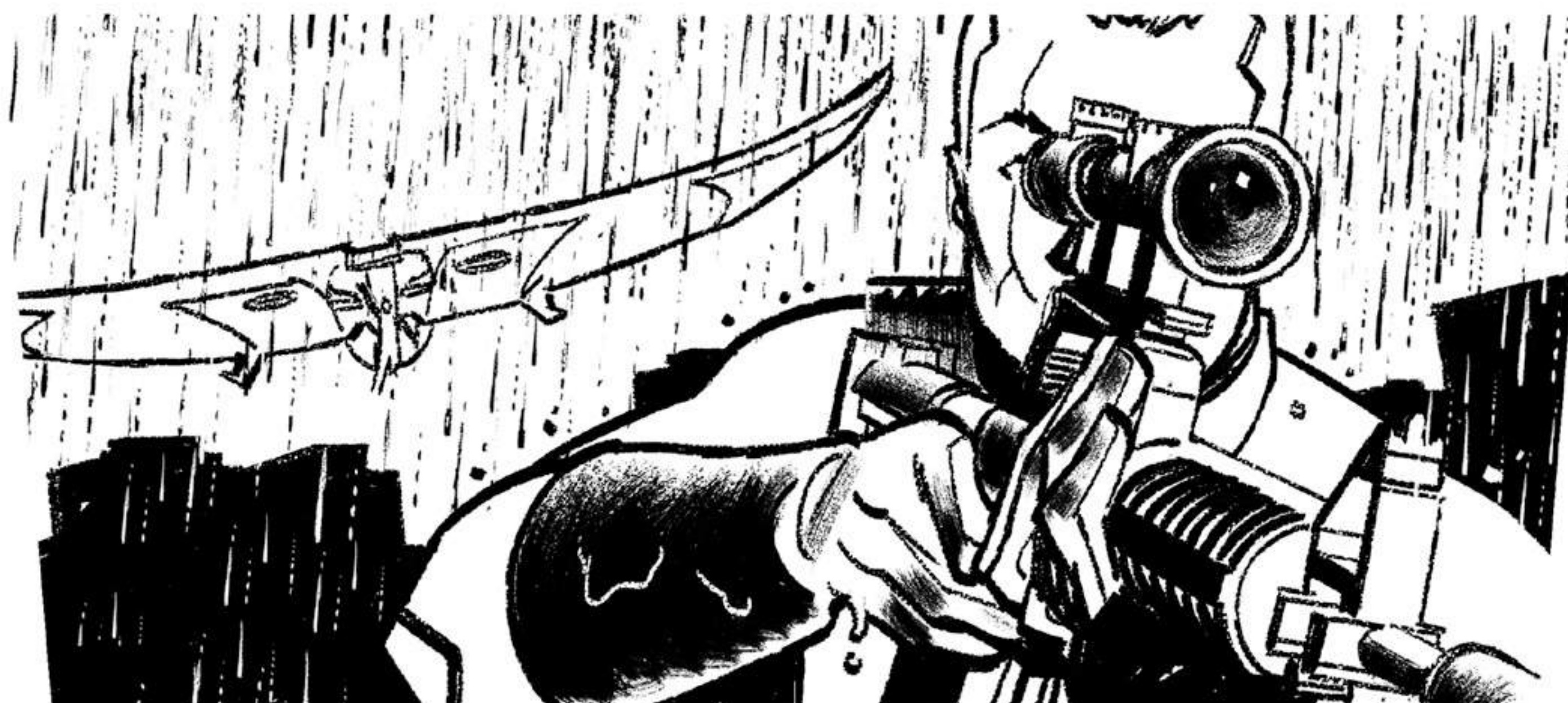
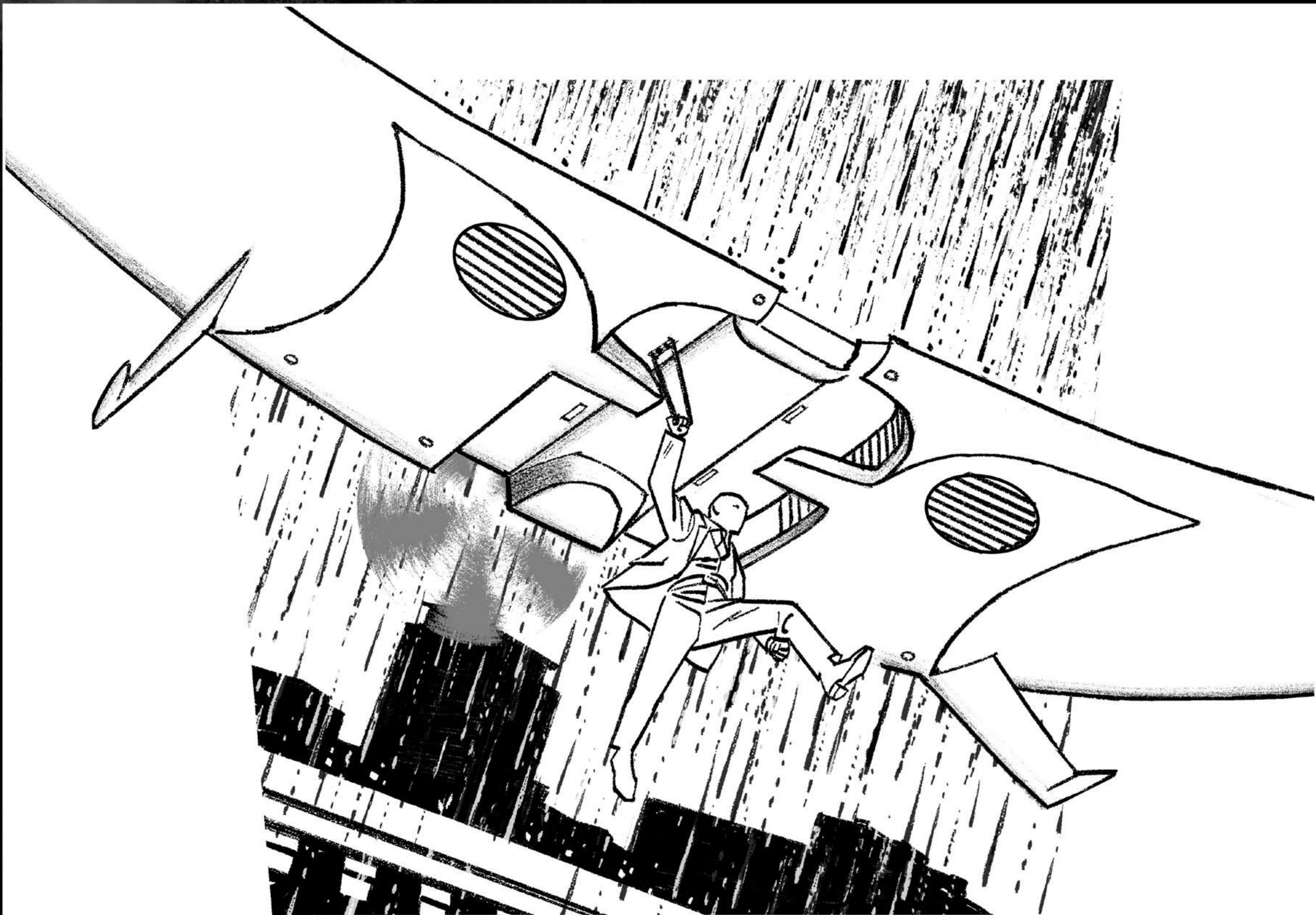
MOON KNIGHT #9 VARIANT BY DECLAN SHALVEY & JORDIE BELLAIRE

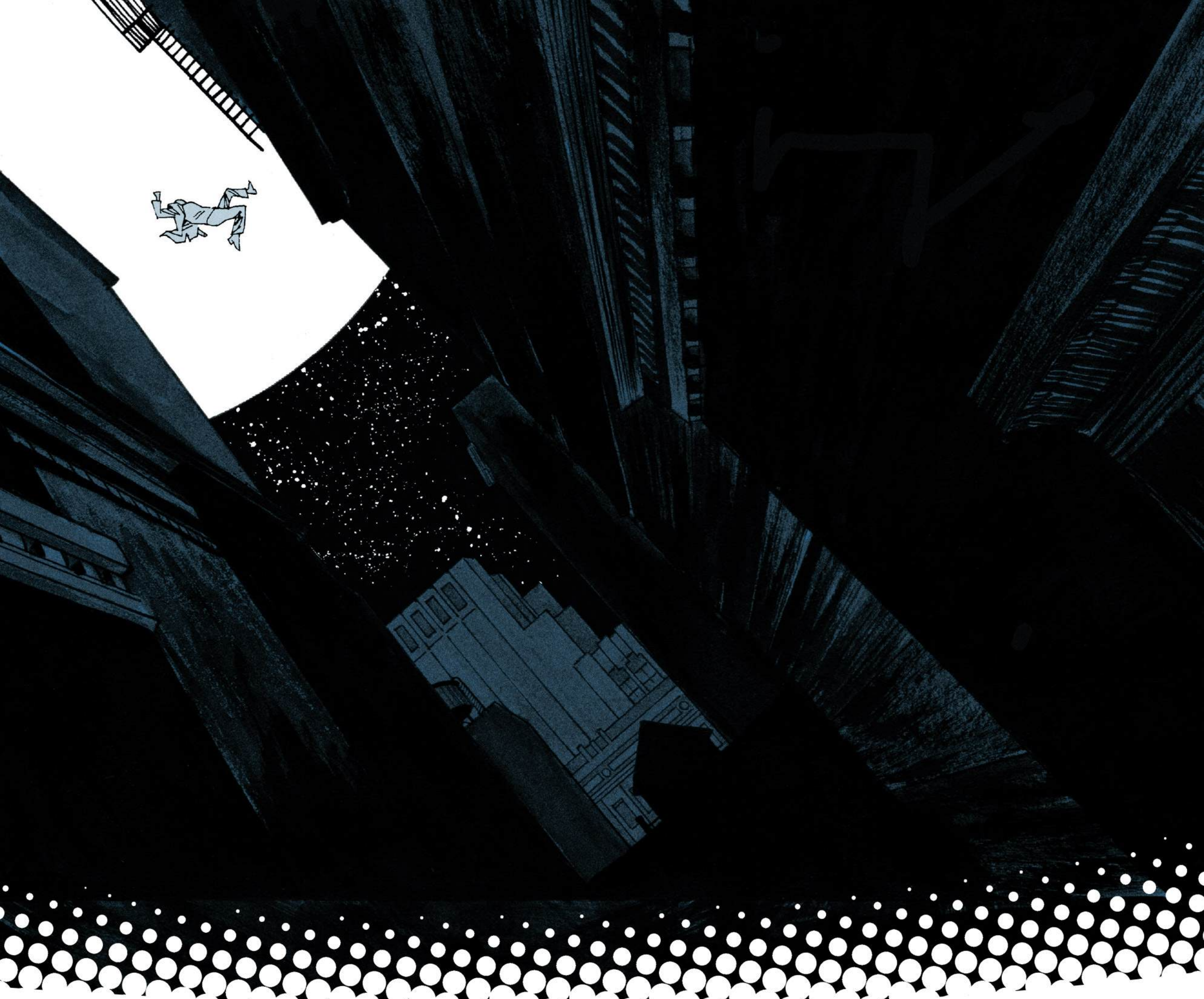


MOON KNIGHT #7, PAGE 15 BY GREG SMALLWOOD



MOON KNIGHT #7, PAGE 16 BY GREG SMALLWOOD





"Warren Ellis and Declan Shalvey would have been a tough act for anyone to follow, but Brian Wood and Greg Smallwood have done it with grace and style." — ComicsBulletin.com

NEW THREATS — AND A NEW CREATIVE TEAM!

When the city is thrust into darkness by a strange new threat, Moon Knight must use all of his weapons (and personalities) to defeat a very different foe! Then, it's a hostage situation in a high-rise, and Moon Knight comes to the rescue. But in this cellphone-camera society, he's doing it on the world stage! And as Moon Knight's psychiatrist digs deeper into the hero's complicated psyche, Mr. Knight learns that the doctor isn't what she seems! Plus: Moon Knight must break into the United Nations building — but why? And can he deal with the consequences? When Mr. Knight finds himself a fugitive hunted by the NYPD, everything comes crashing down!

Collecting *Moon Knight* (2014) #7-12 — by Brian Wood, Greg Smallwood, Giuseppe Camuncoli and Jordie Bellaire.



